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IRELAND TODAY

From Great Famine to Great Future

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HERE'S something new from Nash, the Rambler All-Purpose family sedan. Look once—and it's the smartest of sports sedans, that rides a whole family in luxurious comfort. Yet—at the drop of a tail-gate it hauls a mammoth load! The most practical car ever built.

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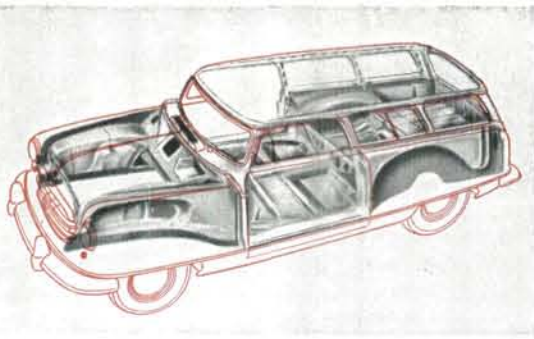
See all sixteen brand-new, valueful 1951 Nash Airflytes. Think of the years ahead . . . *Before you decide, take an Airflyte ride—in the world's most modern car!*



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Before You Decide, Take an Airflyte Ride in the World's Most Modern Car

Nash Airflyte

The Ambassador • The Statesman • The Rambler

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?

The answer is **IPANA**!

She's got a date most every night!

The answer is **IPANA**!

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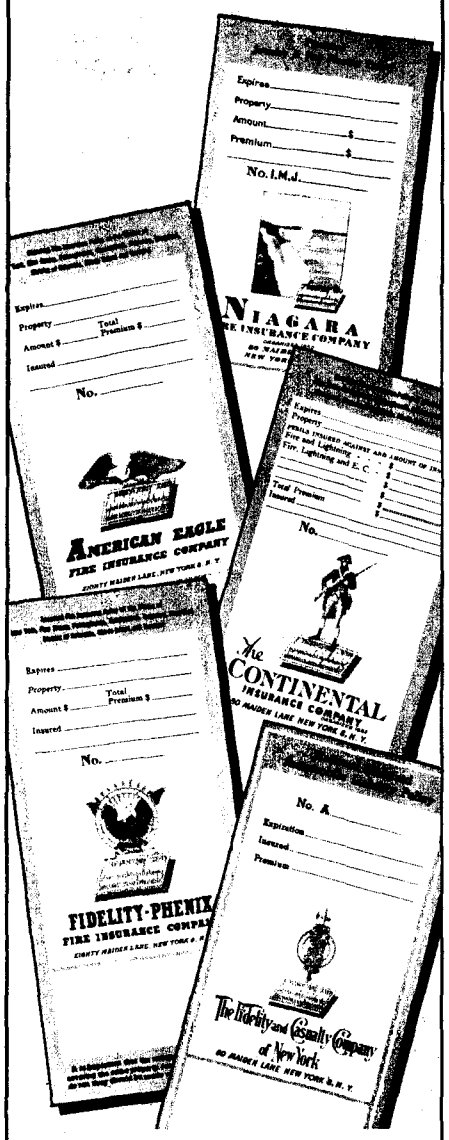

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March 17, 1951

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The Cover

While making some test shots of child models in his New York studio, Jimmy Snyder noticed one little girl in the background dipping into his make-up supply. Quickly setting up lights and camera, he took this picture of cute little Jeanne Maloney.

Week's Mail

Neighborly Aid

EDITOR: Your article, We're Building a Better Hemisphere, by John W. White (Jan. 27th), clearly indicates why our Latin-American neighbors do not and should not trust us.

The article states that "it is a sleeves-rolled-up, follow-through affair." Then it goes on to state how we have shown the Peruvian farmer how to increase his potato yield five times per acre, resulting in magnificent profits. So far, so good.

But, in reading the article to the very end, I failed to find even a hint of teaching these farmers how to dye potatoes, run bulldozers over them and otherwise render them unfit for human consumption. Do you call this following through?

However, perhaps it is just as well, as I doubt that even Secretary Brannan, himself, could convince these "ignorant" people the wisdom of such a procedure.

NORMAN C. MARSH, El Segundo, Cal.

. . . I am just wondering where Newspaperman White got his figures. Are they his own or are they some more of the loose figuring that our government sends out by the ream?

On page 63, fourth paragraph, second sentence, just how is the figure one and a third cents arrived at? The best we can do, taking the total population of this country as 150,000,000 and $5,000,000 as the amount spent, is to come up with a figure that says he is over 100 per cent wrong, or that we are crazy. And while we soon may reach that stage, there are still some babes in arms who are not taxpayers.

PAGE ST. IVES, Nottingham, N. H.

Mathematician White's per capita figure is quite overmodest. A cent-and-a-third levy on all of us—including those babes in arms—would yield about $2,000,000.

. . . I want to thank you for the articles by John White. I wish you would now run another set of articles on the same subject but go into the actual building—roads, sewers, water plants, light facilities, etc. I believe one article could well be taken up explaining what the $150,000,000 sent to the Mexican government last fall was for.

CLYDE H. PORTER, Kansas City, Mo.

Prayer in the UN

EDITOR: I have heard that out of deference to the Communists, the United Nations was founded and carries on with no prayer at its meetings. Don't you think that now, in the present crisis, the free world might insist on prayer?

Our country, founded on prayer, has seen the rise and fall of godless Nazism and, with God's help, will see the fall of atheistic Communism. If prayer is an insult to their atheism, isn't no prayer an insult to the majority who believe in God and ask His help?

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

MRS. JOHN V. PAHLKE, Smelterville, Ida.

Journalistic Purpose

EDITOR: Articles such as you print about vice and corruption in your large cities somehow do not seem to fit in with your

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More alertness . . . *less danger from* CANCER

Although cancer ranks second among the causes of death in our country, headway is being made against it. In fact, medical science is making such progress against this disease that there are now *four chances out of five* for curing some types of cancer—provided diagnosis is made early and proper treatment is carried out promptly.

One of the reasons why there is increasing hope of bringing cancer under control is that more and more people are facing the facts about this disease. They are learning its possible early "warning signs" and are seeing their doctor as soon as they notice any of them.

These "warning signs" do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, in the great majority of cases, they are due to other causes. They do, however, indicate that something is wrong—and that an immediate medical examination is advisable.

If the doctor finds cancer or conditions leading to it, he will recommend prompt treatment—usually complete removal by surgery, destruction by X-ray or radium, or by a combination of the two.

Surgical techniques are constantly being improved so that operations for cancer may be performed with a minimum of risk. Machines that emit X-rays of greater penetrating power are making this form of treatment more effective.

Medical science is continuing its search for other ways to attack cancer. For example, hormone therapy is of benefit in some types of cancer, even when the disease is advanced. In addition, the search is on to discover chemical compounds which will destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells. Studies are also continuing on tests to detect cancer early.

While the outlook for the conquest of cancer becomes more hopeful each year, alertness on the part of each individual is still necessary to curb it. That is why doctors urge prompt medical care at the first sign of trouble—for cancer can be cured in most cases if detected and treated early.

These Are Cancer's "Warning Signs"

1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Progressive change in the color or size of a mole, wart, or birthmark.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 41C, "What You Should Know About Cancer."

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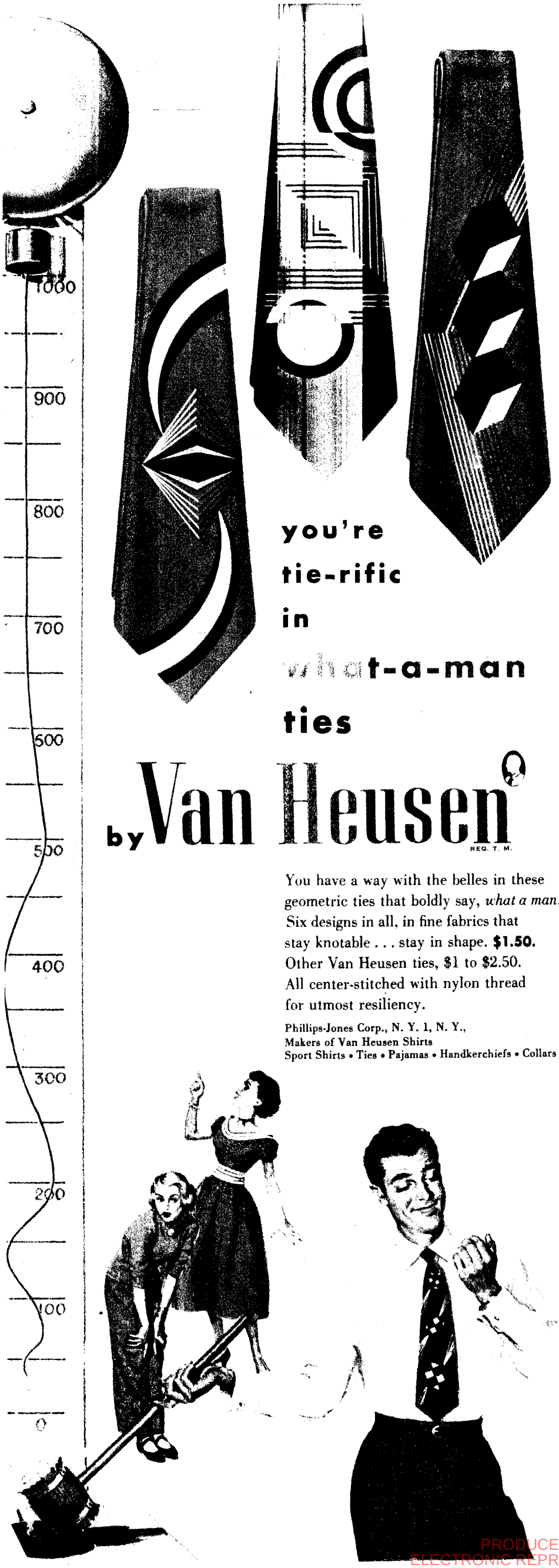
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national character. Surely it is possible for the public in these cities to vote the gangsters, the parasites, and the high-ups who support the gangsters, out of existence. Here in England, the evils which you allow to exist would not be tolerated.

America is a wonderful country. Surely public opinion can be roused to put the ointment of condemnation on this one festering sore in your midst?

IRVING F. CARLESS, Newport, England

The purpose of the articles in question is to achieve the result in reader Carless' last sentence.

Strictly Deliberate

EDITOR: They're too much alike to be a coincidence. Wasn't Harry Devlin's drawing of the soldier on the editorial page (Jan. 27th) taken from the photograph of the U.S. major on page 14?

THOMAS E. NICHOLS, Detroit, Mich.

Artist Harry Devlin, seeking realism as well as symbolism, chose the major's photograph as a model for his editorial cartoon.

The Russian Record

EDITOR: I read with much interest your article or editorial, Why Russia Can't Be Trusted (Jan. 27th). A copy of this issue should be in the hands of every nation member of the UN, including those who represent Russia, and also every congressman in Washington. Mr. Truman and the Secretary of State should also read the editorial.

RALPH N. LODGE, Helena, Mont.

. . . Why Russia Can't Be Trusted should be reprinted in every periodical in the U.S.A. once a month through the year, lest we forget.

A. MELLIN, Ranchita, Cal.

. . . In connection with this editorial, I would like to cite a letter from Lithuanians which was brought from "Soviet" Lithuania and presented to His Holiness Pope Pius XII recently.

That letter reads in part: "Happy are those who died and do not see any more what is taking place in their native country. . . . We envy the dead. Our ordeal surpasses all imagination. We are facing a systematic extermination of our people and Russification of our country."

LEONARD VALIUKAS, Dayton, Ohio

. . . Your editorial seems very unworthy of such a journal as Collier's. It is anything but objective; in fact is unseemly warmongering. Your long list of misdeeds by Russia can be more than matched by countries unfriendly to Russia, even by the United States.

There are two sides to all such matters. Are you willing to extend to a writer friendly to Russia a few pages of space in Collier's for reply to this editorial?

IRA D. CARDIFF, Yakima, Wash.

No.

Night Flying

EDITOR: For 40 years I have been opposing the notion that it is against the law, or is reprehensible, to fly the flag at night.

The Public Law cited by Hugh W. Jones (Week's Mail, Jan. 27th): "It is the universal custom to display the flag only from sunrise to sunset. . . . However, the flag may be displayed at night upon special occasions when it is desired to produce a patriotic effect," does not reflect credit on its sponsors. On what occasions, may I ask, would flying the flag not be intended to produce a patriotic effect?

The flag has been flown day and night for more than 40 years over the grave of Francis Scott Key in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland. It is so flown over Fort McHenry; the East and West wings of the Capitol at Washington while Congress is in session; at the War Memorial, Worcester, Massachusetts; the Connecticut Memorial at the Gettysburg Battlefield Reservation; the Wee Burn Club, Noroton, Connecticut, whose president received from the War Department a letter stating, "There is no law which requires or forbids the flag being flown at night."

JOSEPH H. NETTLETON, New Milford, Conn.

. . . Yes, it was in very bad taste for Mr. Dorle to fly the American flag 24 hours a day.

The flag code in making exception for special occasions when this may be proper, is referring to some very special occasion such as a pyrotechnical display on the Fourth of July or events of such nature.

GUSTAVE KISS, Chicago, Ill.

Shattered Snowbirds

EDITOR: Your article on the Ski Doctor (Jan. 27th) was great. Brings back old memories—all the way back to the Xmas holiday of '25. It was then that I met Dr. George Shedd. My left leg was broken, both bones, only I got mine on a toboggan.

I can still see him dressed for winter: heavy tweed suit, fur cap, bearskin coat and felt boots, and driving an open Packard roadster. Your story has shown that he has come a long way since then. I know he did a great job on me.

RICHARD COLLINGS, Saugus, Mass.

Lottery Postscript

EDITOR: It seems to us North Dakotans that James Aswell overlooked a rather interesting phase of the history in The Louisiana Lottery (Jan. 20th).

In 1889, when it was apparent that the lottery was not going to have its charter in Louisiana renewed, it sent agents to the new state of North Dakota. The first violent political battle in this state of rather turbulent politics resulted from the efforts to charter the lottery here.

Your author says the lottery was denied licenses by Mexico, Colombia and Nicaragua. It was also refused a license by the new state of North Dakota after a typical frontier fight.

WILLIAM B. ALLEN, Grand Forks, N. D.

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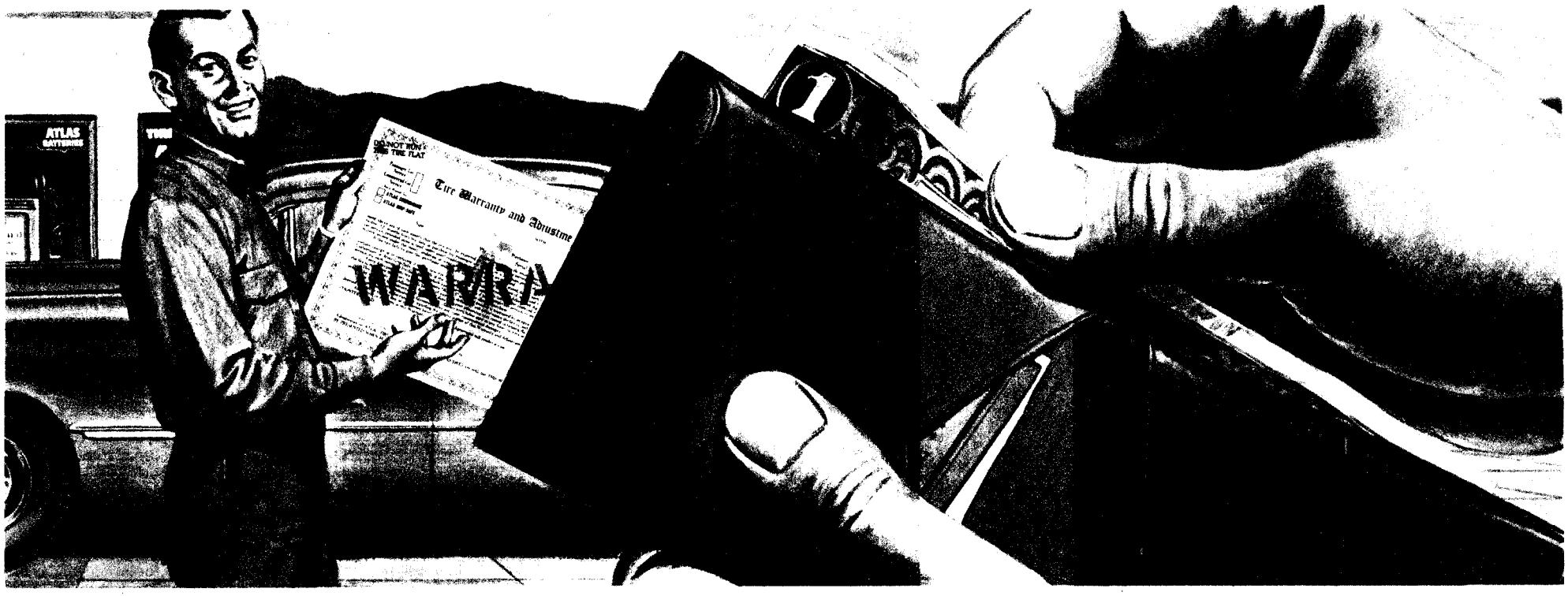
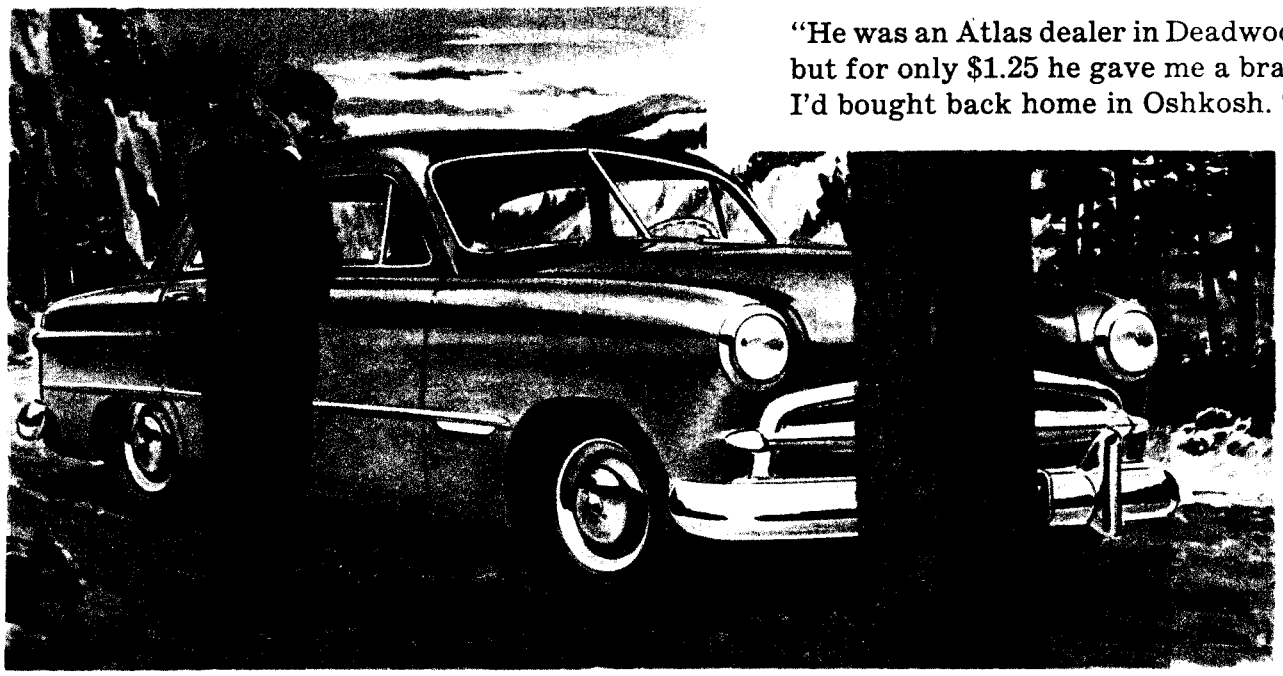
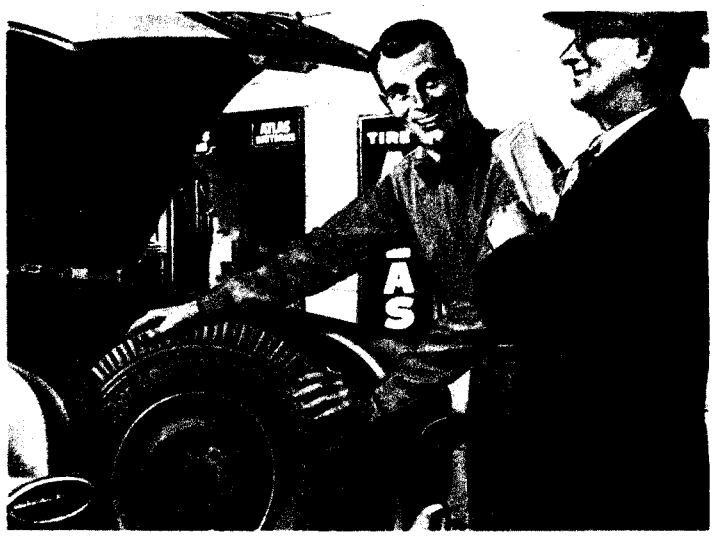
"I got a new tire for only $1.25!"

says Raymond C. Miller of Oshkosh, Wisconsin



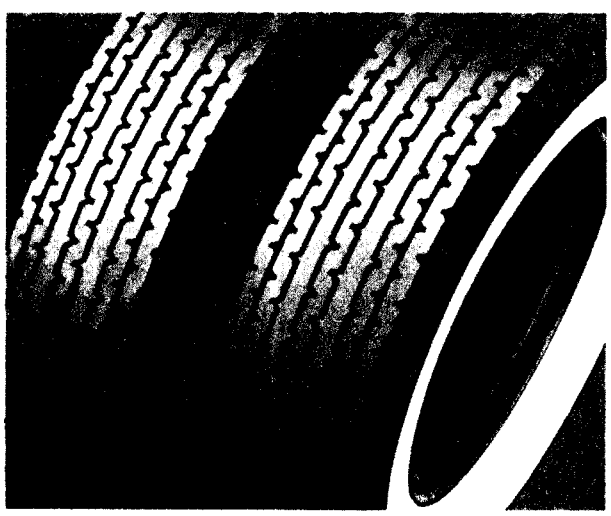
"He was an Atlas dealer in Deadwood, S. D. I'd never seen him before, but for only $1.25 he gave me a brand-new Atlas tire to replace one I'd bought back home in Oshkosh. This is how it happened . . .





'Earlier that day, I had driven one of my Atlas tires against a razor-sharp piece of shale. Any tire would have blown! But I remembered the Warranty my Oshkosh dealer had given me. So I drove to this dealer in Deadwood.

"I showed him the tire and my Warranty. 'Sure,' he said, 'your Warranty on Atlas tires is honored by any Atlas dealer.'



"'It specifies that your tire will give you service for a stated length of time,' he continued.

"'The only charge will be for the used part of the Warranty term. That's $1.25,' he said."

For tires good enough to permit this kind of Warranty, see your Atlas dealer.

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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"Are these nest eggs, Mom?"

"No, Tommy. The nest egg you've heard Daddy talk about isn't a real egg. That's only a name for the money people save for emergencies."

"May the head of the family break into this conversation? . . . Jane dear, you know that nest egg idea is just what I was holding forth on yesterday."

"But, weren't you talking about life insurance?"

"Yes, I was—and life insurance *is* a nest egg because it provides income for emergencies. But my main point was that Mutual Life's INSURED INCOME planning does *two* jobs."

"What do you mean, *two* jobs?"

"Well, in the first place, Insured Income protects you and Tommy right now, no matter what might happen to me. But if all goes well, it will provide a retirement income for you and me which will help us be comfortable in our later years."

"Covers everything, doesn't it? But can we afford it?"

"Sure, we can afford Insured Income—it's smart life insurance planning, designed for people like us."

* * *

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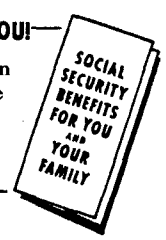

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OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Looking out the window from where you're sitting you may see no signs of spring. In Dallas, Texas, however, things are more heartening. There are definite tokens of Earth's rebirth, with all the

vernal urge that goes with it. Ask Justice of the Peace W. E. Richburg. Before him was brought a sprightly lad of seventy-five who had been gathered in by a scandalized cop. The fellow had been wolf-whistling at the gals. Just a mild whee-whoo at the younger ones but when, presently, a door-filling lady of seventy-eight passed, gramp stuffed four fingers in his mouth and let go with a siren. She called the cops.

★ ★ ★

In Lincoln, Nebraska, there is a state senator who stoutly denies that the accumulated sleet, ice and snow were responsible for his absence from his desk. He had been unable, he explained, to bull, carve, shoot, rush or maneuver his way into the Senate chamber by the solid phalanx of lobbyists that had descended upon the capitol. And sure enough, a check showed that there were more lobbyists in Lincoln than there are legislators. Not as bad as it sounds, however. In spite of this, some legislators were able to find hotel rooms.

★ ★ ★

Helena, Montana, was beginning to pall on State Senator Leo J. Cremer, Independent. Therefore he introduced a bill to move the state capitol to a favored town, Big Timber, where a tired legislator might find gay but manageable recreation after a hard day at serving the people of Montana. Lest anyone think he was less than sincere, Senator Cremer even paid for the printing of his bill. But the legislature rejected it. Guessed they'd stick to Helena, at least for the remainder of the session.

★ ★ ★

What with the Communist menace and all the attending snarling and snapping, America is overlooking a domestic menace of howitzer proportions. It's the way children are double-crossing their anxious parents. Be calm while we give you an example. A friend of ours got home a few weeks ago to find his eleven-year-old son simultaneously reading a book on how to become a ventriloquist, eating his supper, watching the TV set and thumbing through a comic. After the kid had gone to bed, our friend told his wife that it was clear to him that their son was going to fail in school. Obvious. The other day Junior's report card arrived. Lowest grade was B minus—in Art. As we say, unless something is done to stop our children crossing up us parents like that, we despair for the rising generation and, while we're at it, the American way of life.

★ ★ ★

The way we heard it is that one of Oregon's most statesmanlike state senators rushed out of the barbershop to his office. There he spent the next four hours writing a bill which would require barbers to finish high school, at least, before being permitted to strop a razor, clash a pair of scissors, or in particular to open their mouths to a customer. Said he, as he introduced the measure, "The quality of barber conversation is declining. It's already as bad as the quantity."

★ ★ ★

If, by chance, a Tin Pan Alley character should drop in on you with the news that "a cornball eighty-eighter who is kolo and a payola has unexpectedly greased out of left field with an oatune that's cool," don't call a doctor. He's merely trying to tell you—rough trans-

lation—that a society-band pianist who is an unethical cad has mysteriously made a big hit with hillbilly music that is threatening to sweep the country. Sometimes, though, we suspect that these hots from the Alley are writing Pentagon directives in their spare time.

★ ★ ★

If you're bent on buying a ranch, perhaps you should see Mr. R. M. Stansell of Raton, New Mexico. Mr. Stansell advertises in the Raton Range that he has 20,000 acres for sale—telephone, electricity, plenty water, feed, dipping vats, branding chutes, everything. But he insists on selling. Reason: "Worse than sickness. The wife wants to go back to Texas." (Wonder how he means that.)

★ ★ ★

We have not heard what became of that bill to reduce the membership of the Minnesota legislature by seventy-two, but our man out there reports that the screams of protest which greeted it when introduced made an atomic explosion sound like the sigh of a discouraged kitten. In the event you wonder, the screams came from the legislators, the heavy bass being carried by the 72 who'd get the heave-ho. Of course it would save the Minnesota taxpayer a lot of

(Continued on page 54)

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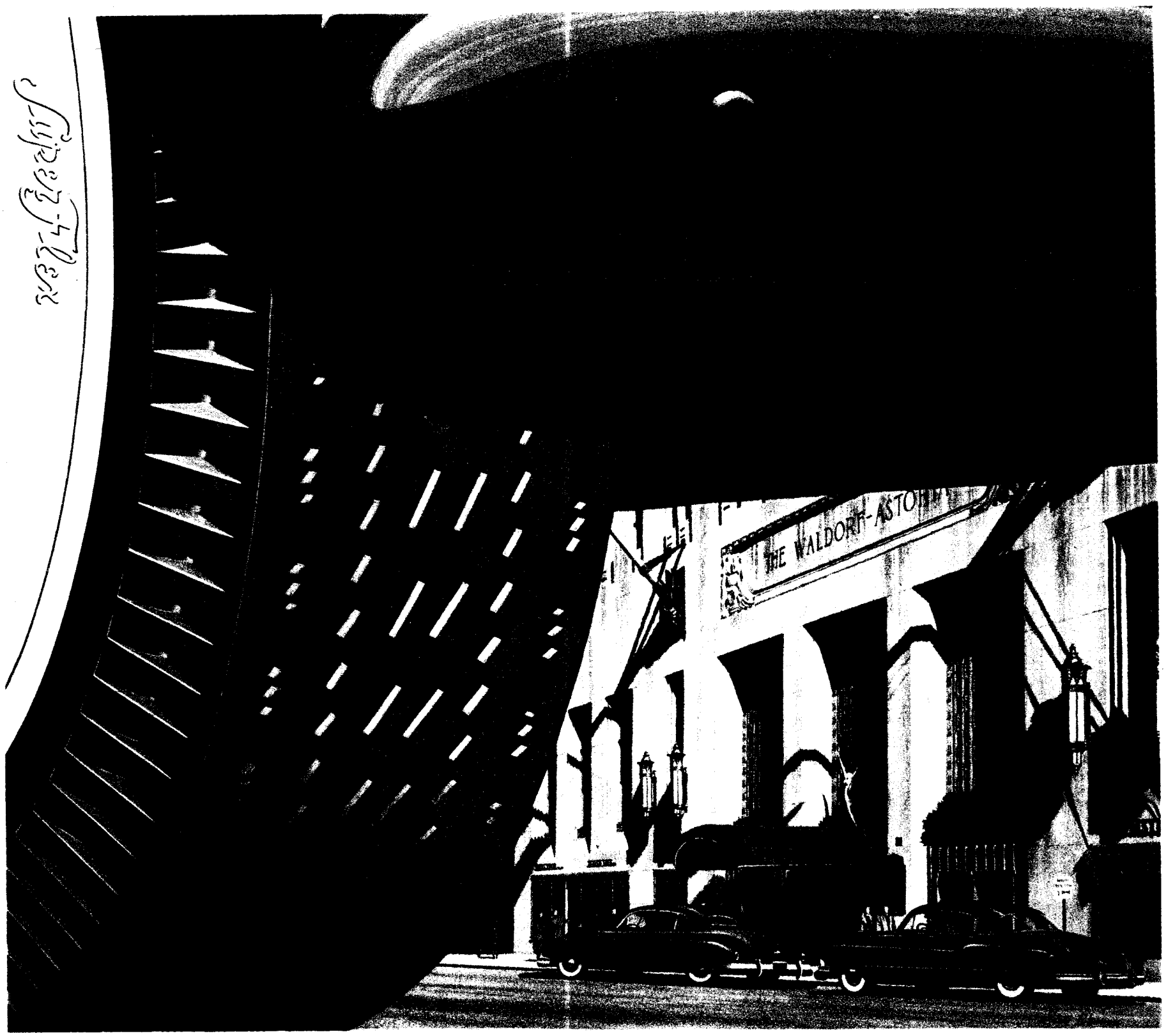

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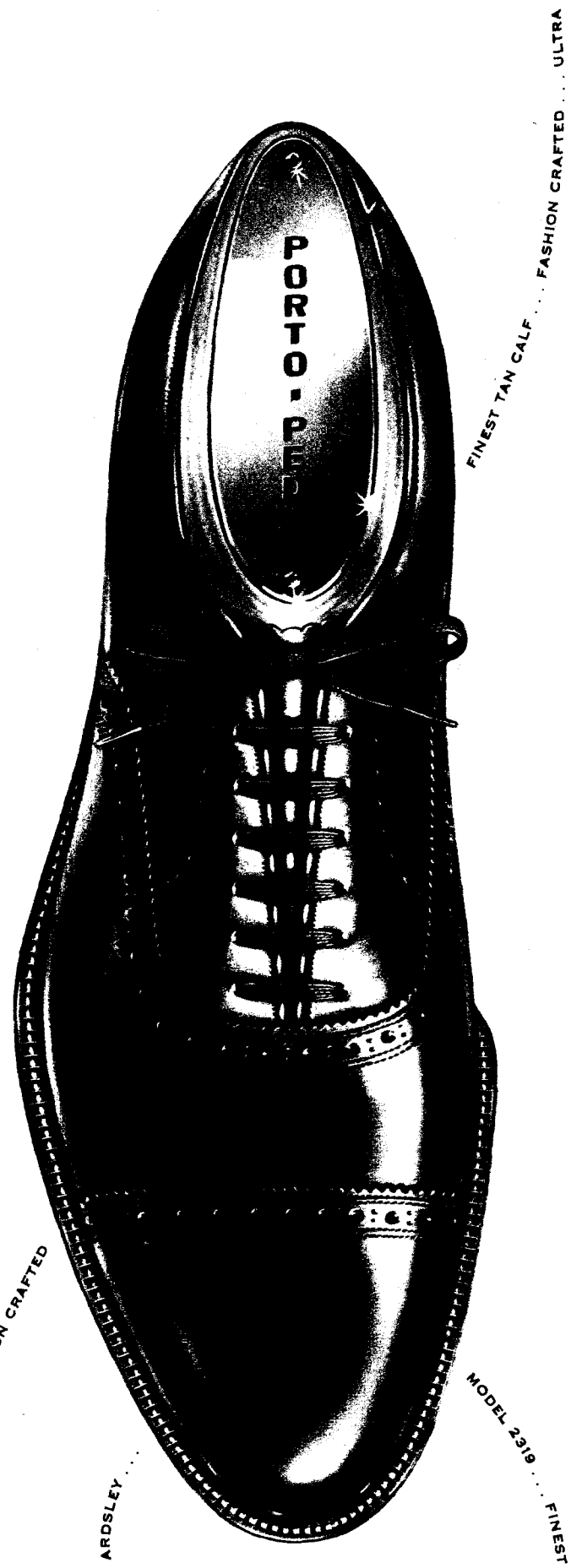
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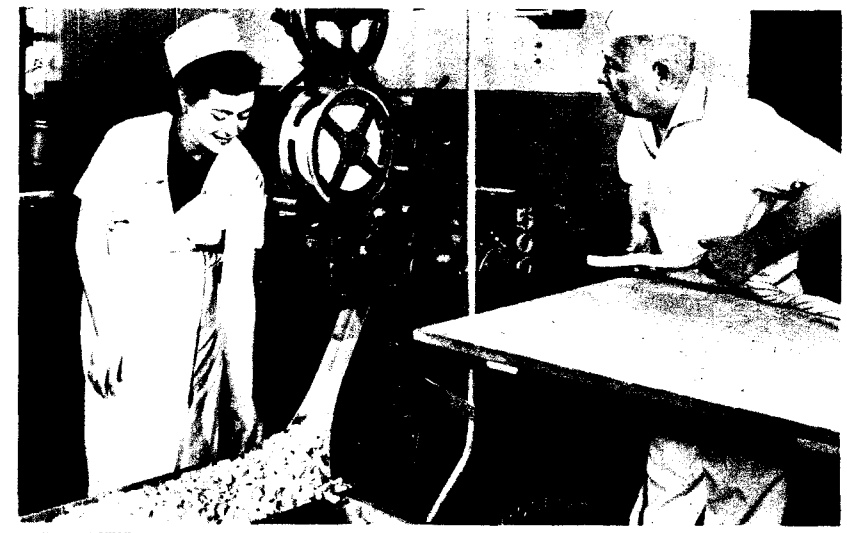

EWING GALLOWAY

Want to Operate A KISS MACHINE?

By GREER WILLIAMS

I DON'T think we are going to have to worry about running out of jobs. Judging by the United States Employment Service's new Dictionary of Occupational Titles, there appear to be more than enough to go around. You can even operate a kiss machine if you'd like.

The dictionary defines 22,000 jobs, self-apparent ones such as "alligator farmer" and "frankfurter inspector" and some pretty obscure ones, with many synonyms. For instance, a "pulpit man" is not a "preacher," who is a "clergyman," but a "plunger," who controls a machine which tosses white-hot steel billets around in a foundry.

The new two-volume dictionary shows a clear gain of 4,000 jobs over the first edition, which came out 10 years ago and became the Government Printing Office's best-selling book, with a distribution of 110,000. At first glance, this may not strike you as a book you'd want to curl up with. Nonetheless, after three adventurous hours with the "grizzly worker," "the gopher man," the "gang-knife man," the "keep-off girl," the "bag cuffer" and the "devil" himself, I found it difficult to put down.

How would you like to be an "egg smeller?" Well, maybe not. He works in a bakery, contemplating the freshness of eggs.

Perhaps you'd rather play pinball machines all day. That's the task of a "pin-game-machine inspector." Or, you can be an "Irish moss gatherer." Not exactly the opposite of the rolling stone, this fellow merely gathers Irish moss for use in puddings and jellies.

A man with a sense of humor and a mechanical turn of mind might become a "droll-machine operator," and make bedsprings and mattresses. It's the job of a "pipe-smoker-machine operator" to run a machine which puffs on new pipes, breaking them in.

A "barrel-house man" is not a character from a Vachel Lindsay poem about barrel-house kings with feet unstable. Unlike a "donkey doctor" (who repairs donkey engines) or a "cat doctor" (who fixes tractors), this joker drives an electric mule in a petroleum refinery.

Some of the things we working people call one another are downright misleading. An "aging hand" is not a candidate for a pension, but a man with a shovel in a rayon factory. If you have an itch to be a "steeplejack," don't settle for "cupola dauber." He helps tend a cupola furnace in a foundry.

For a soft life, be a "marshmallow runner." You run a machine that makes marshmallows. Still rather be a "kiss-machine operator?" Okay, you'll wrap candy kisses all day and probably go home in no mood even to kiss your wife.

The "grizzly worker" dumps ore from cars through an iron grating. The "gopher man" extracts ore from an open-pit mine. The state offices of the U.S.E.S., which place something like 12,000,000 workers a year from the Dictionary of Occupational Titles, will have no truck with criminal professions. Your "gang-knife man" is just a gent who cuts up fish with a gang knife.

The "keep-off girl" is not going steady with a tough guy. She maintains a "keep-off" file on persons who have had fire losses, and hence are bad fire-insurance risks. The "bag cuffer"—unlike the "cuff whipper" (who whips the edges of knitted garments)—puts a cuff on paper shopping bags.

The "devil?" He works eight hours a day in a hat factory.

There are about 900 entries for the slaughtering and meat-packing industry, among them: "side splitter," "hog ribber," "head chiseler," "ear drummer," "drag-over man," "hide shaker," "shoulder puncher," "rumper," "lumper," "tail ripper," "wool puller" and "turkey checker."

The dictionary is most explicit. A "pretzel twister," if you're interested, "picks a pencil-like piece of dough from conveyer, holding one end between thumb and forefinger of each hand. Flips dough into a loop and crosses ends. . . . Keeps a count of . . . pretzels twisted."

I haven't quite decided, but I think my favorite is either the "morning girl"—one of about 200 kinds of sales people, she opens a bakery of a morning—or the "short girl"—who, the book says, locates missing articles in a laundry.

I almost forgot the "zigzag mender," not a mender on a bender but a zigzag sewing-machine operator.

But perhaps you'd rather browse for yourself. The Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C., will send you the two volumes, in buckram, for $5.50.

If I ever run out of ideas as a No. 0-06.04 (literary writer), I'm going to be an 8-27.71 (mop comber). THE END

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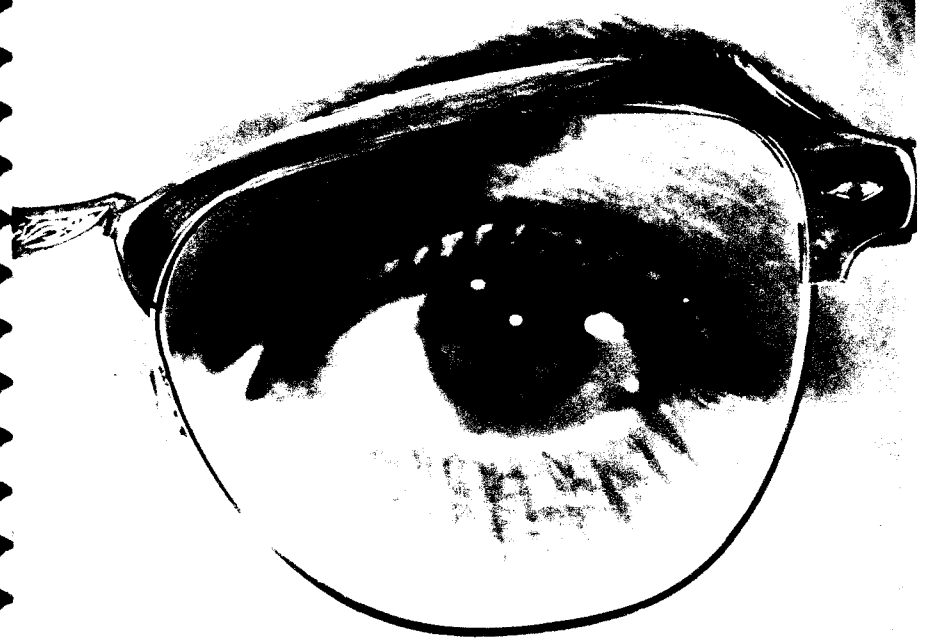

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IRELAND TODAY

FROM GREAT FAMINE TO GREAT FUTURE

America's "stage-Irish" won't admit it, but under Prime Minister John Costello the Emerald Isle is prospering as never before. Progress has chased the leprechauns out

By CORNELIUS RYAN

IN IRELAND they put it like this: "The leprechauns are gone—you'll find them in Boston or New York. Not here."

The frustrated fanatical little sprites huffily donned their green coats and grabbed their shillelaghs in 1948. They've been vanishing ever since, carrying away with them Ireland's centuries-old burden of apathy, self-pity and disillusionment.

The good people of Ireland have little time to talk about the pixilated past. For today their nation, the Republic of Ireland—its official, legal and correct title—has achieved nine tenths of its freedom, the population has never been so prosperous and the Emerald Isle is well on its way toward becoming one of the most economically stable of the coterie of small European nations.

The age of the leprechaun came to a sudden end when humble John Costello, Ireland's foremost constitutional lawyer, became Prime Minister of the nation's first coalition (or more correctly "inter-party") government three years ago. Without fuss, hatred or bitterness the Irish have been running their green isle as smoothly as an American corporation ever since.

Yet never once have they forgotten that of the island's 32 counties, six in northeastern Ireland (population 1,300,000) are still partitioned off from the motherland. It is the last great grievance. That wrong, the Costello government says, will be rectified in time by peaceful constitutional methods —not by the gun. "We are absolutely determined," Costello has said a number of times, "to take the gun, once and for all, out of Irish politics." And Costello has not broken a promise to the Irish people yet.

Quietly the Costello government has been rebuilding, revitalizing and modernizing ancient agricultural Ireland with hard-boiled realism instead of wild-eyed nationalism. Like St. Patrick, who is said to have driven the snakes out of the green sod, it has been driving tiny Ireland (only the size of Maine) out of the numbing lethargy of the past. Furthermore, friendly relations between Ireland and the age-old enemy England have never been better despite the question of partition. "Of course," the Irish are quick to say, "we don't exactly throw kisses at them."

Just the same, the old bickering "because of the British," or "because of the conniving of the damned British Foreign Office," has disappeared, for the Costello government was born of an era when nationalism had begun to run second to economics. As the London Times so correctly put it: "The cost of living replaced the British as Ireland's bogy. The English had gone and so had half the pigs."

Costello's predecessor, the gaunt didactic Eamon

AL TARTER

Costello pursues a policy of friendship for England, but never forgets she controls six of 32 counties with population of 1,300,000

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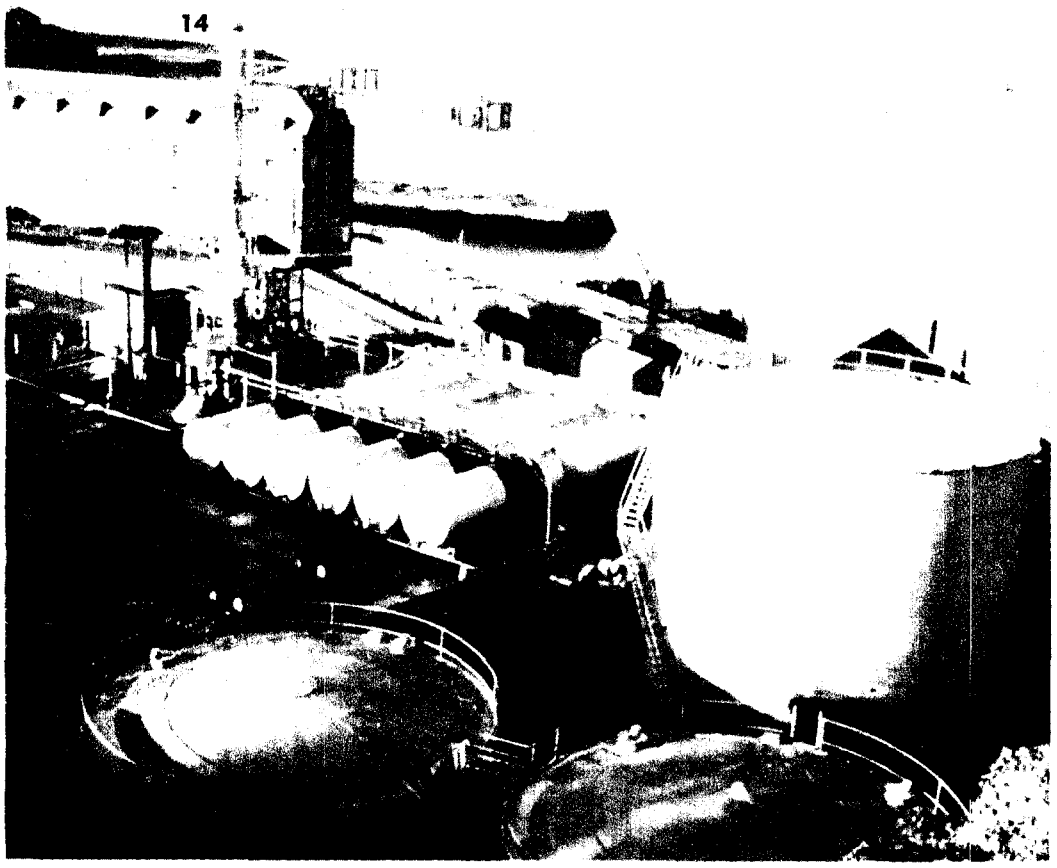
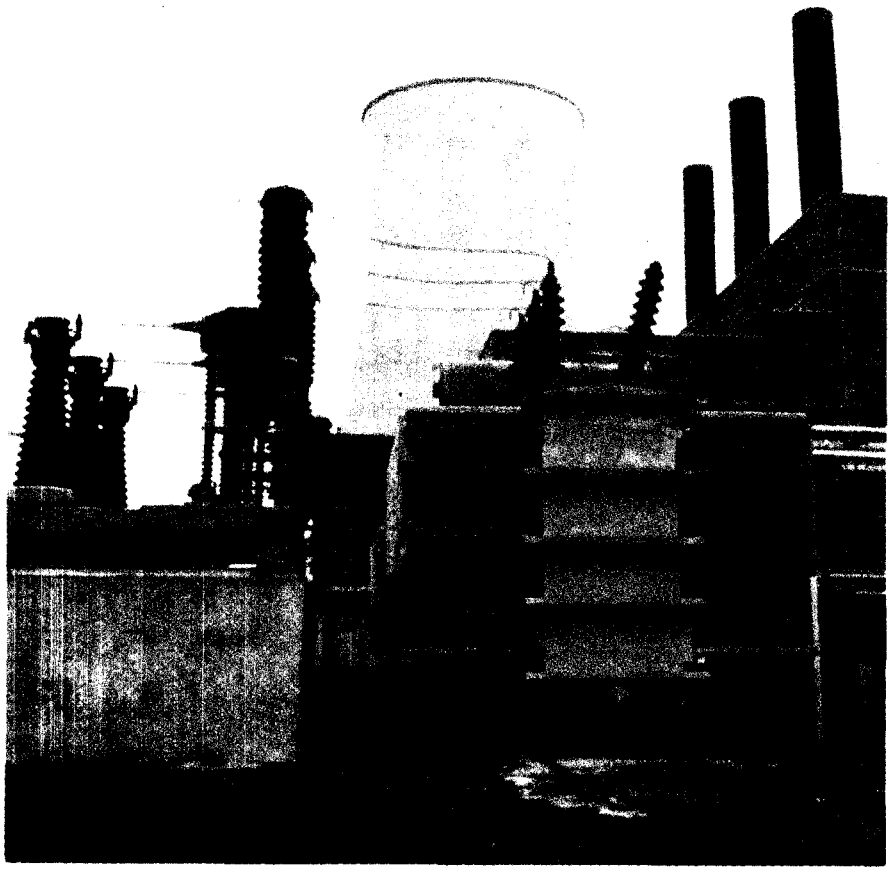
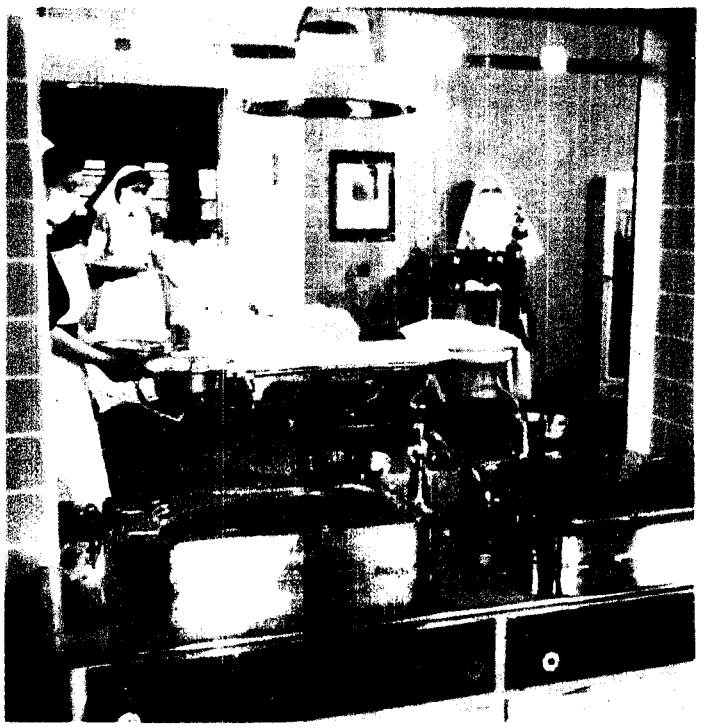


Oil from Peru will be refined by Cork Harbour Oil Wharves, Ltd., at this plant in Cork when a pier for the unloading of tankers is completed



Europe's first turf-fired generator, at Portarlington, began operation recently. Electricity for all Ireland in near future is Costello's aim

Draining swamps at Carlow. A million acres will be reclaimed in a few years



Operating room in new Tipperary County Hospital, typical of those on which the nation is spending over $50,000,000

These new Sallynoggin, County Dublin, homes are part of big housing program

Slums all over the country are being replaced by modern buildings. These apartments are on Kevin Street, Dublin

De Valera and his nationalist *Fianna Fail* (Soldiers of Destiny) Party who ruled for 16 long years are still mystically prophesying "inevitable disaster." But apart from the ardent De Valeraites, the only real protests against the new government and its remarkable achievements have come from the small fanatical minorities in New York, Boston and elsewhere, whom the Irish aptly call "stage-Irish." Some political experts in the United States put their number at about 100,000, but point out that these "professional Irishmen" think of themselves as "the voice" of some 20,000,000 good Irish-Americans.

Some of these self-appointed "Irish foreign ministers" hew straight to the narrow doctrinaire *Fianna Fail* party line, but a majority are far more extreme. In accents and dialects heard nowhere else—least of all in Ireland—they have let it be known that: "Shure an' begorrah an' God bless us, 'tis a tragedy that's befallen the auld sod—the man Costello is playin' with the dirty British by puttin' business before freedom."

As usual the American "stage-Irish," most of whom have never set foot in Ireland anyway, but who seem bent on making Ireland, its government and its people appear irresponsible, undignified, contentious and farcical in the eyes of the United States, know precisely nothing of the facts.

To a nation which has long been strangling in its own noble efforts to achieve complete freedom, the Costello government has been holding a great mirror and saying in effect: "Take a good, long look at yourselves. Rightly you have been fighting for centuries to get your freedom, but the weight of self-pity which you have been carrying as a result has left the nation spiritless and a century behind the times. Let's bury the ancient hatreds. Let's stop looking into the past. Let's look to the future!"

Everything they have done so far has been aimed at giving the Irish hope. And to practical John Costello, the assurance

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS WILD

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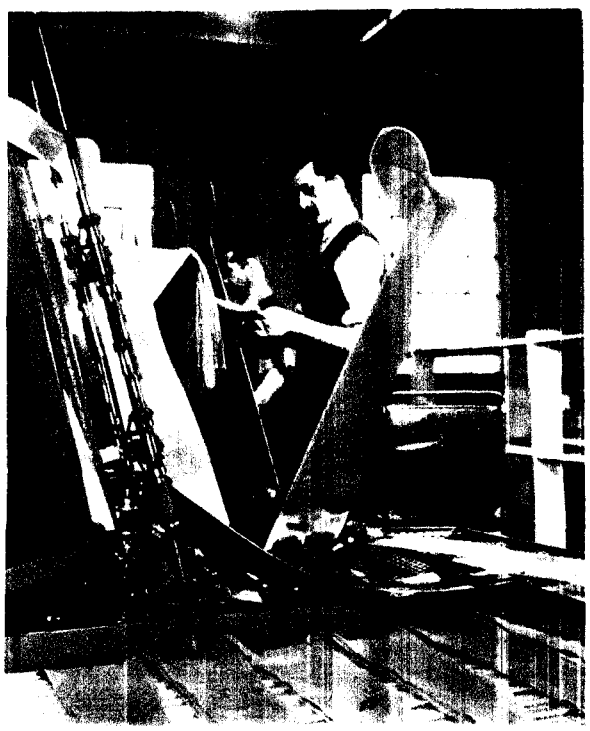
Electricity Supply Board's Dublin showrooms draw thousands who, now that Ireland prospers, can buy modern equipment for the first time

Workers at the Sunbeam Wolsey plant in Cork pour out for lunch hour. The factory has a cafeteria, but many employees prefer meals at home



Finishing nylons at Sunbeam Wolsey's plant. Industry is expanding under the new regime

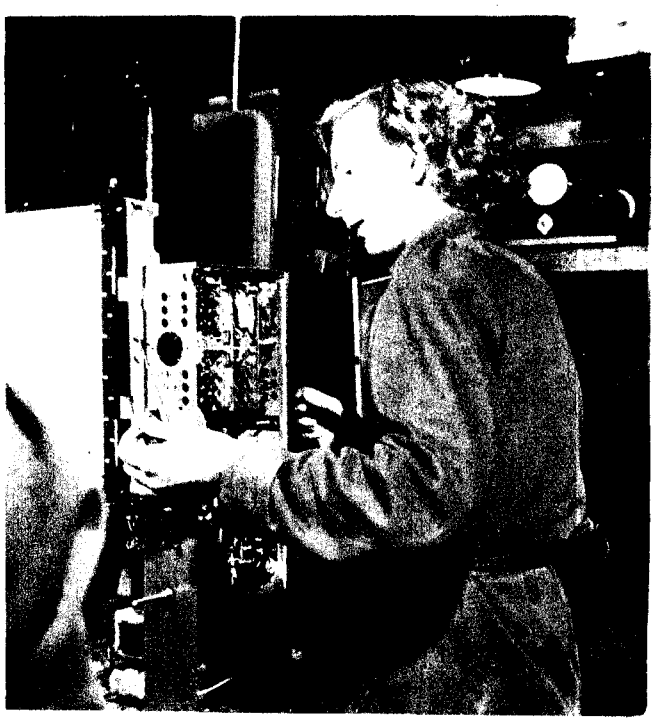
Molten metal is poured at a furnace of Hammond Lane Industries, in Dublin, for hardening into castings

Stamping brand on cloth at the 200-year-old Mahoney Mills in Blarney

This girl is finishing socks on a circular "linking" machine at a Blarney woolen mill

Pauline Condon works for Aer Lingus Teoranta, which won the 1950 award for the safest European air line

Half of nation's radio sets are made by Pye, Ltd. Factory is near Dublin



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of a prosperous future lies in the nation's disastrously neglected fundamental asset: Ireland's agriculture, its rich, black land.

Under De Valera the emphasis had been on industry. Agriculture was in such a sorry condition when Costello took over that there were fewer cattle, sheep and poultry than at any time previously on record. Butter was rationed. The only crop which had increased, according to 1947 statistics, was hay—and it grows by itself.

Besides the lethargy of the previous administration, there was another reason: There simply were not enough workers on the land to produce food for home consumption, let alone to export it in large quantities. Young farmers by the thousands left the rich and fertile, but dull and backward countryside.

The bright-neon lighted streets of modern Dublin or other major cities such as Cork and Limerick beckoned. The cinemas, modern amenities (there are still parts of rural Ireland which have yet to see electric light or proper sanitation), social services and a higher standard of living seemed much more attractive than the cheerless existence on some desolate farm where there was never a guarantee of selling the next crop.

To the tourist who visited the bleak Atlantic-swept west coast, the thatched cottages in their pastel coats of pink, yellow or brown might appear quaint or charming, but to the family inside there was little time to enjoy the beauties of their habitat. They were much too busy scraping a bare, miserable living from a few acres of soil which might be strewn with massive boulders, making it almost impossible to plow and cultivate.

In some outlying areas social services *just did not exist.* It meant nothing for a child to walk perhaps six miles per day to and from school in all types of Irish weather. Hospitals were few and far between. Such conditions, among many others, caused a major drift of agricultural workers to the industry of the cities.

This has always been the case in Ireland, but under the *Fianna Fail* government little effort was made to stop it.

John Costello is a man who loves the land and he has determinedly set about arresting the flight of the Irish. The exodus began with the great famine of 1846, when the population stood at more than 8,000,000. Nearly 1,000,000 died of the famine, and since then 3,000,000 have emigrated. Thousands fled to the United States in "coffin ships"; thousands more died on reaching the promised land. The exodus was described by Ethna Carberry in this lament:

> They are going, shy-eyed *cailins,* and lads so straight and tall,
> From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,
> From the greening plains of Mayo, and the glens of Donegal.

To put a stop to the mass emigration, the Costello government completely reversed the policies of the De Valera administration. All emphasis today is toward developing agriculture, restoring the countryside, giving backward rural areas a standard of living comparable with that of Irish cities. They are not neglecting industry. On the contrary they are helping and nursing Ireland's fledgling industries by a levelheaded and practical examination of markets, for they are only too fully aware that Ireland can never hope to compete with heavily industrialized Britain. But the principal objective is to restore the land and thus the nation's prosperity.

They have instituted vast long-range programs in agricultural education, land reclamation, drainage, electrification, slum clearance, housing, health and hospital projects, among many others. "We must make this land fit to live in," says Costello; "we must give decent conditions to our workers. We must give a fair return to those people who have put their capital into industry."

Gently, so gently in fact that Irish farmers can hardly believe their eyes, the countryside is being transformed. The slippery verdant swamps and inundated areas so prevalent all over the country are being drained by the most modern machinery. Automatic pipe-laying machines are coaxing water off thousands of acres which have hardly known a crop. Nearly one million acres will be drained within the next few years.

Along the boulder-strewn farms of the Atlantic west coast, bulldozers are clearing the land, pushing huge blocks of granite into the sea. The American "stage-Irish" would explain that these huge rocks were thrown there by a "mighty Gaelic giant fightin' the invaders." The Irish farmers have a more plausible explanation: They were left there after the Ice Age. Huge quarries—some of them 20 feet deep and a half mile across—are being filled in by excavation machines. Bottomless marshes and swamps are receiving the same treatment. Altogether some four million acres are scheduled for rehabilitation.

This huge project, called the Dillon Plan, after its originator, James Dillon, Ireland's scholarly Minister of Agriculture calls for an expenditure of nearly $130,000,000 over the next 10 years. Some 50,000 men will be employed during that period and the land should be able to absorb their labors when the program is completed. For, says Costello, "We are putting an end to aimless and purposeless relief schemes which this country has known in the past."

In line with the agricultural drive is the electrification of the remainder of the country. Previous administrations began the work; the Costello government is finishing it—in a hurry.

CORNELIUS RYAN

James Dillon, Ireland's scholarly Minister of Agriculture, helped throw De Valera out

Nearly one seventh of Ireland's 21,000,000 arable acres (including partitioned northeastern Ireland) is bog. The Irish have not only harnessed the waters of the Shannon and the Liffey for electricity, they've now put the peat of the bogs to work producing precious current.

Peat, or turf as the Irish call it, has always been the fuel of the countryside, but never acceptable in the cities. Cut by hand in the past, it has always been the stand-by fuel of the Irish, as exemplified during World War II when neutral Ireland was unable to get coal. At the end of the war, Irish city dwellers wouldn't touch it. Now there is a definite use for this ungainly soil. Irish bogs will be working overtime for years to come, feeding huge electrical generators in three parts of the country.

The first of these plants, costing $3,000,000 (at Portarlington on the River Barrow), began operating some months back. Europe's first turf-fired generator, it consumes 120,000 tons of machine-won peat and has a 25,000 kilowatt capacity. Two more will be completed within the next few years, along with four more hydroelectric plants. There will not be a farm, village or tiny, lonely cottage without power when these projects are completed.

Perhaps the greatest drive of the Costello government has been in rehousing the Irish. For years, especially in the cities, huge graying tenement houses, once the proud homes of another era, have given shelter to Ireland's less fortunate. In Dublin, particularly, such slum areas as the Coombe, Gardiner Street and elsewhere reminded one of the European ghettos, but they were not so clean.

"Gaunt, spectral mansions," Joyce called these ancient, once-beautiful Georgian houses, "in which the old nobility of Dublin has roistered." It seemed that these overcrowded, unsanitary, decaying relics were part of the despair of the nation. With ragged lace curtains hanging in broken windows, shawled women leaning against the ever-open scarred hall doors, it appeared that their occupants had finally, like Ireland, reached agreement with a sordid *status quo.* Ironically, there is a statue of the great Irish patriot, Charles Parnell, with an arm outstretched, pointing toward some of the worst slums which bear his name. The gold lettering on the statue's base says in part: ". . . thus far and no farther shall thou go."

The slums today are going no farther. "The first step," said the Costello people when they took office, "is to remove a considerable section of the people from hovels and slums." They've kept their promise. In their first year they doubled the number of houses built in 1947; that figure was doubled again in 1949. Since then they have surpassed all prewar building figures. Now they plan to spend $280,000,000 on housing in the next 10 years.

So great is the building boom that the administration is appealing to Irish immigrants in England to return. Plasterers, carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, every type of skilled artisan is being sought. Furthermore, they are being offered wages *better* than in England. To Ireland, accustomed to mass unemployment and incredible poverty, this is just short of being miraculous.

Ireland's badly neglected medical and health services are being completely reshuffled by the youngest and most energetic of Costello's cabinet, thirty-five-year-old Dr. Noel C. Browne. "Under the De Valera administration," says a cabinet member of the present government, "the Ministry of Health was a byword of lethargic bureaucracy." Whatever lethargy remained after the new government took over has been very thoroughly shaken out by young Dr. Browne.

Within seven years Browne intends to give the Irish "the finest hospitals in Europe" staffed by "the highest level of medical and surgical personnel in the world of medicine." To this end, the Irish are spending over $50,000,000 on new, ultramodern hospitals, many of which are well on the way toward completion. From the blueprints and artists' drawings which have been approved, Ireland will have hospitals rivaling some of the best in the U.S.A. "We must," Dr. Browne insists, "insure that the health services of this country compare favorably with those anywhere else in the world."

Because of its extremely damp climate, Ireland has always had a high ratio of tuberculosis. Browne has been bearing down on this all over the nation. Recently workers building a new tuberculosis sanitarium near Cork went on strike. Browne, in hospital himself, left his bed and drove from Dublin to Cork, persuaded them to return to their jobs. Then he returned to his hospital bed. He was suffering from an old complaint: T.B.

The least spectacular of his entire cabinet, John Costello by his modesty and tact has kept his ministers, all representing parties of widely divergent aims, working harmoniously as a team. Virtually unknown when he took office, his prestige is high today, despite some labor troubles caused by the rising cost of living. "Well," say the Irish, "he didn't use intrigue to get the job." If anything, he sacrificed much in accepting it: his salary now is about $10,000, less than half what he made as one of Ireland's leading lawyers.

His pretty wife Ida (they've been married 31 years) and indeed their five children—three boys and two girls—are still surprised that Father is Prime Minister. But there has been only one concession in the normal running of their comfortable tree-shaded home in Dublin's Herbert Park. John Costello now gets his breakfast in bed.

"There were so many Costellos trying to get out in the morning," explained Mrs. Costello, "that cook and I decided to give Jack his breakfast in bed to keep him from being trampled under foot."

John Costello and his government came to power by accident. What they have achieved since has been anything but accidental. They have brought cold realism to bear on Ireland's problems. It is the direct antithesis of Eamon De Valera's mysticism. He showed the Irish the glories of the past. Costello is showing them the glories of the future. Yet De Valera might have remained Prime Minister for at least another 18 months but for a grave political blunder.

De Valera led his *Fianna Fail* party down the green carpet of Ireland's *(Continued on page 63)*

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John Costello, seated, talks [illegible] problems with [illegible]ck McGilligan, Ireland's Minister of Finance. Dublin University classmates, [illegible] often [illegible]ched wits in Literary Society debates

Costello and his wife Ida have been married 31 years and have five children. She now gives him breakfast in bed because "there are too many Costellos trying to get out in the morning"

Sean MacBride's formation of the Republican Party led De Valera to call the 1948 election

Health Minister Dr. Noel C. Browne promises Irish finest hospitals in Europe in seven years

Eamon De Valera's party ruled for 16 years. He forecasts disaster under the new regime

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A Lick for Brother Ed

Them Masons were as sorry a pack of loafers as you'd ever care to see. I knew they were stealing Pa's cattle, but I couldn't catch them at it. And I sure didn't know what I'd do about it if I ever did

HAT like to drove me crazy was the posters. Saturdays Pa and I would crank up Pa's old pickup and drive on into town. We'd get our Saturday chores done—our buying for the week, Pa's trip to the bank—and then we'd be free for the rest of the day. Pa would most likely go down to the pinochle game under the rubber tree in the park and talk crops and the price of cattle with the boys. I'd light out, first off, for the post office. I'd want to see if they'd put up any new posters during the week.

Those were mighty fine posters. Pa said they were come-ons, made up by the politicians, to toll country boys like me into the service. Pa said the Hastings family had done all they were going to do, I Godfrey, with what was left of his right leg somewhere in the vicinity of the Argonne, and brother Ed under a white cross on Okinawa. But that sort of talk couldn't keep a seventeen-year-old boy from dreaming his dreams.

I liked the Navy posters. I had only seen the sea once, when Pa had taken Ma and brother Ed and me—away back when we'd had Ma and brother Ed, and me only a sprattling kid—to Daytona Beach of a Sunday. And all I'd been able to do then was just sit there on the beach and stare out across the horizon, and try and get it through my little old lint head that anything on earth could be that big and that pretty.

I liked the Navy ones. And the Marine ones made me breathe fast when I'd read those words from the song about "From the halls of Montezuma," and so on, the way it goes. And it was a real thrill to see the pictures of the shiny new bombers in the Air Force ones. And to close my eyes and make out like I was flying in one of those bombers, away up in the bright sunlight over the clouds.

But what got me most was the Infantry. There wasn't anything fancy about my dreams when I'd look at one of those Ground Force posters. The only dream I could conjure up then was of me slogging along through the mud or the dust with a heavy load on my back. Slogging along there with lots of men and boys just about like me, from Seattle, Washington, and New York City, and Dooly County, Georgia, and every place east and west and north and south in the country. Slogging along there and all cussing, but all, somehow, proud of the load we were carrying.

I reckon brother Ed was behind it all. Brother Ed had enlisted in the Infantry in the big war, that war I could just remember the start of, me being only seven at the time. Brother Ed had been about nineteen then. He'd told me, "Aaron," he'd said, "our pa was a foot soldier in the last one. Our grandpa went to Tampa and enlisted in the Infantry to fight the Spaniards in 1898. Our great-grandpa walked eight hundred miles to enlist as an infantryman in General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. I don't know about anything further back than that. But I reckon if a man could check it, he'd find a Hastings or two or three fighting, as foot soldiers, with General George Washington himself!"

I remember brother Ed telling me that. And I remember Pa grumbling even then about the politicians and their wars, and asking how in the world they expected him to make out about the place without brother Ed to help him.

And then I remember when brother Ed was leaving for camp, with Ma standing there fighting back the tears and telling him how proud she was of him at the same time. And I remember then how I brought shame upon myself by busting into tears and snatching brother Ed's new cap—the cap he'd bought that fall to wear sparking the girls down to Chinaberry—from his head, and throwing it into the heart of the fat-pine fire in the fireplace. And then running as fast as I could, cussing brother Ed and screaming, down into the bayhead by the lake front, blind with grief at brother Ed's going off without me, with the briars tearing at my clothes and skin, and me not even feeling them.

And I remember brother Ed crashing along behind me, with me running until I couldn't run any more and then falling to the ground. Then feeling brother Ed yank me to my feet, and seeing him staring at me, and hearing him say, "Now what in 'nation you want to go and do a thing like that for!"

"Go on and whup me," I remember saying.

"Why, you lint-headed little old cracker!"

And he was grabbing me, to whup me I was reckoning, and then he was kissing me, and saying, "Now, you take care of your ma and your pa while I'm away!"

And I remember he didn't say another word to me coming out of the bayhead, nor getting into Charley Malfer's truck to go to the depot, nor at any other time—except for a few letters—for brother Ed never came back again.

And I reckon it was a foolish, kid way of figuring—Pa always said if I'd spend as much time checking the cattle for screwworms as I did for spinning dreams, we'd make out better about the place—but I figured if I could get into the Infantry and get over to Korea, or wherever else I might be needed, well, maybe I'd be putting in a lick for brother Ed.

But Pa wouldn't let me go.

"You get them foolish notions out of your head, Aaron! You listen to your old daddy! All this here present excitement, it don't mean a thing to you or to me. It's the politicians that's behind it all. If there's one thing I've got no use for, it's a dadburned politician!"

PA MORTALLY despised a politician. To him everybody who worked for the government—federal, state or county, elected or appointed—was a politician. He blamed everything on them: crop failures, hurricanes, screwworms in his cattle—everything. You take that wooden leg of his. He could have gone down to the veterans' hospital at Bay Pines and gotten him a good mechanical leg, free of charge. But Pa wouldn't fool none with Veterans Administration. Said it was controlled by politicians. So he had O. D. Bafus' oldest boy, O. C., a carpenter and cabinetmaker by trade, to make his legs—out of Florida knotty cypress.

And he was that way about his cattle. He ran maybe three hundred head of range cattle out through the two thousand acres of scrub that had belonged to a Hastings ever since the Civil War. The state and county agents had been trying to sell him on the new theories of improved pasturelands and scientific breeding. But Pa would have none of it. "Why, what was good enough for my old daddy is good enough for me!" Pa said. "And what's more," he said, "I'll take gun-iron to the next state or county politician-agent that sets foot to my property!"

Even when we'd started missing cattle early that summer—four, five head a month—why, Pa wouldn't go to the sheriff. For the sheriff, he said, was nothing more nor less than a dad-burned politician. "Besides," he said, "them cattle are straying, is all. They're off down in some bayhead, and I reckon they'll turn up in due time. You been seeing too many of them cowboy movies, Aaron."

Well, Pa was that way, and there wasn't a bit of use in trying to change him. I had my own theory, though, on what was happening to those four, five head of cattle a month.

THERE was a big, heavy-set, loud-talking man named Snap Mason lived over on the far side of Little Deer Lake with two no-count sons of his named Randolph and Roland. Randolph and Roland were a couple of overbuilt, loud-talking men, somewhere around as old as brother Ed would have been. There were two or three moonfaced women with legs like whisky kegs about Snap's place. I never did get the straight of who was married to who—if any of them, that is, were married at all.

Old Snap's property, what there was of it, edged onto the far side of Pa's property. I figured there wasn't a one of old Snap's family worth the powder to blow him to hell—including old Snap himself—but Pa, he thought they were all right. He'd get over to Snap's place for a visit maybe a couple of times a year. Snap would bring out a jug of shine. Then he and Pa and Randolph and Roland would sit around all evening and drink and yell and holler and cuss the politicians.

My own theory about what was happening to Pa's missing cattle came about this way. It so happened that one day I was checking our fence line away back at the butt end of Pa's property, where it joins onto Snap Mason's land. It was a mighty hot day. My pony was lathered, and so was I. I went through a gate onto old Snap's property and walked my pony up the dirt road to Snap's house.

I didn't see anybody around the yard, but I heard a big commotion out behind the barn. I got off my pony and walked around there. The Masons, the whole mess of them—old Snap, Randolph, Roland, and a couple of those big-legged women—were skinning a steer. A jug of shine was sitting on the stump they killed their chickens on. By the loud sound of them they'd all been at that jug.

They were all clustered around that carcass so I couldn't get a good look at it. But I could see it was a part-Brahman steer with a crumpled horn. There was something mighty familiar-looking about that steer. What I saw didn't prove a thing. But I had a hunch. None of the Masons had seen me. I edged up closer. They had just started skinning that steer and I wanted to get a look at the brand. I got one quick, fuzzy look at it before old Snap saw me coming. It could have been a Lazy H—Pa's brand. I thought it was, but I couldn't tell for sure. It could have been one of a dozen other brands something like a Lazy H.

Old Snap headed for me *(Continued on page 72)*

I got off my pony, looped the reins over a branch of a sapling, took brother Ed's old .351 from the saddle holster, and started moving up, at a crouch, to that mound of earth

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What Girls Are For

By FRANK O'CONNOR

Girls are useless articles and a real nightmare in the home. We all have a cross to bear, and my sister Biddy was mine surely

FOR years I couldn't see what God intended girls for at all. They struck me as the most useless articles and a real nightmare in the home. The way they went on about their old frocks and their silly dolls disgusted me. There was my sister, Biddy, for instance. She was more than a year younger than I was, but she went on as if she was five years older, and all because she never wet the bed. And nobody realized the truth, that she didn't sleep as heavily as I did just because she never had the same worries. Nothing worried her. She maundered round the house like a half-idiot, humming to herself, having forgotten whatever it was she was looking for.

You couldn't send her on a message because she forgot what it was the moment she was outside the door, and a quarter of an hour afterward, you found her playing down the avenue with the money in the pocket of her pinafore and the hair hanging down over her right eye. Then she'd brush back the hair as if it was the cobweb on her brain and say, "Oh, I feegot." She couldn't even pronounce "forgot," or pretended she couldn't. I never knew which. Sometimes I thought she wasn't half the fool she let on to be. Because, of course, I came in for most of the messages. I had to pay for having a head on me. As if I hadn't responsibilities enough as Chief Gang Leader!

She even let on not to understand why I should be Chief Gang Leader. According to her, there was no necessity for it, and no honor in having the job. To her the avenue where she played hopscotch with the Daly kids was only just an avenue like any other, but to me, the bend in it was no man's land, a place I had to approach carefully, and the corner by the gas lamp the frontier of our gang territory and the scene of endless desperate battles with the Tram Terrace kids, who were kept out of the avenue at all only by dread of our Corner Patrol.

While I worried myself sick about how I was to keep up the Corner Patrol, she went home and reported that I was playing with the Hendrick kids. Of course, I wasn't playing with them; I didn't even like them. But what could you do with mothers and fathers that kept their sons in at night to do old homework instead of letting them out on patrol? If the patrol broke down, little chance the Dalys or Biddy would have had of playing hopscotch in the avenue. The Tram Terrace kids—a ferocious gang! —would have seen to that.

I broke her of the spying by getting the whole gang to torture her one night. She went screeching to Father—she had a special screech for Father's benefit that he could hear from the end of the avenue—and I got the hell of a licking, but after that she left the Gang alone. As I told her, "A torture is worse than a licking any day."

She had no idea—nobody who hasn't been in the position himself could have any idea—of the worry and expense of being Chief Gang Leader. We got a penny a week—twopence if we were lucky—and any Chief Gang Leader will tell you you can't run a gang on that.

You had to arm chaps that had no guns: chaps you couldn't overawe by exceptional strength or daring, you had to give things to. I often thought if only I had a shilling a week instead of a penny I could have bought over sufficient forces to clear not only the avenue but the whole road, and make our territory impregnable from the sea front to Tram Terrace. Sometimes I used to patrol the whole area at night with a gun in each pocket and think what I could do with even one bomber. Even one bomb, properly planted, could have decimated the Tram Terrace gang. I could imagine myself whizzing over the rooftops and letting fly. Bang! and it would all be over.

That was really why I used to make what I called Viking raids and Biddy called stealing. It wasn't stealing really; it was all for the Gang funds. She had endless places she used to hide her money in but sometimes I found it even then, and she went screeching to Father. "He took me penny—boo-hoo-hoo!"

It was disgusting. Though she knew better than to tell Mother when I made Viking raids on the housekeeping money, she used to be always at me in a low, blood-curdling voice, following me round like an old witch. "You'll be caught yet, Michael Murphy. The police will be up to you. You took three shillings out of Mummy's purse. God sees you." Sometimes she drove me so wild that I went mad and twisted her arm or pulled her hair or made smithereens of her old dolls, and then she went off, screeching again, and I got licked. I got more lickings through her than through anything else. I hated her.

THEN Mother had Paddy, and the pair of us had great gas with him. Mother, as usual, wasn't expecting anything, and Paddy came as a bit of a shock to her, so we more or less had him all to ourselves. I was fonder of him than Biddy was, really. He was small and fat and nearly always in good humor, and whenever he saw Biddy or me he laughed himself sick. He seemed to think we were the most comical artists ever. Even if he was my brother, he really was a most remarkably clever baby. Almost from the moment he was born he started trying to imitate us. He always thought when you covered him up that he was after losing his toes and would start looking to see what had happened them.

"Toes, Paddy!" I'd say, and first he'd look at his hands and give them a chew to see were they the real article, and then he'd see they weren't and begin working his arms and legs, cross-eyed with excitement till he had the last stitch of clothes off him and could see his toes again.

I loved getting off with him by myself because I knew he was dotty on trees, particularly when the sun was shining, and I'd take him down the avenue or along to the park, and the lights and shadows of the leaves passing over his face and his pram would have him mesmerized. As a matter of fact, there was feeling about that, because some of the Gang said it wasn't right for the Chief Gang Leader to be pushing a pram, and that the Tram Terrace kids were laughing at us, but I said if any of the Tram Terrace kids would meet me in a single combat it would be time enough for them to laugh. I knew they wouldn't dare; that gang never came out except in force.

I was let lift him when he had wind, but Biddy wasn't, because she was still too small, but in spite of that, she was the one he liked best. It was a bit of a disappointment to me, but really it was extraordinary. He knew her very step on the path, and he'd try to lift himself, and then make a queer coughing little noise that he *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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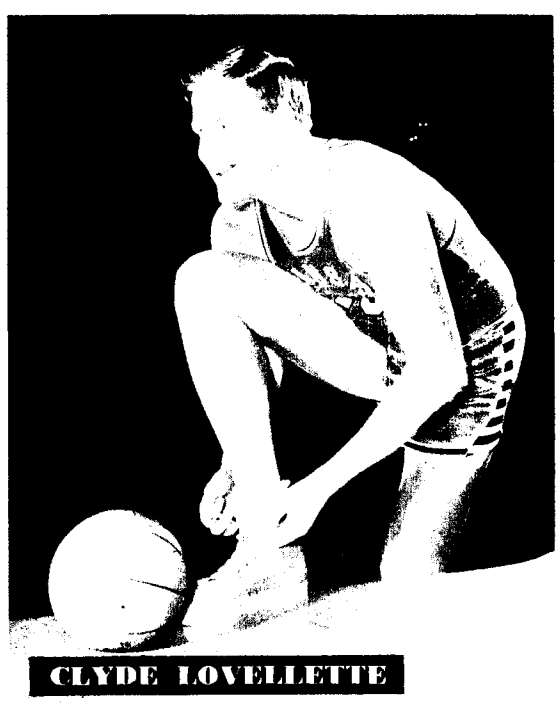
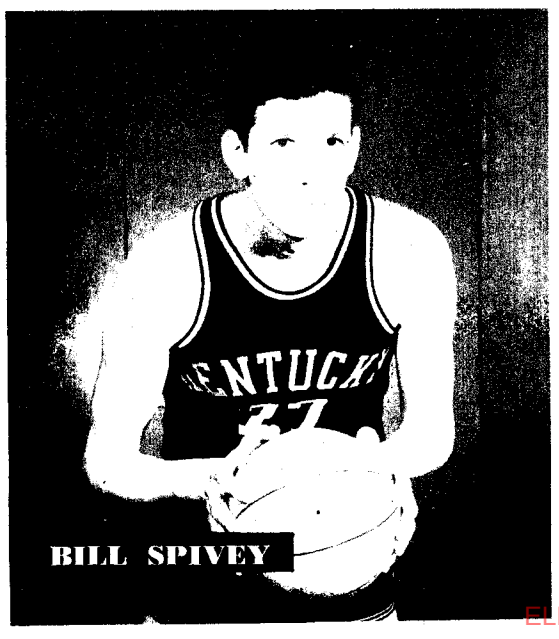
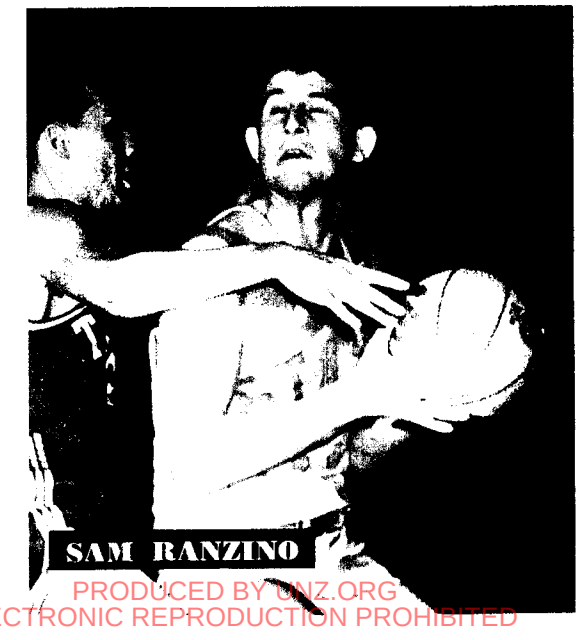
The ALL-AMERICA...

Selected by the National Associatio







THE 1951 All-America quintet is an ideal basketball blend of size and speed. Three of the five players hit six feet five inches or better. Bill Mlkvy of Temple is the littlest giant at the six-five mark; Clyde Lovellette of Kansas is six-nine; and Bill Spivey of Kentucky is seven feet, one-quarter inch—and still growing!

The other members of this year's All-America hoop cast, Gene Melchiorre of Bradley and Sam Ranzino of North Carolina State, are not big men. Melchiorre, at five feet eight, is a midget compared to Spivey; and the six-feet-one-inch Ranzino is only medium size by elongated basketball standards. However, Melchiorre and Ranzino possess extraordinary speed—the invaluable asset which gives a team quick-break scoring punch.

Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman of the All-America selections committees for the National Association of Basketball Coaches, points out that the blend of talents on the '51 team—three parts size and two parts speed—is considered perfect for balanced team operation.

"On offense," Hobson explains, "the three big men—Spivey, Lovellette and Mlkvy—would work around the basket. They would do most of the shooting and follow up missed shots, while Melchiorre and Ranzino maneuvered outside and set up plays. On defense the big men would drop back under their own basket to control rebounds—then fire the ball out to Ranzino and Melchiorre, who could race downcourt on quick-break attempts."

This distribution of duties scarcely fits into the traditional basketball line-up, which lists two forwards, one center and two guards. However, set positions are obsolete in modern basketball. Nowadays, coaches use their players where they can do the most good.

For example, big men work under the basket, no matter which team has the ball. Actually, they are forwards on offense and guards on defense. Meanwhile, their smaller, faster teammates operate in reverse—setting up plays from the guards' traditional midcourt position of offense, and taking over the forwards' time-honored front-line position on defense. As for centers, they complete their traditional tip-off chores on the opening play of each half. The rest of the time, they are as indistinguishable and reversible as the guards and forwards.

Consequently, the more than 200 members of the coaches' association who took part in the All-America balloting made no effort to pick this year's team according to outdated positions as listed in conventional box scores.

Instead, they selected the five best players in each of the eight National Collegiate Athletic Association districts. Then—from this honor squad of the nation's 40 finest players—they chose the best of the best: Spivey, Mlkvy, Lovellette, Melchiorre and Ranzino.

The tremendous growth of intersectional competition, coupled with the widespread popularity of double-header attractions, afforded coaches all over the country numerous opportunities to check and compare personally the leading All-America candidates. The president of the coaches' association, Vadal Peterson of the University of Utah, watched 41 different teams in game action within three months—and Peterson's observations were not unusually extensive. The average coach at a major school sees at least 35 outside teams every season.

In addition, the coaches analyzed the work of the top players in slow-motion game movies and weighed the statistical evidence compiled by the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau. These official statistics measure each player's offensive value by computing his *shooting efficiency* (percentage of successful field-goal and *(Continued on page 76)*

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;n College Basketball

f Basketball Coaches

FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM	
BILL SPIVEY	Kentucky	BILL GARRETT	Indiana
CLYDE LOVELLETTE	Kansas	MEYER SKOOG	Minnesota
GENE MELCHIORRE	Bradley	GALE McARTHUR	Oklahoma A&M
SAM RANZINO	N. Carolina State	DICK GROAT	Duke
BILL MLKVY	Temple	JOHN AZARY	Columbia

N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR TEAMS

1

MAINE NEW HAMPSHIRE
VERMONT MASSACHUSETTS
RHODE ISLAND CONNECTICUT

V. YOKABASKAS	Conn.
JIM DILLING	Holy Cross
EARL MARKEY	Holy Cross
JOHN SILK	Bost. Col.
TED SHIRO	Colby

Honorable Mention

Jim Kielley, Holy Cross; Jim Mullaney, Tufts; John Burke, Springfield; Harry Sheehy, Williams; Charles Stewart, Rhode Island State; Tom Deegan, Tim O'Connell and Tom O'Toole, Boston College; Edward Smith, Harvard; Donald Goodwin, Tufts.

2

NEW YORK NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA DELAWARE
WEST VIRGINIA

BILL MLKVY	Temple
JOHN AZARY	Columbia
JACK KILEY	Syracuse
E. SINICOLA	Niagara
L. HENNESSEY	Villanova

Honorable Mention

Ernie Beck, Penn; Mike Kearns, Princeton; Junius Kellogg, Manhattan; Jack Molinas, Columbia; Carl Pacacha, Duquesne; Don Hartnett, Canisius, Patrick King, Westminster; Fred Christ, Fordham; Dave Alton, Colgate.

3

MARYLAND DIST. OF COLUMBIA
VIRGINIA NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE MISSISSIPPI GEORGIA
LOUISIANA ALABAMA FLORIDA

BILL SPIVEY	Kentucky
SAM RANZINO	No. Car. St.
DICK GROAT	Duke
MEL PAYTON	Tulane
J. SLAUGHTER	So. Carolina

Honorable Mention

Mark Workman, W.Va.; Frank Ramsey, Kentucky; Joe Dean, Louisiana State; Paul Horvath, No. Car. St.; Jay Handlan, Wash. and Lee; Herb Hargett, Miss. State; Sumner Tilson, Va. Tech.; George Kelly, Vanderbilt; Bob Lochmueller, Louisville; Shelby Linville, Kentucky; Edward McMillan, William & Mary; Bob Schneider, Ala.; Joe Jordan, Georgia.

4

ILLINOIS OHIO
INDIANA MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN MINNESOTA

BILL GARRETT	Indiana
M. SKOOG	Minnesota
RAY RAGELIS	Northw'st'n
D. SUNDERLAGE	Illinois
C. DARLING	Iowa

Honorable Mention

Ab Nicholas, Wisconsin; Jack Feeman, Toledo; Ron Bontemps, Beloit; Frank Calsbeek, Iowa; Jim Holstein, Cincinnati; Don Meineke, Dayton; James Gerber, Bowling Green; Bato Govedarica, De Paul; Scott Steagall, Millikin; Jud Millhon, Ohio Wesleyan.

5

MISSOURI NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA KANSAS
NEBRASKA OKLAHOMA
IOWA

C. LOVELLETTE	Kansas
G. MELCHIORRE	Bradley*
G. McARTHUR	Okla. A&M
E. BARRETT	Kans. State
R. SONNENBERG	St. Louis

Honorable Mention

Marcus Freiberger, Oklahoma; Ed Scott, St. Louis; John Rennicke, Drake; Bud Heineman, Missouri; Neil Ridley, Tulsa; Jack Stone, Kansas State; Ted Owens, Oklahoma; Dick Wiedenfeld, Morningside; Dave Dunlop, Grinnell; Norman Pilgrim, Oklahoma A&M; Jim McCabe, Loras; Jim Iverson, Kansas State.

6

ARIZONA TEXAS
ARKANSAS

JACK BROWN	So. Meth.
J. McDOWELL	Texas A&M
G. McLEOD	Tex. Christ'n
WALT DAVIS	Texas A&M
J. McDERMOTT	Rice

Honorable Mention

Harvey Fromme, Texas Christian; Roger and Leo Johnson, Arizona; George Scaling, Texas; Jim Dowies, Texas; Royce Ray, Houston; Darrel Miller, Arkansas; Paul Nolen, Texas Tech. Bob Honea, Arizona; John DeWitt, Texas A&M; Ralph Johnson, Baylor; Jack Alderson, Texas Tech.

7

WYOMING COLORADO
UTAH MONTANA
NEW MEXICO

M. HUTCHINS	Brig. Young
R. MINSON	Brig. Young
M. RADOVICH	Wyoming
GLEN SMITH	Utah
DALE TOFT	Denver

Honorable Mention

Dick Hagg, Wyoming; Bert Cook and LaDell Anderson, Utah State; Glen Anderson, Colorado A&M; Ronnie Johnson, Denver; Joe McKethen, Montana State; Kent Bates, Utah; Glenn Duggins and Jim Cleverly, Utah; John Hughes, Wyoming; Tony Esposito, Colorado College.

8

CALIFORNIA OREGON
WASHINGTON IDAHO
NEVADA

B. HOUBREGS	Washington
F. GUISNESS	Washington
BOB PAYNE	Oregon State
BILL HAGLER	California
ED TUCKER	Stanford

Honorable Mention

Lou Soriano, Washington; Jim Loscutoff, Oregon; Bob Wheeler, Idaho; Ed Sheldrake and Dick Ridgway, UCLA; John O'Brien, Seattle; Bob Kolf and Tom Riach, Southern California; Bob Gambold, Washington State; Jack Keller, Oregon; Jim Walsh, Stanford.

* **Bradley, member of Missouri Valley Conference, assigned to District 5 by N.C.A.A.**

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The Promised Land

The beaver had been extirpated from most of its former range in the United States. Now it was sent free in its own ancient land, to [illegible]

POLLUX, the beaver, and his mate, Polly, spent the year 1939 as guests of the San Francisco Exposition. They were one of three pairs that had been sent from Alaska for the occasion. At first, the beavers were not supplied with "gnawing wood," and their incisors had grown to such length that they had been all but unable to eat, and one of them died.

About that time, a lumberman from the redwood country noticed the beavers' plight and sent a truckload of small logs for use in whittling their teeth down to normal size. Before long, they felt quite at home, and had turned as nonchalant as fry cooks in a restaurant window.

Now, however, a change was in the air. Visitors had stopped lining the fence around their pond, and Pollux and his cohorts missed them and felt restless. What they did not know was that the lumberman who had saved their lives earlier in the year had not forgotten, and was back in San Francisco with his chief to make a deal.

It was felt that beavers should prosper in California's well-watered northern redwood empire—in fact, Nature had designed it for beavers. That none was there was an oversight which could be remedied by taking the animals and "planting" them in this rich land.

The exposition authorities had many matters on their minds. Now that the show was over, the disposal of five beavers was of minor importance. So Pollux and the others were put in crates and loaded on a truck. After a long trip, they were removed from the truck and transferred to a railway speeder. By now, there were odors of promise in the air, and the beavers' noses were quivering.

The speeder chugged up into the coast-range mountains, over a discontinued logging railroad, at times crawling over trestles that were beginning to sag. At last it stopped. Although the beavers disliked the confinement of their metal-lined traveling boxes, they were not disturbed. So much had happened since they left their native land a year before

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Quick as a knife-flash, Pollux's murderously sharp teeth slashed one of the bobcat's forelegs. It let go with a scream, and sprang away

By CHET SCHWARZKOPF

that they were inured to change, people, and noise.

The lumbermen were delighted. "This ought to be just what the doctor ordered, Herb," said the chief. "Enough bark-bearing trees here to feed beavers until the stream won't hold 'em. I hope they spread all over Little River watershed in time."

"Say, Mel, you should deliver a welcoming address," Herb said. "This is an occasion- first beavers among the redwoods! Stand by the stream here, and think up some remarks."

"Nuts!" said Mel. "Give me that other pinch bar. What these fellows want is out, not oratory."

Moments later, Pollux stood on the bank of the abandoned Camp-20 swimming hole, on Little River. There was a woodsy tang in the air, and mountain water foamed a symphony of freedom and the out-of-doors. It had been a long time since he had heard that. Nearby were alder, poplar and willow thickets, with a background of fir and redwood, while the coastal mountains loomed overhead. Memories from a thousand generations stirred him. This was what he wanted.

Polly ran down to the bank and joined him, but hers was the more practical viewpoint. She began at once to wash her face and paws as the other three beavers arrived beside her. Washing done, the four of them plunged into the pool.

But Pollux took his time, washing and preening himself in the cool, clear water. He looked back at the two men standing beside the railway embankment.

"All right, young fellow, it's all yours—and may your tribe increase!" Mel said.

And with that, Pollux slid into the water to join his mate. Gone were his associations with mankind. Here was the lost abode again—but a different abode, and closer to human beings, than the Alaska homeland.

Scarcely had the two men gone away before all the beavers were out of the water again. They were hungry, and here was a land untouched by their species and overflowing with food. Roots, grasses, bulbs, as well as toothsome varieties of bark, were available everywhere. In the late fall evening, they ate until they could eat no more. The two mated pairs stayed together at first, but the remaining widowed or "odd" beaver went away by himself, and was not seen again.

Before morning, the couples had separated, and Pollux and Polly started downstream to find a place that would shelter them from the coming winter. Instinct warned them that preparations must be made at once—but what instinct did not tell them was that this was a land where snow almost never fell, and the stream never froze.

In a bowl-like mountain meadow, a half-mile below the former logging camp, the pair of beavers found the location they wanted. Here, Pollux's preliminary survey told him, a dam could be built where a tributary stream flowed into Little River. Before night was over, he was at work cutting alders to the exact length he wanted and laying them out where he planned a dam to shelter their lodge and food larder. Polly worked beside him—and while they were working, danger struck.

POLLUX was several yards from the stream, about to start work on a young poplar, when he found his return blocked by a savage-looking animal fully his own weight but longer-legged.

Now Pollux and Polly knew what bobcats were, but this bobcat never had seen a beaver before. It stared in surprise as Pollux grated his teeth and humped menacingly. To the bobcat, here was a creature that smelled like food but was unexpectedly large. Just how dangerous it could be he didn't know. The cat sniffed the air and advanced a step. Pollux hissed and lunged.

The cat paused. Out in the stream, Polly hit the surface a resounding whack with her broad tail. The cat jumped and wheeled toward the sound—and Pollux raced for the water.

That was all the bobcat wanted to know. This strange animal was afraid. The cat leaped after Pollux, raked a clawful of fur from his back, and seized his tail. Quick as a knife-flash, a set of murderously sharp incisor teeth slashed one of the cat's forelegs. It let go with a scream, and sprang back into the underbrush.

Pollux was frightened and bleeding, but not severely wounded. For some time, he and Polly stayed on watch in a nearby pool. And so the pair of beavers relearned a lesson in the new land—a lesson they had tended to forget during their year in San Francisco—that enemies were everywhere, and the price of survival was unceasing vigilance. Thereafter, little escaped their notice.

Pollux knew the proper way to calculate his stream stress, the proper way to reeve his interlocking work to make it watertight, and where best to allow for overflow. Within a week, the beavers had built a stout dam across the tributary stream where it joined Little River at the foot of the meadow, and were at work on their lodge. Little River itself was too large to dam, but Pollux and Polly felt they had the situation on the tributary well under control. They did not know that Little River's watershed had been logged off, and that the heavy rains of winter, with no snowfall to act as a check, could cause severe floods.

THERE are human beings who will murder senselessly, while a doughheaded civilization allows them to use the weapons and vehicles superior brains have developed. With this in mind, Mel and Herb had tried to keep the release of the beavers on Little River a secret. But inevitably word got about in the company-owned lumber town on lower Little River, near the sea. To most of the townspeople, the news was interesting, and they no more wanted to kill the newcomers than to burn the forests.

One ferret-eyed fellow, however, felt differently. Before long, he had the pelt of the "odd" beaver in his cabin, and was looking for more.

At this point, one of his neighbors lost patience and reported the matter to the local game warden. Caught with the goods, Ferret-eyes was arrested, fined and, when he could not pay, jailed for sixty days.

Winter rains had started soon after Pollux and Polly had arrived at Little River, and now disaster struck. A January storm poured rain steadily for a week, and the streams rose to torrents. In a colder climate, much of this would have been snow. Here on the comparatively warm coast of northern California, the runoff was enormous.

For two days, Pollux and Polly labored in desperation to save their possessions, but on the third night their dam went out, and with it their lodge and winter's store of food. Loss of the food meant little, since it was obtainable the year round. But to the beavers, descended from an ancestry that knew only a stern climate, it was a tragedy.

By the fourth day, Little River's muddy flood overflowed its banks, and even their tributary stream was unrecognizable. The beavers were without shelter, enemies were on the prowl, and their only protection lay in the rushing angry water. Downstream with it they went and, within a mile of the lumber company's town, found and appropriated a den that was high and dry. Here they stayed out the flood. . . .

As long as Pollux and Polly lived on Little River, they never again attempted any extensive damming projects, nor would they build an underwater lodge. When the flood subsided, they retreated into a nearby ravine and dug a den in a draw, near the water line. There they decided to remain, since it was well concealed. Their problem would have been solved, except for one mistake of their own making.

As soon as possible, they tried to dam their draw and, as the rainfall slackened, they succeeded. It was this small dam that gave the beavers away. Ferret-eyes, free long since, was on the prowl for any living thing he could kill. By chance, he made out the obstacle near the entrance to a draw, across the stream. He waded Little River and explored the ravine from end to end. But he was looking for a beaver lodge, and did not see the concealed den opening. The beavers were there—he could see their tracks—so he spent part of an afternoon watching, rifle in hand. Then he set traps.

First to be caught was a raccoon, exploring the dam for early frogs. And when a man came and killed him, after hours of torment, both beavers knew the fear of death. Thus was reborn a mistrust of mankind which had lain dormant during their captivity, since they had noticed the traps before the raccoon was caught, and had smelled the familiar man-odor about them.

Later, when a rifle shot rang out, and a bullet spattered upon a rock within inches of Pollux's head, the fear grew. Man had become the enemy, now that their hideaway was discovered, and more than ever their instincts warned them to mistrust everything. Thereafter, they ventured outside their den only after dusk.

Then Pollux stepped into a trap that had been set cunningly in a path he had made for his mate and himself. For the rest of that night he struggled in the grip of the merciless thing that numbed his forepaw and made his leg *(Continued on page 48)*

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Hollywood's ROMAN Candle

By GLADWIN HILL

Methodical Ruth Roman refused to take "no" for an answer. For six long years she hammered on studio doors without success. Now her relentless quest is paying off with hit after hit. She's the darling of the fans

A FRIEND was telling Ruth Roman recently about having seen her latest picture. This is a familiar Hollywood situation, usually involving a standard conversational ritual, regardless of picture, star or friend. The friend heaps lavish praise on the star's performance, and the star laps it up with feigned modesty which sometimes surpasses any acting done in the picture.

In this case, however, the dialogue diverged markedly from form.

"I saw Dallas the other night," the friend volunteered, "and I thought—"

"Which theater," interjected Ruth methodically, "did you see it at?"

"Warner's Hollywood," the friend replied. "I thought you—"

"How was the house?" Ruth demanded, referring to the size of the audience.

"Oh, it was pretty full," the friend continued. "I thought you—"

"How," interrupted Ruth, "did the *audience* like it?"

It is doubtful that even Miss Roman's employers, the brothers Warner, would have been quite so preoccupied with the box-office side of the matter.

But the brothers Warner did not go through the same tortuous travail getting established in the motion-picture business as Miss Roman, and at this point in their careers they are not quite so concerned about consolidating their public following.

Ruth Roman started life in the slums of Boston. Today, both Ruth and her studio feel she's a prime bet to follow in the gilded footsteps of film luminaries like Bette Davis and Jane Wyman, who made their names under the same corporate auspices.

After first impressing herself on Hollywood and the public in The Window and Champion, Ruth has had leading roles in a remarkable total of 9 films in less than two years. In one day, she jumped from playing with Bette Davis in Beyond the Forest to supporting Milton Berle in Always Leave Them Laughing. A week after the recent completion of Strangers on a Train she was whisked into Tomorrow Is Another Day.

There is a good explanation for this. Although her pictures to date have not presented any spectacular scope for acting, Ruth has built up one of the widest and most avid followings in the movie world. She gets about 500 fan letters a week from all over the globe. Her name in lights is assurance that a lot of people will come to see the picture.

It's not hard to see why. Dark-haired and shapely, and one of the leading "cheesecake" queens of recent years, Ruth flashes fleeting resemblances to such other appealing actresses as Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, Yvonne de Carlo, Barbara Hale and Ruth Hussey. As a matter of fact, she lost a sizable part in Good Sam (while getting a minor one) because her voice resembled too closely the intriguing huskiness of Ann Sheridan, who also was in the picture.

Cecil B. de Mille, during the two years he was preparing Samson and Delilah, kept Ruth's picture handy as an illustration to visitors of his conception of Delilah. The suspicion is general that he intended all along to give the part to Hedy Lamarr, as an established big-name star, but in any case Ruth's involvement was not unflattering.

She is so photogenic that her picture is credited with having "sold" a movie she wasn't even in. It was Ruth's image as a recumbent harem cutie, in reproductions ranging from three-inch newspaper ads to a 50-foot cutout atop a Broadway theater, that was the advertising keynote for A Night in Casablanca—after her brief part had been cut from the film.

George Glass, who directed the film's exploitation, cheerfully credits its success to her, adding: "I'd give her the money I took under false pretenses—only now she doesn't need it."

Despite Ruth's undeniable physical attractions, her life in Hollywood was long renowned as one of the town's most stable and unsensational. Until she met Mortimer Hall, the young Los Angeles television executive she married last December, she had gone for five years with one boy friend, Bill Walsh, a publicity man. She has always spurned the expensive clothes that are a badge of Hollywood "arrival," and dislikes night clubs—possibly from onerous experience as a night-club hat-check girl, cigarette vendor, and photographer.

Her idea of a high time, which she calls "a ball," is a swimming expedition or a session spent wolfing Italian delicacies like salami and pizza.

Of Inexpensive Tastes and Habits

Until she landed her present film contract two years ago, Ruth was one of the few people in Hollywood without a car, negotiating even the sleeper-jump to the San Fernando Valley studios by trolley and bus, and often hitchhiking to the beach. Now she drives an inexpensive automobile four years old.

Having gone through long periods of insolvency, she can now, she says, "be just as happy with 25 cents as $25." Her major extravagance is a collection of 35 pairs of shoes—and that consists mainly of Indian moccasins.

Ruth's personal aura of wholesomeness, transcending her sex appeal, has been a matter of some frustration to her. Although her professional veneration is reserved for actresses like Bette Davis, one film that stands out in her mind is Rita Hayworth's Gilda, which she calls "the last of the real sexy pictures" and which she would like to emulate.

She has concluded, however, that to play a siren she'll have to do something to overcome her basic personality. When Ruth read the script of Champion, she thought the part of the prize fighter's gold-digging mistress presented her with a golden chance. Accordingly, she donned a tight black dress, laid the make-up on thick, and swivel-hipped into the office of Stanley Kramer, the producer.

"Actually," Kramer said after some preliminaries, "I had thought of you for the other girl." And while Marilyn Maxwell played the siren, Ruth ended up as the champion's demure and steadfast wife, a part she was obviously much better fitted for by temperament.

It was this same pervasive air of wholesomeness that got Ruth her first film job—a small part as a WAVE in Stage Door Canteen, filmed in New York in 1942. She was so green she had not been able to land a part on the New York stage even as a metal-encased mechanical man in a production of Capek's R.U.R.—a role, she observes, "one peg above playing the south end of a prop horse." But Clem Beauchamp, the Stage Door Canteen company manager, selected her from a raft of unemployed actresses because, he says, "I felt right away that here was a girl who would show up on time in the morning with her lines learned and no nonsense." No one since has differed greatly with this appraisal.

Ruth ignores nonessentials with the finesse of the trained executive who is accustomed to leaving details to others. Names, dates and personalities not directly connected with the work at hand are pleasantly vague in her mind. She sat unintroduced at the same table with Margaret Truman in a New York night club last summer for 15 minutes before it occurred to her that her tablemate looked familiar.

Several years ago, a reference to her birth certificate disclosed that she had been born on December 22d instead of December 23d as she supposed, and had been observing the wrong birthday all her life. She has gone right on celebrating December 23d.

Because her mind is generally occupied with other things than proper English, Ruth's conversation is peppered with picturesquely scrambled words and phrases, of which the most celebrated is the Roman metaphor, "barking up a dead end." Although she has known José Ferrer, the actor, for several years, she still calls him "Farrar," and she refers to Havenhurst Drive, on which she once lived, as "Haverhurst." "Manic-depressive" comes out "depressive maniac," and an unwieldy term like "interoffice communication" she automatically boils down to "intercommunication."

But when the occasion calls for it, she can summon up great verbal precision. When Mayor John B. Hynes of Boston presented her with the key to her home city a few months ago, he inadvertently identified her with a rival studio. She corrected him with deft innocence, addressing him as "Mayor Curley"—the name of his predecessor.

Now that Ruth has "arrived," a considerable legend has grown up about her. She has been endowed with an exotic background as a performer in a traveling carnival, the daughter of a snake-charmer, and herself an *(Continued on page 51)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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HILL 233

By HOWARD BRODIE

***Collier's* COMBAT ARTIST**

Over the top—Mortarman William Moncus of Fairfax, Ala., hurdles exposed mound under fire. He carries friend's gun as well as his own, while other man lugs mortar

Winning the hill—Elated members of American rifle squad pour lead at fleeing Communist troops from the summit, after hard-fought advance up the snow-covered slope

Korea

IT WAS 27 degrees below zero at daybreak, when I slipped across a narrow valley to join Easy Company, which was assembling for an attack. Two days before, a platoon had been shot up on a peak called Hill 233; the platoon leader still lay there. That hill was our objective.

Small groups of men clad in white parkas were huddled around fires in the snow when I arrived. The tall company commander, Captain Forrest Walker of Kansas City, hurried by. Over his shoulder he advised me: "You better stay with the weapons platoon; they'll be in the middle."

At a little after eight o'clock we jumped off: the second platoon in the lead, the weapons platoon behind it, the first platoon bringing up the rear.

"Where is the third platoon?" I asked.

"There is no third platoon," someone said shortly; the company had suffered heavy casualties.

The men were silent and snow muffled the sound of our marching as we snaked forward. A curly Korean dog trotted along with us. The morning air was brisk, and although our business was serious the walk was invigorating. Lieutenant Ray Oldham of Farmington, Michigan, tramping along directly in front of me, turned and grinned: "Looks like it's going to be easy."

Then, just as Hill 233 came in sight, there was a sharp burst of fire, and our file flew apart as men scrambled for cover. My mittens were filled with snow; not far away, a panting mortarman sprawled behind a tree, his helmet several feet from him.

Lieutenant Oldham kneeled on one leg and peered at the hill. The rest of us stayed down. He turned. "Let's go," he yelled. "You're not gonna let a little sniper hold us up, are you?" We moved—and once again there was the rat-tat-tat-burp of the automatic weapon. Bullets whined about us. Near me crouched a man dressed, as I was, in olive drab. "I'm not going down that snowbank in these clothes," he panted.

For a moment there was silence. "Let's go!" called the lieutenant.

Section Sergeant Ray White of Alabama jumped up, planted his legs firmly, and roared: "Damn it, MOVE!"

Oldham doubled one arm under him and rolled down the incline like a blocking back. The mortarman in olive drab tumbled after him. I jumped. Others followed. We stumbled down the slope toward the base of Hill 233, slipped into an irrigation ditch, and moved along it to a safe place in the lee of the hill. At frequent intervals there was gunfire, and we flattened. After I reached cover, I turned to watch the rest of the men come across, heads bobbing above the ditch—and disappearing in unison at the sound of firing.

Ahead, isolated squads of the lead platoon fought their way toward the summit under heavy small-arms fire. We could catch glimpses of them as they darted from one high point to another, bullets flaking up the snow around them. Someone lobbed a grenade. We approached the crest. Silhouetted about us were the figures of several GIs, their rifles aimed down the other side.

The sound of gunfire died down, and suddenly grinning men began trotting toward us from the summit. "We got 'em!" one man yelled.

"We spilled those guys," exulted another.

The excitement was electric. An infantryman laughed aloud. "I haven't had so much fun since I knocked the slats out of my cradle," he said. One man jogged by muttering, "I'm hit. I'm hit." There was a little splotch of blood on his leg.

Captain Walker came up. "Back down the hill," he ordered. "They're going after those guys with artillery." We retired to the foot of the slope. Squads moved out to establish lookouts on the adjoining hills. The company command post was placed in a house nearby, and as several of us occupied it artillery fire began to "Whoo-oosh!" overhead. Some of the men sagged to the ground. Others built a fire for coffee. One munched snow.

I looked up. A little cluster of men moved down Hill 233: four GIs, bearing the body of the platoon leader who had fallen two days before. THE END

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[illegible] duty for victorious men: bringing back the body of platoon leader killed two days before

Pinned down by fire, men were galvanized by sergeant's brusque command, "Damn it, MOVE!"

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The Corpse was in the Countinghouse

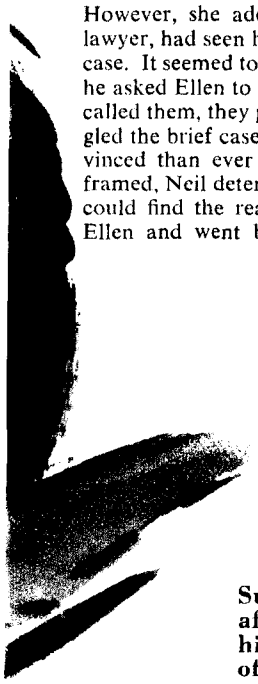
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

III

The Story: NEIL ANSON was in a tough spot. He'd been standing on the sidewalk when the Pleasantville Bank was robbed and its president, FRANK CRENSHAW, was shot. Because Neil had seen Crenshaw a few minutes earlier, had an argument with him, and accidentally left his brief case in Crenshaw's office, he knew he'd be a logical suspect. The only person who could testify that he'd already left the bank at the time of the crimes was a blonde he'd noticed going into a beauty shop after he left Crenshaw. Neil found out from the beauty shop owner that the blonde's name was KATHERINE GLOSTER and went to call on her. She remembered having seen him, but she was strangely unco-operative. As he left her apartment, he saw GEORGE DURANT, the bank teller who had been held up, going in.

Neil went back to the beauty shop to see if the owner, GLADYS LELAND, could tell him any more about the blonde. Gladys agreed to have dinner with him, but she couldn't tell him much. After dinner, she invited Neil to her apartment for a nightcap. On the way, they stopped to get an early edition of the paper. Neil's picture was in it. The murder weapon had been found in the railway station—in Neil's brief case. Neil convinced Gladys that he was being framed and she agreed to help him and offered to put him up for the night. She also told Neil that ELLEN JASPER, Crenshaw's secretary, who had been engaged to Neil's brother, was in love with him. Neil was dumfounded. After Gladys had gone to bed, Neil decided to go and see Ellen right away.

Ellen told Neil that the police were convinced that either he was the murderer or she was, because the time element seemed to rule out any other explanation. However, she added that CARL HARMAN, the bank's lawyer, had seen him leave the bank—without his brief case. It seemed to Neil that this established his alibi and he asked Ellen to tell the police about it. But when she called them, they pointed out that she could have smuggled the brief case out of the bank for Neil. More convinced than ever that both he and Ellen were being framed, Neil determined not to give himself up until he could find the real murderer. He said good night to Ellen and went back to Gladys Leland's apartment.



Suddenly Neil felt desperately afraid. He tried to struggle to his feet, but the hypnotic power of Dr. Lancaster's eyes held him

BACK in the empty apartment across the hall from Gladys, Neil Anson spread out the blanket on the couch again and adjusted the pillow. Then he took off his shoes, coat and trousers.

Tomorrow was going to be a hard day. Now that the police were trying to involve Ellen in the crime, Neil was determined to stay free until he could find the real murderer.

The apartment had been closed long enough to be stuffy, and Neil padded to the window, opened it, and stood for a moment breathing the crisp night air.

Suddenly he saw a police car swinging around the corner. As he watched it, it pulled up to the curb in front of the apartment-house entrance and stopped. The car doors opened, and two policemen jumped out.

Neil grabbed his clothes and the blanket and pillow and clapped his hat on his head. He opened the door, jerked it shut behind him and ran across the hall to Gladys Leland's apartment.

He felt as though he'd been ringing her bell for hours before he heard her sleepy voice. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Me," Neil said.

She opened the door a crack and saw him standing there in his underwear, his shoes in his hand, his suit draped over his arm.

"Police," he whispered. "Let me in."

She stared at him for a moment in sleepy surprise, then she let him in and pushed the door shut.

"I used the telephone in there," Neil said. "They must have traced the call."

"You do the damnedest things," she said. "Why did you have to do that?"

"I had an idea."

"Don't get any more."

"I won't."

She pointed to the bathroom. Neil hurried in there and began to dress.

Gladys' doorbell rang again.

"Who is it?" she called.

"The police."

"What do you want?"

"We'd like to ask you some questions."

Neil heard her open the door.

A man's voice said, "We want some information about the apartment across the hall."

"The people who live there have been away. They're due back in a couple of days. What's wrong?"

"We think someone broke in there."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, get the landlord, then. I'm catching cold here and—"

"Someone was in there just a little while ago. He used the telephone. We traced the call. You hear anything?"

"I was asleep."

"The window's open."

"I'll close it if you think there's any danger he might climb in—"

"No. I mean in the apartment across the hall."

"Well, I'm sorry, but *I* can't help you. I'll keep my door locked. Thanks for telling me."

"We think the man has left; but he may be coming back, and we want to watch the place."

"Well, go ahead and watch."

The officer said, "You don't understand. We want to watch it from this apartment."

"Absolutely nothing doing," Gladys Leland said firmly.

"Why not?"

"Because," she said, "I'm a working girl and I need my sleep. I'm tired and I want to get a good night's rest. I've had a hard day and I'm going to have a hard day tomorrow."

"You can go right to bed. My partner wouldn't disturb you at all. He'd sit right in here next to the door. He'd leave the door open just a crack so he could—"

"I told you I need my sleep. Your man would watch that door for about an hour and then he'd start making passes. I can't spend the night fighting him off."

There was silence for a moment, then the policeman laughed. "But this officer could stay here and protect you and—"

"Sure," she interrupted, "and when the shooting started the guy would miss the cop, send a couple of bullets through the door and probably hit me. Why don't you hide in the broom closet down at the end of the hallway? That will give you a view of the whole corridor. You can see the man the minute he comes up."

"Where is it?"

"The door to the left of the fire escape."

"Okay, we'll look it over."

A MOMENT later she opened the bathroom door, and whispered, "You've got to get out of here. They're going to watch that apartment all night, and as soon as I leave to go to work in the morning, they're sure to use a passkey and come in and watch the place from here."

He nodded, trying hopelessly to think of some place to go.

She took a key off her key ring. "Here's a key to the shop. When things calm down, maybe you can—"

The doorbell rang again. She motioned Neil back to the bathroom, and went to the door.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"Open up a minute. We want to tell you something."

Neil heard her unlock the door and a moment later he heard the policeman's voice only a few feet away.

"We're going to make a stake-out," the policeman said.

"What's that?"

"I'm going to stay in that apartment with the lights off and my gun ready. If he comes back, I'll shine a flashlight in his eyes and put the handcuffs on him."

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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TOP TV TOWN

In Chicago they don't lavish money on costly trappings. They turn out quiet, casual litt

CHARLIE ANDREWS
JULES HERBUVEAUX
WAYNE KING
TED MILLS
BILL HOBIN
CHET ROBLE
JACK HASKELL
RANSOM SHERMAN
CLIFF NORTON
DAVE GARROWAY
CONNIE RUSSELL
BURR TILLSTROM
KUKLA
OLL
BETTE CHAPEL
BEULAH ZACHARY
FRAN ALLISON

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ıows—and audiences love 'em

'IN STRACKE

CLARENCE HARTZELL

STUDS TERKEL

EVERLY YOUNGER

A YEAR ago last October, Jules Herbuveaux, manager of Chicago television station WNBQ, suddenly found himself with half an hour of network time on his hands and nothing to fill it with except old Western movies. In this dire emergency, Herbuveaux summoned a veteran soap-opera Thespian named Clarence Hartzell.

"Clarence," Herbuveaux said, "we need somebody to introduce these films to the kids and tie in the commercials. Think you can work up some kind of a Western character in a hurry?"

"With or without a beard?" Hartzell asked.

"With," Herbuveaux decided, "but keep it short. This is a low-budget show."

Hartzell purchased a $40 beard, which included mustache and sideburn accessories. Digging around the prop room, he unearthed a papier-mâché rock, two feet high, and a strip of canvas splattered with mesquite and Western sunset; then he selected a checkered wool shirt and an old felt hat from his hunting outfit, and he was ready for work.

A few evenings later, at five o'clock (CST), Clarence squatted on his papier-mâché rock, in front of the mesquite-splattered canvas, tugged on his $40 beard, and squinted into the lens of a television camera which had been rolled into a tiny studio on the nineteenth floor of Chicago's Merchandise Mart.

"Howdy, Buckaroos," Clarence drawled, "this is Cactus Jim. Gotta mighty fine movie for you tonight—bunch of des-pay-raw-dos try to hold up a stagecoach and there's lots of shootin'. Then later on I'm gonna show you some wampum—that's real Indian money, Buckaroos—but jes' hold on a minute now—"

Clarence glanced away from the camera and regarded a water cooler near the door of the studio with mixed consternation and alarm.

"—Say, Buckaroos," he explained, turning back to the camera, "Ol' Paint's kickin' up an awful fuss over yonder in the co-ral. 'Scuse me while I go water my horse."

Fade-out Cactus Jim on rock. Fade-in one-minute film commercial.

During the last 17 months, without altering his hastily improvised wardrobe or simple program format, Cactus Jim has achieved an almost incredible popularity among TV's moppet set. A Hooper survey, taken on Hartzell's first TV anniversary, ranked Cactus Jim No. 6 on the list of the nation's most-watched-for programs, behind Milton Berle's Texaco Star Theater, Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Fireside Theater and Godfrey and His Friends.

The same survey rated Cactus and his $40 beard in front of such top-flight productions as Philco Television Playhouse and Your Show of Shows. Even sech a handsome critter as Robert Montgomery trailed Cactus on the Hooper scoreboard, 32.3 to 33.3.

What happened to Clarence Hartzell, alias Cactus Jim from West of the Pecos, is a pretty good example of how they do things in Chicago television. They don't spend a lot of money on production because they don't have a lot of money to spend. They can't hire big-name stars, because the big-name stars are working in New York and Hollywood. So, they concentrate on turning out quiet, casual and vastly entertaining little shows loaded with behind-the-camera skills which critics classify under the rather somber heading of The Chicago School of Television.

Aside from Cactus Jim, which is strictly for children, the Chicago school's three most successful network productions are Garroway at Large, a Sunday-night variety show; Studs' Place, a Friday-night dramatic comedy; and Kukla, Fran and Ollie, a half-hour, five-nights-a-week puppet show which fascinates children and has an Alice-in-Wonderland appeal for grownups. In addition, Chicago networks The Wayne King Show, Zoo Parade and the Ransom Sherman Show via NBC's WNBQ; Don McNeill's TV Club, Super Circus and Acrobat Ranch over ABC's WENR; and The Al Morgan Show and Art Jarrett's Rhythm Rodeo through WGN and Du Mont.

Quantity-wise, Chicago supplies approximately 5 per cent of the major network programs—only a trickle compared to the TV outpourings from Hollywood and New York. However, from a quality standpoint, Chicago's offerings have been rated tops in TV by some of TV's top critics.

Walter Winchell said: "The Garroway Show is the first with a professional flavor. Big time all the way."

Fred Allen said: "They ought to tear down Radio City and rebuild it in Chicago and call it Television Town."

And Robert Ruark said: "It is more than passing odd that this rough-hewn hamlet which Mr. Carl Sandburg once described as hog-butcher for the world, or some such, should pioneer in subtlety an industry which may yet be forced to fall back on talent to avoid extinction. I mean television."

These critical bouquets underscore the ingenious manner in which Chicago has parlayed original program ideas and talented unknowns into topflight TV entertainment. Dave Garroway (Fred Allen's nominee for TV's brightest young star) was a disk jockey when NBC launched Garroway at Large as a sustaining half-hour show. Burr Tillstrom, currently TV's highest paid puppeteer ($10,600 per week), was clerking in a Chicago department store when he made his video debut with Kukla and Ollie in 1947; and lovely Fran Allison, who *(Continued on page 77)*

So distinctive are the techniques that critics refer to "The Chicago School of Television." Here's the "faculty" of Studs' Place, Garroway at Large, Kukla and other hits

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARL OESER

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INTERNATIONAL

Herbert Hoover (left) and Secretary of War Dwight Davis with Mississippi flood refugees at Natchez, Miss., in 1927. Then Secretary of Commerce, he directed relief work in six states

INTERNATIONAL

Family portrait in 1928, year of prosperity and election to the Presidency. Behind Mr. and Mrs. Hoover are Herbert, Jr. (l.), his wife Margaret and Allan. Photo was taken in capital

Into the

By HERBERT HOOVER

V

WITH my appointment as Secretary of Commerce by President Harding, Mrs. Hoover bought a comfortable colonial house with an acre of garden at 2300 S Street, in Washington. It was our fifth house in our 23 years of married life to date, and she was to run it with her usual good taste and economy. She built a large rear porch where we had meals out of doors during the warmer months, and she transformed the garden into charming order. It contained several great oaks, survivors of the primeval forest which covered Washington before even George had seen it.

Allan attended the Friends School and the Western High School. Herbert attended the high school in Palo Alto in preparation for entering Stanford. Both Mrs. Hoover and I believed that these public schools were a better prelude to American life than some of the swagger private schools.

Allan was in the stage where all sorts of animals must be accumulated. Mostly this ran to providing eating and drinking facilities to attract birds and furnishing quarters for them by hanging gourds in the trees. Two dogs and two cats were necessary, and among transitory possessions were two ducks he trained to sit on the front porch, to the infinite entertainment of passers-by. A selection of land turtles gathered from the woods was all right, but two small alligators were somewhat of a trial, as Allan believed they must be bedded at night in the bathtubs.

During the eight years we lived at S Street—from 1921 to 1929—scarcely a meal, even breakfast, went by when we did not have guests, friends from all over the United States, Europe and Asia, and the officialdom of Washington itself. For years Justice and Mrs. Harlan Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sullivan and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lewis were the nucleus of a Sunday-evening supper group.

Every summer we tried to spend a week or 10 days at Palo Alto, and every winter I tried to get in a week of deep-sea fishing in Florida. Otherwise there was no idle time. Two or three nights a week I worked at the house with a secretarial staff.

There were contretemps which furnished the family with lasting legends. There was the senator who, in the midst of a powerful political delivery, overlooked the prized small Belgian lace napkin on the dessert plate, placed his ice cream on it, and ate doily and all—to Mrs. Hoover's horror. The senator had a good digestion, for no evil was reported.

Then one night the family and a few intimate friends were just finishing dinner when two senators and their wives were announced—for dinner. I had invited them during the day and had forgotten to notify the house. Mrs. Hoover was equal to the test. Under her swift orders, I steered them into the library and she disclosed the situation to our other dinner guests, who were temporarily stowed away in another room. In minutes the dining-room table was cleared and reset, the reserve Virginia ham and surplus soup and vegetables produced by the cook in a jiffy, and we all sat down to another dinner.

In 1922, Mrs. Hoover was elected president of the Girl Scouts, then a feeble organization of less than 100,000 girls. She gave a large part of her spare energies to it during the 12 years we were in Washington and long afterward. She and Mrs. Edgar Rickard, as treasurer, raised upward of $2,000,000 for its support over the years and built it up ultimately to nearly 1,000,000 girls, and a great agency for good.

Of my own extracurricular activities during my term in the Cabinet, a number belong to this narrative rather than to accounts of government.

My vivid experience with millions of children in Europe naturally turned my mind to search our own American house. Our draft experience during the war had brought to the surface appalling health and educational defects. There had been over 30

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WHITE HOUSE

Continuing: The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover

And beginning a life of exhausting social obligations, 10,000 letters a day—and political vilification

per cent of rejects. It had proved that our vaunted national progress had some very black spots, which originated from the childhood surroundings of these rejects.

In 1921, I succeeded in creating the potent non-governmental American Child Health Association. There were hundreds of local organizations and many well-developed community services for children already in existence throughout the country. The association's major purpose developed along three lines: providing these groups with expert assistance; stimulating public opinion to demand better public care of children; educating the children on health and their parents on certain fundamentals of nutrition and public health.

I carried this work forward during my whole term as Secretary of Commerce, during my term in the White House and on to the year 1935—a total of 13 years. Securing the money necessary to support the work proved a great burden. I succeeded in raising a total of $5,000,000 for the association in the years during which I directed its activities.

We undertook spectacular exposure of conditions in specific cities. In 1925 we made public an appraisal of the situation in 86 cities in 31 states. Sixteen cities had not even a nominal board of health and 41 cities had fewer than three sanitary inspectors. Half had no reliable birth records or death records on children. In 37 cities vaccination was not compulsory and 44 per cent of the children were not protected against smallpox.

A majority of the cities reported had no maternity hospitals. Seventeen had no medical inspection in the schools and in 35 the inspectors devoted less than two minutes to each child. Scarcely any city had any follow-up system to correct defects. Four had an inadequate and unsafe water supply. Only eight pasteurized their whole milk supply. Forty-seven cities pasteurized less than half of it. Four cities had no playgrounds outside the schools.

We set up a standard for city conduct based upon the best work in many cities, then published the ratings in the press. The report became an election issue in many towns. Our published plan for ideal community organization became a bible for many a belligerent mothers' society.

Financed by one of the foundations and in co-operation with the authorities of three typical rural counties, we set up programs of ideal health protections for children and ran them for three years as a test. This experience taught me that we could never, in backward rural counties, attain the standard which we had set without federal or state aid, or both. Some years later I translated this conclusion into legislative proposals to Congress.

One of our dramatic measures was the establishment of May Day as Child Health Day. Beginning in 1924 and continuing through the next decade, we organized parades of children. I secured Presidential proclamation of the day, and finally passage through Congress of a bill legalizing it. The Communists had previously appropriated the ancient festival of May Day for their demonstrations, and I took special satisfaction in giving them competition.

Another extracurricular *(Continued on page 38)*

—Night-school teachers and pupils from South Carolina called on Hoover at the White House in 1930 and gave him a basket of home-grown vegetables. Fred Robinson, at President's left, grew them

—Entrants in the capital's eighth annual National Public Parks Championship Tournament visited the President in 1930. At his left is Harry Eikhoof, head of the association sponsoring the event

—National tournament winners were received in 1930. In front (l. to r.): Mildred Froning, South Bend; Helen Jensen, Council Bluffs; Ruth des Jardins, Detroit; Winfield Yarnell, of Carlisle, Pa.

HARRIS & EWING PHOTOGRAPHS

—James Ray landed autogiro at the White House when Harold Pitcairn got award in 1931. L. to r.: Orville Wright, Hoover, Ray, Clarence Young, Hiram Bingham, Pitcairn, Charles Adams

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So Long, Dear Lady

By ELLIOTT MERRICK

C. C. BEALL

Old man Sellers' spirits hit bottom. A luxurious white-and-mahogany motor yacht was lying right in the middle of his cove

OLD man Sellers came putt-putting into his cove feeling mighty contented, his bare feet cocked up on the gunwale, his hand on the old worn tiller, and his raggedy straw hat pulled low. He had been away from his little barge houseboat three days, driven ashore in a night storm. He'd camped in the jungle in the center of an island and found some pretty shells along a ten-mile beach that had not a footprint on it. And whatever he did, there was no one to worry whether he got home tonight or never.

The bay was a blue jewel for his enjoyment and the palm keys green as emeralds. Yes, sir, this beat railroad conductoring—the lanterns flaring in the rain, the baby that was sick, the man without a ticket, and the watch always in hand. Here were sunny days and soft nights to nourish his spirit after all the years of fret.

And then his spirits hit bottom. A luxurious white-and-mahogany motor yacht lay right in the middle of his cove.

He had no sooner touched the sand than a dinghy put off with a woman in it. "Oh, Captain Sellers," she cried, "I love your island, Captain. And the little houseboat! We had such a time finding your hideaway. The lady at the Beachie Shop on the mainland marked the place on the chart."

"Lady, your face looks familiar," he said.

"Of course. I'm Mrs. Morton Bixby, of Pittsburgh. Don't you remember last year we met on Heron Key? And all the packages of shells you've mailed me?"

Now he remembered. She was one of those women who paid him a dollar a dozen for scallop shells. But remembering didn't bring any special pleasure. He went up the path to the barge houseboat tied to a tree. She followed him.

"You must come and eat with us," she said.

"No," he cried.

"Oh, but you really must, Captain Sellers. We'd be so flattered."

"Lady," he said, turning and facing her, "I'm dirty and been away from home three days. I got blown ashore in a storm. My motor got drowned out and I been most of the day fixing it. I've got to get some rest now."

Her eyes dimmed with sympathy. "Why, you poor man!"

He could see it was the wrong thing to have said. But suddenly the old Pullman days came back. "Pardon, madam," he said, grabbing her briskly by the elbow and steering her out the door. "I shall be happy to receive you tomorrow." He put her into the dinghy quite authoritatively and pushed her off.

Usually he slept like a baby, but that night he lay mulling over his original encounter with the woman. She and her party had been having a picnic on the sand, chattering like magpies and surrounded with gear. She'd examined his rope-handled basket, and had seemed much impressed by his walking barefoot on the broken shell. He'd been afraid she was going to take his foot in her hand like a blacksmith shoeing a horse. He had gotten out of there fast. It had never occurred to him that she'd come after him like this. . . .

He woke and knew something was wrong. The yacht's auxiliary motors were purring. Almost immediately there was a knock on his door. "Oh, yoo-hoo! We're going on a picnic. Want to come?"

The whole blasted business shattered his existence, and he put his feet on the floor in a rage. Though he stood only in his nightshirt, he threw open the door and was about to shout: *"No!"* But he didn't get a chance.

"Breakfast is at seven-twenty and we'll expect you," she purred like one of her own motors. "Then Harvey will take us to Tar Key in the outboard. I'll have everything for lunch. When we get back, we'll all have a cocktail and relax."

It was strange after so long alone to be bossed by a woman. He fell into a trance looking at her. She had the bloom and freshness of a girl, though she was fifty if she was a day. The bloom was a bit synthetic, and yet some of it was genuine too—her bright eyes, her delight in life and what it might offer. She was forever a child, forever lonely with an aching, naked loneliness that was embarrassing. He had seen many of her kind on the Pullmans and always been considerate and kind to them. And that was why they had almost killed him.

"I'll go," he said, "if you'll give me time to dress. But I prefer to get my own breakfast."

THE next five days and nights were nightmare. Picnics, shelling expeditions, visits, plans far ahead, all interlarded with cocktails, with questions—tell me, why, where, how, when do you bake your bread, where do you fish, what do you do about your washing? Could he tell her he tossed his jeans into the cove with a rope on them and then threw them in the sun? Her friends, the Tarletons, were coming round from Miami in a cruiser. "They're the nicest folks, and you'll just love her. She's crazy about shells."

People were all right. He had nothing against them. But they were not the be-all and end-all of existence. What about the tracery of lines on a sand dollar, or the sheen of a crown conch? In all his study of shells he had never tired of their variety. Sometimes on a long, lonely beach he would pick up a rose cockle and feel closer to reality than he ever felt when he was with people. Then he'd go home and make coffee on the old Shipmate stove and read the Bible. There were some mighty fine things in the Bible, he'd discovered, in the days when he had had time to study it.

But not now. Now was the time for action, much as he hated moving his houseboat. He was all ready for her early morning call when she appeared with the inevitable schedule of the day's activities. He looked straight into her round china-blue eyes. "I'm not going with you today," he said. "I have to move down the coast a way. The storms bring in shells from all over the Caribbean there, and the shelling is better."

"Oh, but you mustn't!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I must," he said.

"But what a shame. I've told the Tarletons such a lot about you, and you'd like them so much. Couldn't you stay just a tiny month longer?"

"No, I'm sorry, Lady. I have a living to make and the good shells are petering out here."

"But please, for me."

"I'm leaving tomorrow morning."

She swallowed hard. "Anyway, we'll come to see you down there, if not this year, then next." Already she was making plans.

"It's too shoal there in the channels for your boat," he said. He paused. "I'm sorry, Lady." And he turned away to clinch it.

EARLY next morning Sellers had his breakfast and put the dishes away. There wasn't much to do except take the houseboat mooring lines from their grooves in the palm trunk. He made fast the towline to his little motorboat, and at three miles an hour crept out of the cove just at sunup. Early though it was, someone was awake on the after deck of the yacht. It was *her*, in a negligee, her hair tied back with a ribbon. She leaned over the rail, slowly waving a large white scarf in farewell.

In return he raised his raggedy straw hat and bowed slightly, as he had once done when the president of the railroad boarded his train. On the back beach of a nearby island he spent the day shelling as usual and found two unusually perfect Junonias, a fine conch and a rare sort of Triton.

By nine o'clock in the morning the yacht's anchor winch was thumping. Her powerful twin Diesels roared to life, startling the egrets on the mangrove points who were accustomed only to the putt-putt of Sellers' motorboat. By ten the cove was deserted, no sign that anyone had ever lived there, except for the rope grooves in the coconut palm and a few charred sticks half burned in the beach. The key seemed to sink back into its eternal solitude of wide sand and water lost in the blue sky.

But at sunset Sellers' motorboat and barge came crawling over the mirror bay and into the cove. He threw his mooring lines around the old palm tree and lighted a driftwood fire in the sand. Sitting by it peacefully, he savored the dusk as the stars came out and the evening breeze wheeled the palm tops around. It seemed to him he enjoyed it more every day. THE END

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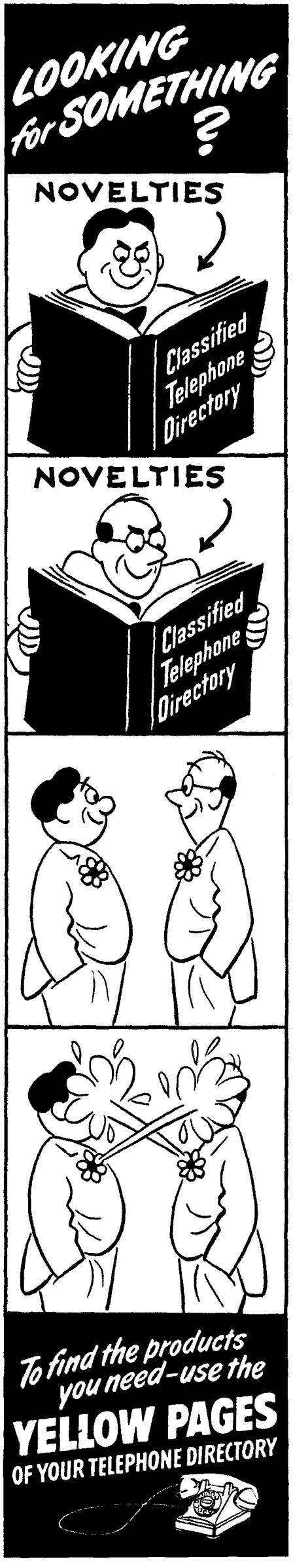

Into the White House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

activity was the volunteer organization, "Better Homes in America." Adequate housing for people of lesser incomes, already too scarce, had fallen further behind because of restrictions on construction during the war. Fully 30 per cent of our housing was below American ideals of decent family life. The cost of construction was excessive, designs were wretched, and the sentiment, "Own your own home" was losing force.

My partner in this enterprise was Mrs. William Brown Meloney. She was vice-president and I was president or honorary president from the beginning until 1932.

I had for years been greatly depressed by the early Long Island type of small-house architecture, and persuaded the National Association of Architects to make us a gift of 100 modern and attractive designs, chosen by competition, for houses costing from $3,000 to $9,000. Specifications could be purchased for nominal sums, and were such that any contractor could build them without further assistance from an architect. We spread these attractive designs through "Better Homes." It had a powerful effect in increasing housing and home ownership.

Another activity more personal than official, while I was Secretary of Commerce, was the relief of the Mississippi Flood of 1927.

The unprecedented coincidence of floods on the Ohio, the Missouri and the upper Mississippi brought down to the lower Mississippi more water than it could carry tranquilly to the sea between its 1,000 miles of levees. The levees broke in scores of places. The area ultimately flooded was as much as 150 miles wide and 1,000 miles long, from Cairo to the Gulf.

Mobilizing for Flood Relief

The governors of the six endangered states asked for federal help, and suggested that I be placed in charge. President Coolidge complied, and I went at once to Memphis. We quickly mobilized state and local authorities and their militias, the Army engineers, the Coast Guard, a naval air contingent, the Weather Bureau and the Red Cross.

It took some two months for the crest of the flood to traverse the 1,000 miles. After the first rush we were able to keep up with it, and where needed in advance of it. Some 1,500,000 people were driven from their homes, some 2,000,000 acres of crops and thousands of animals lost, and hundreds of millions of dollars in property destroyed. But only three lives—one of them that of an overcurious sight-seer—were lost after we took charge.

For rescue work we took over some 40 river steamers and attached to each a flotilla of small boats directed by coastguardmen. As the motorboats we could assemble proved insufficient, at my request sawmills up and down the river made me 1,000 rough boats in 10 days. I leased 1,000 outboard motors from the manufacturers, which we were to return. After it was all over we could find only 120 motors. Undoubtedly every fisherman in the territory motorized his transportation.

We established great towns of tents on the high ground, built wooden platforms for the tents, laid sewage, put in electric lights and installed huge kitchens and feeding halls. And each tent town had a hospital. As the flood receded we rehabilitated the people on their farms and homes, providing repairs to damaged houses, tents to the needy, building material, tools, seed, animals, furniture and what not. We established sanitary measures which we continued after the flood to put down malaria, typhoid, pellagra and generally to prevent contagious disease.

As at this time we all believed in self-help, I financed the operation in three ways. The Red Cross co-operated in a drive by radio from the flood area by which we raised $15,000,000. I secured $1,000,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation to finance the after-flood campaign of sanitation, to be matched by equal contributions from the counties. I organized a nonprofit organization through the United States Chamber of Commerce to provide $10,000,000 for low-rate rehabilitation loans, every cent of which was paid back.

Those were days when citizens expected to take care of one another, and it did not occur to them that the government should do it.

The railways furnished a special train for my immediate staff and myself. There we lived when not on our "mother" steamers, directing the train to points as near as possible to any special emergency. We usually traveled only by day, as many sections of the tracks were under shallow water. Wherever we stopped, the railway officials connected our train with the telephone. The three months spent in this residence were not particularly comfortable, for the ordinary heat of the season was added to by the superheaters of railway yards and iron Pullmans.

There was a lighter side to the job.

Of the people we had to move, about half were white small farmers and villagers, and half Negro. There was little hardship, as they were well fed, cared for medically, and entertained by movies and concerts. To a large part of them, this was the first real holiday they had ever known.

One morning our train came into Opelousas, Louisiana. I was greeted by the benevolent old priest whom we had placed on the staff to direct the hospital in a camp of some 50,000 Negro people. The conversation went about as follows:

"Well, Father, is there any trouble or excitement in the camp?"

"No trouble, but some excitement," he replied. "We had an event in the maternity ward last night. One of the campers gave birth to triplets. She named the first Highwater, the second Flood, and the third Inundation."

An elderly Negro woman was sitting on the bank at one of the landing places. She had been brought in by the Coast Guard from a night in a tree. As she remained immovable for some time, I said to her, "Missus, why don't you go on up to the camp and get something to eat?"

"Mister, I jest wants to set and set on real ground."

We had many experiences with the Acadian French (the "Cajuns") in southern Louisiana. Our engineers had learned to time the advance of the flood accurately and determine within a few feet the height that the water would reach at any point. That was a simple problem in hydraulics.

Safety Precautions Urged

In advance of the flood we ran our train into New Iberia. Assembling the mayor, the town council and the principal residents, we informed them that the town would go underwater at about a certain date and that it would rise to about certain levels in relation to the depot platform, but would probably not reach to the second floor or the roofs of most houses and stores. Therefore they should move all possessions upstairs to correspond with the levels we estimated and they should build rough boats so as to move all the people to the high ground some 10 miles distant in case of an emergency.

We instructed them how to build a camp with the lumber, tents and other materials which we would send, and to be prepared for a two-month stay. We advised the mayor to organize a police force to stay behind and guard the town.

Except for the mayor, the audience was incredulous. Finally a gentleman arose in the back of the room and said to me:

"You are a Wall Streeter. You intend to rob us. I am a surveyor in this parish. My father was a surveyor before me. There never has been a flood here, there never will be a flood here!"

That was what the inhabitants wanted to hear. They followed this false prophet—all but the mayor. He educated himself by visiting some of our camps farther north and did his job in building the camp for the 15,000 inhabitants. Also he followed directions and built a cement wall around

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "The idea is to let go" VIRGIL PARTCH

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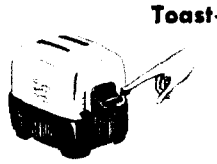

If you're ready when your toast is . . . fine! This new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop it up! If you're not—set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep your toast down until you want it!

Toast—as you want it!

Again G. E. leaves it up to you. Have your toast *your* way . . . light, medium or dark. Just set the control knob and this G-E wonder does the rest . . . uniformly . . . from the first slice to the very last! And you'll get crisp, munchy toast every time!

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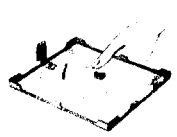

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the town's electric plant, which he connected with the camp.

A few weeks later, I was rung up on our train in the middle of the night by the mayor.

"The water is rushing over the town!"

"Yes, I told you it would. Are your people moving? Have you had your boats built? Have all the furniture and goods been taken upstairs or onto the roofs?"

"Not any boats, not any goods moved. That surveyor persuaded the people not to do anything in spite of everything I could say. But the camp is all ready."

I knew that, for our engineers had seen to it.

The railway station was the highest point in town. We ran into it just at daylight. On the platform a mob of terror-stricken people were standing as thick as bristles up to their ankles in steadily rising water. As our engineer feared that the mob would climb onto the train, he ran us past the station. From the rear platform I called out that the water would probably rise more but to be patient, for we had a trainload of flatcars and boats following us.

I called for the mayor, who soon appeared in rubber boots, grinning broadly.

"Why so cheerful, Mayor?"

"Well, we had only two motorboats in town. A few minutes ago I saw that surveyor grab one and go due East. He said he was leaving for good!"

At St. Martinville, in discussing protection measures with the town council I said that by our calculations the water would rise to a certain number of feet above the main street and that cement walls should be built around the water works and the electric light plant. I added the usual directions as to moving upstairs, building camp, boats and the like. One of the councilmen spoke up:

"How about Evangeline? Should we move her coffin?"

Was It Evangeline's Grave?

I was bewildered, until someone told me that Longfellow's Evangeline was buried in the churchyard and that her grave was the most precious possession of the town. I advised building a high cement wall around her grave to keep the water out. When I related the incident to Mrs. Hoover later on, she doubted that there ever was such a real person, and informed me that Longfellow in his poetic recital of the exodus had changed the name of the heroine once or twice before he settled on Evangeline. It was lucky that they did not disinter the lady. She might have been a mythical corpse.

The 100,000 Cajun farmers were difficult to deal with. They had never been flooded. They would not believe that the water was coming and most of them would not move either themselves or their livestock to high ground in advance. On one occasion I directed the militia to move them in Army trucks. But the commanding officer soon found that this meant a fight with every one of them, and rather than cause bloodshed I abandoned that idea, concluding that a Cajun would move only when the water came up under the bed.

I arranged for the Navy air patrol to be ready, and upon their reports the rescue boats were sent out. Our motorboats took many a Jean Baptiste off from the porch or the roof, with his calf, his mule, his dog, his wife, her canary bird and their collection of children. When they landed, he was given one ticket for the dog, another for the calf and another for the mule. One ticket was tied onto the wife and each of the children, entitling them to railway fare. Jean Baptiste was parted from all but his kin and the canary bird and put on a train.

Tickets Good for Everything

Arriving in camp, he and his family were given shots of antityphoid serum and another ticket was tied onto each one's chest to prove it. Each was vaccinated and given another ticket to prove that. Jean Baptiste was given a ticket entitling him to a tent; other tickets tied on each of them separately entitled him, his wife and their brood to meals, beds and blankets.

When time for the evacuation of the camps neared, Jean Baptiste had more tickets coming—tickets that entitled him to a railway fare, tickets that gave him a tent if his house was gone, tickets that gave him lumber, seeds, implements and a mule or cow. If he presented his original ticket he got his dog (or a dog), his calf (or a calf). From all of which Jean acquired great confidence in the potency of tickets.

Some months afterward I received this letter from a village priest.

Dear Mr. Hoover:

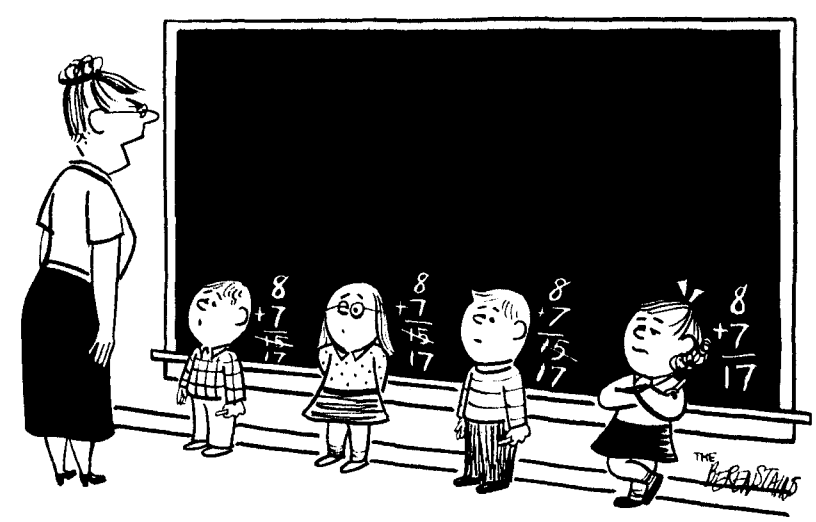
The people here would like you to send them more tickets.

And he enumerated what they wanted the tickets to specify.

One permanent and benevolent result came from this flood. The Rockefeller Foundation enabled us to establish a health unit for one year in each of the 100 flooded counties. Each unit comprised a local physician, a trained nurse and a sanitary engineer. The counties met half the cost. These units stamped out malaria, pellagra, typhoid; they improved the health and raised the self-respect of the people generally. The statistics of the diseases against which they applied protective measures showed that they had dropped even below preflood averages.

On March 4, 1929, we moved into the White House. (My very first visit there had

SISTER



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Kaiser★Frazer's

Henry J

receives the famous

Fashion Academy Gold Medal Award

Gold medal smartness!

Built for those who appreciate the ultimate in smartness! Beauty already hailed by millions... now officially recognized as supreme! The roomy front seat of the Henry J provides living-room comfort... its double-purpose interior affords luggage space so large it exceeds that of the biggest sedan trunk!

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Built for those who demand the best in performance! Its Supersonic Engines (Henry J... 4 cylinders; Henry J DeLuxe... 6 cylinders) give you faster getaway, more responsive power. Its short turning radius, Triple-Control Steering and oversized brakes make it the perfect car for today's traffic conditions... the ideal car for the *busy* life!

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Built for the budget-wise, too! The Henry J has the lowest cost, lowest down payment, lowest monthly payments of any full-size car in America. And it gives you up to 30 to 35 miles per gallon! Lower maintenance... repairs... operating costs. Save money every mile with the smart, tough, thrifty Henry J!

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The Henry J sedan **$1299.**

Delivered at Willow Run, with Federal taxes paid. Only white sidewall tires, de luxe bumper guards, wheel rings, and local tax (if any) additional. Price subject to change without notice.

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For its "smart fashion appeal."
For its "splendid mechanical construction."
For its "superb performance."
For its "unprecedented economy."

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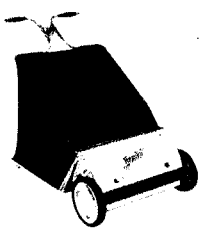

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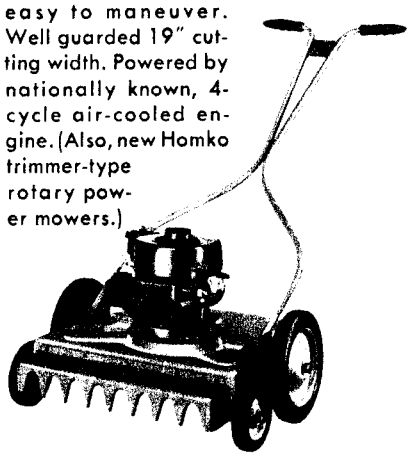

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"I got them for two kisses. One I gave my husband and one I caught him giving his secretary"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

been to lunch with President Taft in 1910.) It is far more than a beautiful building. Its rooms and halls are alive with the invisible presence of the great leaders of our country. The spiritual winds which blow through these halls are a constant call to rightness and devotion to our people.

The upstairs room which Presidents from Adams to McKinley had used for a study had been transformed into a bedroom by the Theodore Roosevelts because of their large brood. Here Lincoln had worked and suffered. Here the Emancipation Proclamation and the Freedom of Cuba and the treaty of peace with Spain had been signed. I re-established it as the President's study. Mrs. Hoover, after examining the great painting of the signing of the Emancipation, discovered some of the original furniture in the garret and placed it in this room.

The upstairs where the family lives was as bleak as a New England barn. It was filled with dreary furniture and had not been much lightened by the Coolidges with the usual personal possessions.

Mrs. Hoover brought in our own household gods and by other arrangements gave it a much more livable feeling.

The Cook Voted for Al Smith

We kept all the White House servants. Catherine, the head cook, was Irish. She at once informed Mrs. Hoover that she did not expect to be kept on, for she had voted for Governor Smith and she was a Catholic. Mrs. Hoover told her that she was not interested in her religion or political faith but in her cooking, which was superlative. She remained during our four years but lost out when the Democratic party came in. She retired to Ireland and for years sent a magnificent ham every Christmas.

Another servant of long service was Ike Hoover (no relative). He was chief "usher" who presided over all visitors and social functions. One day Ike called some store to give an order for supplies, saying, "This is Hoover calling from the White House." The girl at the other end of the phone replied: "Indeed! And I am Queen of Sheba."

The publication of "memoirs" by White House attendants has become a publishers' gossip-book feature. As Presidents do not impart state secrets to servants or clerks, these "memoirs" have to be jazzed up by Peeping Tom imagination or by some ghost writer. Otherwise the product of such literary and intellectual persons would not be salable.

To one familiar with White House personnel or routines, these imaginative additions and tidbits are strange. Two of those books relating to my period, one by Ike Hoover, the other by Colonel Starling (an admirable man), were impregnated with ghost additions. Likewise, from my knowledge, those relating to the Theodore Roosevelts, the Tafts, the Wilsons, the Hardings and the Coolidges were highly imaginative and sometimes despicable. Historians should reject them all.

Eggs have been fried on the pavements in Washington's exhausting summer heat. In search of relief I sent Lawrence Richey, one of my secretaries since Food Administration days, and Colonel Long of the Marines to explore the Blue Ridge in Virginia for a summer camp. They found a delightful location with an elevation of about 1,500 feet, at the headwaters of the Rapidan.

Mrs. Hoover laid out and superintended the erection of a series of log cabins accommodating 15 guests. The camp was exactly 100 miles from the White House, and we connected it by direct telephone. The week ends with cool nights were a great relief.

The upper Rapidan bubbled through the camp, and, by building a number of pools along its canyon, we managed to turn it into a fair trout stream. It was refreshing to get away from the unending hammer of personalities even for a few hours.

That area of the Blue Ridge was incorporated in the Shenandoah National Park at my recommendation. At the end of my term, I presented the land and the camp to the park for the future use of the White House or alternately to the Boy and Girl Scouts. The Democratic National Committee charged that it had been bought and erected with public funds; I was compelled to get out a formal denial, stating that I had paid for the land, buildings and furniture.

The social routines of the White House were at times a burden. The great New Year's reception and 9 or 10 other formal annual receptions amounted to nothing more than an assembly line of thousands to shake hands. Especially after a hard day in the office, it was difficult continuously to reach out a friendly attitude and greeting to these thousands. Often my hand would be so swollen that I could not write with it for days. On one occasion a husky Westerner with a turned-in diamond ring gave me such a warm clasp as to cut my hand badly. We had to terminate the session in a trickle of blood.

Mrs. Hoover's rigid sense of duty would not let her agree to diminish the 10 regular formal receptions. She felt that tens of thousands of people would be disappointed if they could not come to the White House —and that we might be considered snobbish

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if we limited our contacts to our family and official friends.

She received a great wound from this conscientious adherence to duty. During my administration there was a Negro congressman. In giving the usual teas for congressmen's wives, Mrs. Hoover insisted upon inviting this congressman's wife with the others. She was warned by old hands not to do it.

The congressman did not particularly help matters by announcing to the press that his wife had received such an invitation. The Southern press denounced this "defiling" of the White House, and Southern pressmen lined up to watch the congressman's wife come and go, hoping to witness their prophecy that some white congressman's wife would flounce out.

Bitter Criticism from Texas

Mrs. Hoover had more sense than to give any such occasion for affront to her guest or to the White House. Nor did she wish to offend ladies from the South. She divided her Congressional tea into different days and placed this congressman's wife on the first day with ladies previously tested as to their feelings. However, the speeches of the Southern senators and congressmen, the editorials in the Southern press and a particularly denunciatory resolution by the Texas legislature wounded her deeply. But her tears did not melt her indomitable determination.

The stabs of political life which, no doubt, were deserved by me hurt Mrs. Hoover greatly. She was deeply religious, and to her such actions were just plain wicked. I suggested to her one time that a good reason for holding to orthodox religious faith was that it included a hot hell and that she could console herself that this kind of politician and writer, if he escaped retribution in this world, would find special facilities in the world to come. But she was too gentle a soul to see any humor in my idea.

She used to worry a good deal privately as to the devilment they might do to me. Loyalty to a cause, to a party, to a leader was part of her moral standards. To her, these standards were infinitely more important than intellectual qualifications. But Presidents cannot always kick evil-minded persons out of the front door. Such persons are often selected by the electors to represent them.

During this period Herbert became ailing. The doctors determined it to be tuberculosis and said that he must spend a year in bed in some sanitarium under rigorous control if he was to recover. Herbert sorrowfully gave up his job as an aviation engineer and accepted his sentence to be spent at Asheville, North Carolina. We brought Margaret and the two babies, Peggy-Ann and Herbert III, to the White House. Having them there was a continuous joy.

Being an engineer, Herbert had a radio rigged at his bedside and he could listen not only to broadcasts but to conversations over the transatlantic telephone, which were at that time not "scrambled."

We had a Belgian police dog named Pat that was much attached to him and took on the duties of nurse by bringing in the cod-liver-oil bottle at the appropriate times. It was a dreary experience, but Herbert's resolution thrilled us with pride, and in 10 months he was discharged and restored to the husky health he has enjoyed ever since.

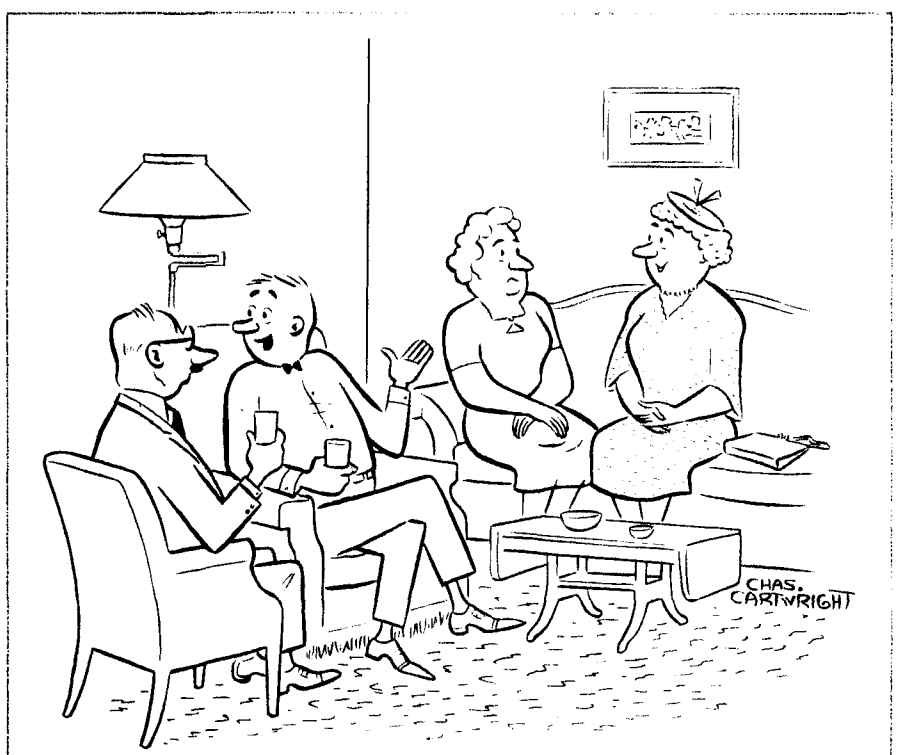
There are some valuable privileges attached to the Presidency. One of them is the duty and right to terminate all interviews, conferences, social parties and receptions. Therefore, the President can go to bed whenever he likes. I liked ten o'clock, as I read a great deal during the night and had to rise at seven.

The White House office was sorely afflicted with time-consuming and nerve-racking customs. Prior to the first World War, Presidents had spent only about two hours daily on office work. They spent another two or three hours a day seeing people and reporters. The remainder of the time, I suppose, was devoted to heavy thinking.

President Wilson, of course, had the strain of a gigantic war, and had rid himself of the social activities during that period—and he worked 12 hours a day. But Harding and Coolidge seemed bent on restoring the "old customs" of a host of public visitors. One of these customs was a noon reception for anyone who wished to come to the President's office. Upward of 1,000 came daily.

I tried various expedients to reduce the number. One was to require the caller to have a card from some administration official or member of the Congress. Promptly congressmen availed themselves of this as an entertainment feature for their visiting constituents, and it got worse. I finally suppressed the noon reception altogether, giving that hour to special appointments with people from out of town who were in Washington on matters of importance.

Another of the useless exhaustions which



"At times she's the easiest woman in the world to get along with. I remember once back in the spring of '47 . . ."

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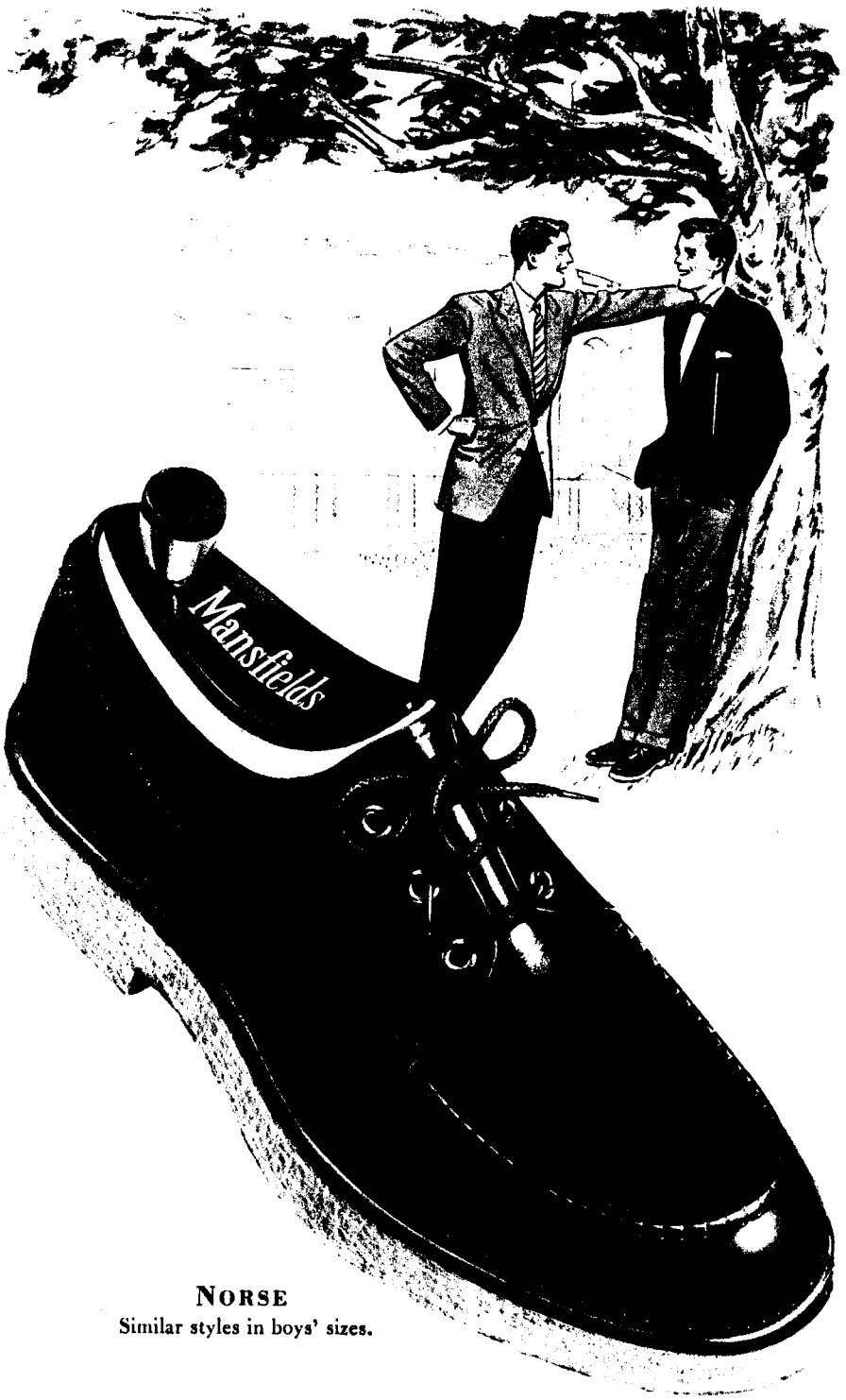
And look at that *terrific* sole! Nearly *one solid inch* of thick, natural, genuine crepe rubber! Take off today —grab a pair of these Mansfields!



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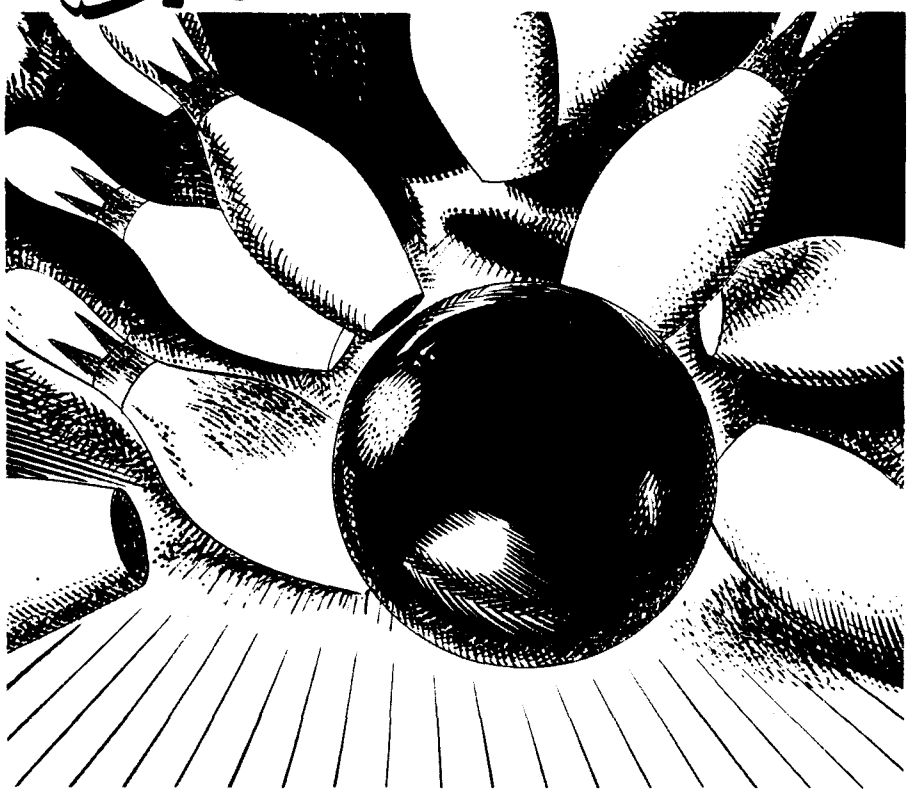

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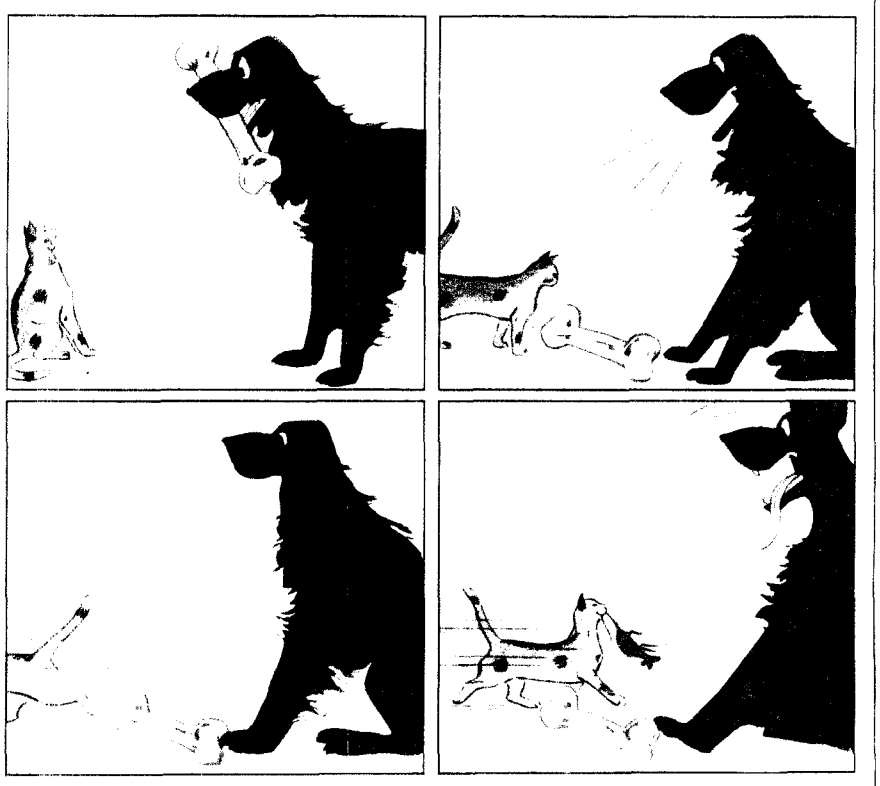

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

had always plagued Presidents was signing routine papers. No man could read them even on a 24-hour shift. They comprised officers' commissions, appointments for civil servants, Treasury orders, documents relating to the guardianship of individual Indians, pension authorities, etc., all of which the President could only sign on the dotted line and trust to Heaven and his Cabinet officers that they were all right. The Cabinet officers, in turn, trusted to bureau heads. During the George Washington administration, both the President and the Secretary of State even signed all ships' manifests of cargo. I never did find out how this particular activity died.

The number of all these documents had increased enormously since the expansion of the government due to the war. For my relief the Attorney General suggested that a delegation of power to do such "signings" was proper, and a great relief it was.

With the depression the demands upon the White House increased to war dimensions. Telephone calls, telegrams and mail quadrupled Mr. Coolidge's stint. Telephone calls often ran to over 1,200 a day, and mail sometimes to over 10,000 letters. The size of the staff had to be increased.

Incidentally, Mr. Coolidge (and I think also his predecessors) did not tolerate a telephone in the President's own office. Of course the President is not open to everyone's call. However, I instituted a special telephone switchboard which connected myself directly with the desk of all the prominent members of the administration. Scores of small items which otherwise would have required bringing people to the White House were cleared by a telephone call.

Getting daily exercise to keep fit is always a problem for Presidents. Taking walks or rides early in the morning is a lonesome business, and the inevitable Secret Service guard was not enlivening company.

I therefore suggested to some of my colleagues that we start a medicine-ball game for seven-thirty in the morning on the White House lawn. The attendance varied from 6 to 18 men and continued without a break, except Sundays and absences, for the whole four years. The game requires less skill than tennis, is a faster, more vigorous game and therefore provides more exercise in a short time. The most regular attendants were Justice Stone, Attorney General Mitchell, Secretaries Wilbur and Hyde, Assistant Secretaries Hope, Ballantine and Jahncke, Solicitor Generals Thacher and Hughes, Walter Newton, Larry Richey, Doctor Boone, Mark Sullivan and Alexander Legge.

After the game we assembled a few moments for a fruit juice and coffee. It was no kitchen Cabinet. By common consent the conversation was kept off official matters and on the light side. The morning-star shells of humor from these trenches often illuminated the dreary no man's land of the depression and started the day with good cheer—even on the last morning of March 4, 1933.

That day Secretary Hyde produced an account of two bankers involved in the depression. He recounted that a banker, unshaven, hungry, his shirt gone, approached a circus manager for a job, saying he would do anything just for something to eat. The circus manager told him that he was not able to feed even his present employees and that he had already killed the lion to feed the tigers.

Just then an employee approached and said that the gorilla had died of starvation, upon which the manager exclaimed in despair, "This is the finish." The banker then proposed that they skin the gorilla and that he get into the skin and perform—provided he had a square meal and a cut of the receipts.

While he was performing in his cage, the lion in the next compartment pulled open the bars between and made for him ferociously. The gorilla cried desperately for help. Whereupon the lion whispered in his ear, "Shut up, you fool, you are not the only banker out of a job."

Secretary Wilbur pessimistically observed that no doubt the New Deal would end these evils by passing a subsidizing measure for circuses.

Hoover liked fishing and Mrs. Hoover motoring, and they combined these in a pleasant vacation after leaving the White House. But before long, Hoover was back at work, helping universities and children's organizations, building up Stanford's famous library on peace and war. His account of his personal life after defeat for re-election ends the first volume of the autobiography. Order your next week's Collier's now

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The Promised Land

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

bleed where the bone pierced through. Polly stood by, helpless.

In the morning, Ferret-eyes crossed Little River, entered the draw at the foot of the ravine, and found him. He poked at Pollux with a stick to goad his victim into fighting back. Then, when the sport began to pall, he hunted up a club and swung at Pollux's head. But so fast was the beaver's reflex that the club struck only a glancing blow and stunned him. The man swore and raised the club high over his head.

"Hey!" someone shouted at the ravine entrance. Ferret-eyes whirled to face Herb, who had a revolver in his hand. "Drop that club," he said. "You're under arrest."

"You cain't arrest me. You ain't a cop."

"Get that beaver out of your trap."

"Ah cain't," whined the killer. "He'll bite me."

"Oh yeah? Get busy, or I'll shoot your ears off. We've been watching you for a week."

Pollux watched the men wade across the stream before he hobbled into his den. For the rest of his life he would be partly crippled, and only the fact that he was sick and unable to travel kept Polly and him from abandoning their den at once. By the time his leg had healed, it was too late, since Polly was about to bear her litter.

During this period, no more human beings bothered the beavers, for Herb and Mel had issued strict warnings, while Ferret-eyes went to jail again, and thereafter stayed away from Little River.

Polly's five kits were born in mid-April. Within a few weeks, the little ones began to eat solid food, and by the end of summer they were one-third the size of their parents. These youngsters would be three years in maturing, after which they would mate with the offspring of the other pair of beavers who had settled upstream.

THE next year brought another litter of kits, while the five from the previous season continued to live at home. To this, the parents gave consent, and would until the youngsters became two-year-olds, when, by the law of beaverdom, they were expected to go out on their own.

It was during this second summer that trouble came again to Pollux and Polly. The lumber company decided to resume operation on a rail line that ran along Little River on the beavers' side. Up to now, the family had regarded the embankment, with its occasional trout fisherman, as part of their domain.

Their dismay was great when a section gang fell noisily to work, and rattled back and forth on speeders. Later, the first train roared by. Thereafter, traffic was continuous and ground-shaking. Also, their dam had been discovered long ago by interested, if harmless, visitors.

The situation had become intolerable, if not actually perilous, and so when the younger litter was able to travel, Pollux and Polly decided to move. The older youngsters were able to fend for themselves now, and a couple of them decided to remain. The others, piloted by their parents, started downstream one night.

Pollux knew where he wanted to go. There was a long, quiet stretch of water, heavily banked with trees and brush, that lay below the town, toward the sea. To get to it, they had to follow Little River as it flowed through the town. In the hush of the small hours, they passed through in safety, and by daylight were established in the most secluded spot they had yet known. At once, the family set to work digging a den; a job Pollux found difficult to do without help, because of his crippled forepaw.

For five years, Pollux and Polly lived and raised their young in the lower estuary of Little River, within sound of the sea. And they might have finished their life span of some fifteen years there, if it had not been for their urge to build dams. Little River could not be handled—that they knew—but a small stream that came out of a nearby meadow was ideal, as they saw it. Again and again they set up dams, only to have them destroyed because they were flooding a neighboring rancher's pasture lands.

The rancher was a kind man, but his patience had limits. In the fifth spring, when his pasture was flooded again, he decided to take action. Near the dam, he set up a large box trap and baited it with carrots. The first night, he caught a two-year-old who gnawed his way out, unaware that he had been trapped. Next day, the rancher lined the box with sheet metal.

Several youngsters were caught in quick succession after that. These were released in a group of small fresh-water lakes near the seashore. Then word got about among the colony that the box was to be avoided, and catches ceased. The rancher took his trap away in hopes the remaining beavers would forget. This, he reasoned, they would do before long, since no animals had been killed in it to leave a memory of death.

Pollux, as the years increased upon him, traveled less and less, especially during cold weather, when his crippled forepaw pained him. Repair and maintenance of the dam were left increasingly to the newer generations, although most of these showed a desire to migrate after a time. Now, with several of his helpers gone, he decided to visit the dam and inspect it. The rancher had decided that day to set his trap again.

Pollux looked at the box with interest. The smell of carrots in it reminded him of nighttime raids on the rancher's garden. That it was the work of mankind did not concern him as long as no human beings were in sight. He had forgotten the fact that just such a contrivance had caught him and his mate in their younger days in Alaska. After inspecting the dam, he went into the trap, and was caught.

His first reaction was anger, which changed to fear when he began to realize he could not free himself. Again and again he flung his bulk against the barrier where he had entered. But the box was well built, and in the morning when the rancher and his hired man arrived, Pollux was still in it, rather the worse for shock.

The two men carried the trap with its prisoner back to the farmyard, where their families gathered about to peek at the big beaver. "I'd give a dime to know what that fellow weighs," said the hired man.

"That's easy," said the rancher. "Put the trap on the scales. Then later we'll weigh the empty box. Difference will be the weight of the beaver, eh?"

"What a brain!" laughed the hired man. "Where'll we take him to, boss?"

The rancher's eyes were twinkling. "You know, Al," he said, "I'll bet this is one of the original batch Herb and Mel brought up from the exposition. He's the mind that engineered that pesky dam, for sure. So—let's take him to Herb's hunting preserve on Widow White Creek and turn him loose. That's fair enough, eh?"

"Sure is," agreed the hired man. "And Herb has a dam and a wild-duck pond down there that ought to be just right for beavers."

AND so, Pollux found himself in a rushy, tree-lined pond, on a stream of its own that flowed directly into the Pacific, some six miles south of Little River mouth. Back at the ranch, they found that he weighed an even forty-six pounds.

Except for Herb's hunting cabin, a quarter mile away, the new location was quite isolated, and it was wooded to suit the most exacting beaver's taste. But to all of this, Pollux was unresponsive. His mate was not there. That night, he left and started back.

Pollux went down to the beach and pointed his nose northward toward Little River mouth. He had actually never seen the ocean before, although he had lived within sound of it for five years. To his eyes, it was a vast and active lake whose waters, he found, were too bitter to swim. Step by painful step, he limped along the beach toward his goal. Then dawn brought men to dig clams, and so he hid in a mass

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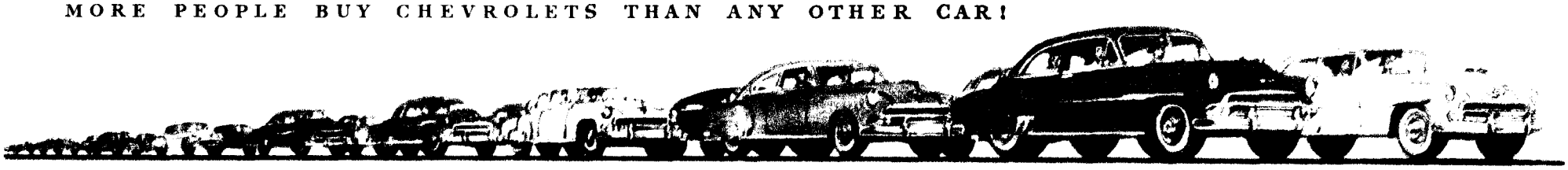

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of driftwood less than two miles from his starting point.

Polly had become worried that morning, back at Little River, when Pollux did not return. By evening she was frightened, and set out to look for him. When she got to the trap, drawn by Pollux's scent, she stopped. Here was where he had been—there was no mistaking that. She went into the box, pushed the carrots aside to smell further—and was caught.

"That's his mate, sure as hell's hot," the rancher said, next morning.

"To Herb's then?" asked the hired man.

"To Herb's is right. Then I think our headache with the dam will be over. They were the pair that dreamed up that job."

Thus, a few hours after Pollux left, Polly was released in Herb's pond on Widow White Creek. It was obvious that her mate had been there, and she set out at once to follow his trail. Although she was weighted with young, Polly traveled much the faster, and would have caught up with him if it had not been for the clam diggers. One of them saw her following the edge of the seashore and fired a shot at her. Others joined the chase, and she was driven into the sea.

The pounding of the breakers did not concern her, but their saltiness had her strangling almost at once. For a time she was able to keep breathing, but finally was forced ashore—to be shot at as soon as she came out of the surf. Again she plunged into the sea, while an excited group ran along the beach. When she raised her head among the breakers for air, sharp eyes spotted her and bullets pinged off the water. Her strength was ebbing fast from paroxysms of coughing, and it was only a matter of time until a bullet would find its mark. Then a game warden, attracted by the shooting, arrived on the scene. "It's an otter, or something!" onlookers told him.

"Well, let it alone. You're breaking the law," the warden said; and the diggers went back to their clams.

But the warden was interested and, when he saw what looked like a half-drowned spaniel floundering in the waves downshore, he slipped away by himself to investigate. When he found the animal was a beaver, his surprise was complete. He carried her up to a mass of driftwood to avoid kill-hungry eyes. It seemed incredible that a beaver should sicken to the point of drowning, even in the ocean, although the animal was heavy with young. After a time, Polly retched and retreated under the driftwood, where the warden wisely decided to let her stay, while he went back to his patrol.

For the rest of the day, both Pollux and Polly stayed in their driftwood hideouts, not two hundred yards apart. With the rising tide, the clam diggers left and the beach became quiet. When the wind died down at nightfall, the beavers smelled each other's scent and came out to investigate. Their reunion might have seemed cold to a human being, but it was all the more comforting because they were away from home and facing the unknown.

One tie they had, however—and that was the route back to Widow White Creek Pond. Ahead lay more of the unknown, since neither of them knew how far Little River might be, or what perils lay between. Behind was a known haven. And they were tired. They turned back.

IN THE dense alders and willows along Widow White Creek, a hundred yards upstream from Herb's pond, Pollux and Polly have found their promised land. The stream is too small for destructive floods, and so they have built a dam across it and —once again—a permanent lodge for their declining days.

And that is how the beavers got their start on Herb's hunting preserve—a matter which its astonished owner was unable to explain. He was all the more amazed, one morning, when he caught a glimpse of Pollux, repairing a barrier across a culvert, which Herb wanted to keep open and which Pollux was determined should stay closed.

"It's the beaver that outlaw fellow caught in the trap, sure," Herb decided. "Limps with the same leg. But how the devil did he get here—swim in the ocean? I wish Mel could be here to see this. Okay, old-timer—may your tribe increase." THE END

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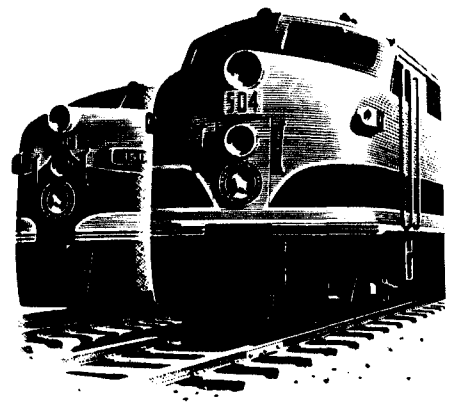

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Hollywood's Roman Candle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

expert knife-thrower. It has even been published that the "most terrifying moment" of her life was when she was pressed into service as a target for a fearsome knife hurler named Pancho.

The fact is that Ruth's parents, both childhood immigrants from Lithuania, did run concessions and side shows for a few years at beaches around Boston, and her mother on one or two occasions pinch-hit for the duenna of a reptile exhibit.

Her father, Anthony Roman, died when she was a small child. Ruth, born 28 years ago in the beach suburb of Lynn, spent her girlhood in Boston's teeming West End. She has only vague memories of life among the merry-go-rounds and cooch-dancers, and her only experience with knives was playing mumblety-peg with the neighborhood kids.

Ruth was the youngest of three sisters. Her mother pitched in to support them, working as a waitress, cleaning woman and laundress.

A reporter once referred politely to the "apartments" in which the family had lived. "We didn't live in apartments," Ruth interposed. "They were *tenements*. And for a while we were moving regularly once a month because we couldn't pay our rent."

She scoffs, however, at any implication that her theatrical aspirations developed as a means of escape from a dreary, poverty-stricken childhood.

"It wasn't dreary at all," she says cheerfully. "When you start out poor, you don't know what you're missing. I've never met a family, rich or poor, that had a happier time than we did together."

Mrs. Roman, who now lives near her daughter in Hollywood, says Ruth's theatrical bent was obvious at an early age.

At seven, Mrs. Roman recalls, Ruth took a cut-down dress she had given her, ripped out the waist to make a sash she could throw over her shoulder, and regaled an audience of small boys on the Charles River Esplanade with a Spanish dance.

Bits on the Straw Hat Circuit

Ruth got her first chance at acting in juvenile playlets put on in the Hecht and Elizabeth Peabody settlement houses, where she went after school while her mother was working. By junior high school she was so enamored of stage work that she turned down an art scholarship won in a painting competition. She quit high school in her second year so she could devote more time to acting, taking a daytime job as a movie usherette and working at nights with the New England Repertory company, a semi-professional group on Beacon Hill. For three seasons she did odd jobs and walk-on parts at New England summer theaters.

At sixteen, she got married to a boy named Jack Flaxman, who worked in a Beacon Hill art store, but after six months together under the Roman family roof, the couple separated. They were later divorced.

Bent on breaking into the theatrical big-time, in the fall of 1940 Ruth joined two other girls from the Bishop Lee Dramatic School, where she had spent a semester, and made an assault on New York.

Her three years on the outskirts of Broadway were the standard saga of the theatrical aspirant who doesn't get anywhere. She lived "on window sills," and modeled and worked in night clubs between singularly unsuccessful rounds of producers' offices. "All the time," her mother says, "she was sending me $2 of every $5 she made."

The ice finally was broken when her agent, Max Richards, steered her onto the Stage Door Canteen job. She got four weeks' work, and after paying off a large accumulation of debts, had $200 left. That, she calculated, was enough to buy a day-coach ticket to Hollywood and carry her until the movie business woke up to its good fortune.

The first part of her calculation was all right. She got to Hollywood. But it was six rugged years before she was making anything more than a week-to-week living.

She moved into a $6-a-week room in Hollywood's most picturesque hostelry, the old Wallace Reid mansion on De Longpre Avenue. This place is known as The House of Seven Garbos because of the constant tenancy of a revolving roster of aspiring actresses, along with a comparable succession of would-be actors.

The establishment, run by a kind, motherly lady named Mrs. Marie Cote, accommodates 16 boarders in a kind of happy-go-lucky family atmosphere in which the basic rule is no-liquor-and-you-wash-your-own-dishes.

Brush-Off After Screen Test

Ruth had been in town only a few weeks when an agent got her a screen test. The verdict was that she was "interesting" and apparently had some ability, but needed extensive training—by somebody else. The studio was Warner Brothers.

This rebuff touched off a succession of frustrations. Starting with some work in two WAC training films, Ruth got enough one-day bit parts to keep her from starving. But careerwise she wasn't much better off than if she had been slinging hash. Today, she prides herself on being the greatest living refutation of the myth that starts are made by breaks like being spotted sipping sodas in Schwab's drugstore.

"I got enough breaks for half the actors in Hollywood," she says, "and nothing happened."

At one point, she landed the part of Lothel, the Jungle Queen, in the Universal serial of that name. But all the film did was absorb countless little boys for 15 weeks. Then she got a lead in a quickie Western called White Stallion. It was never released. She got a role in A Night in Casablanca and it was released with her part cut out.

Scarcely a day went by that she didn't pop into some studio fresh from a reverse somewhere else. Her reputation for bad luck was matched only by her reputation for persistence.

In her efforts to commend herself to influential attention she even went to the length of *writing* a movie.

Herb Yates, the president of Republic Pictures, one day visited the set of a musical in which Ruth had a bit as a night-club cigarette girl, costumed in long net stockings, tight black shorts and a minuscule bodice.

Ruth, who had heard he was coming, walked up, introduced herself, and said, "Mr. Yates, I've written a movie story I thought you might be interested in—it's a Western."

Yates murmured politely that sure, he'd be glad to look at it sometime.

"Well," said Ruth, "I just happen to have it with me—" and she magically produced three folded pages of manuscript entitled Whip Song—a little conceit she had dashed off the night before about a masked girl Robin Hood of the plains.

The first pay-off was that Yates bought the synopsis for $100, and Republic used it as the basis of a serial, Zorro's Black Whip.

The second pay-off was that, in characteristic fashion, it failed to advance Ruth's career one whit. The next day, in addition to being an unemployed movie actress, she was also an unemployed screen writer.

The girls at the House of Seven Garbos took up a collection to finance her temporary conversion to a blonde. That didn't break the jinx.

A second test at Warner Brothers yielded the same verdict as the first, a year before—with the additional notation that it was "questionable she could qualify as a leading woman."

After she had been screen-tested by every studio in town, David O. Selznick, a pro-

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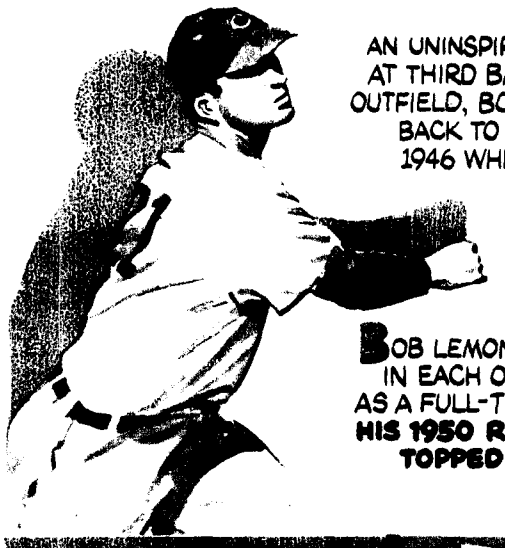
...Bob Lemon



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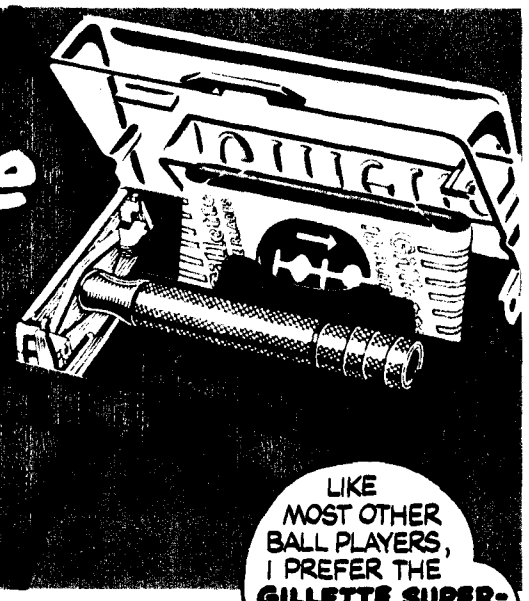

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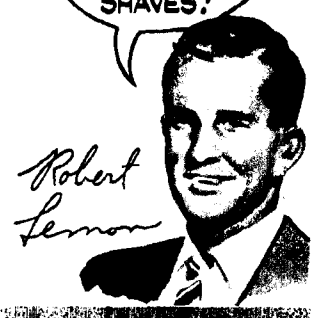

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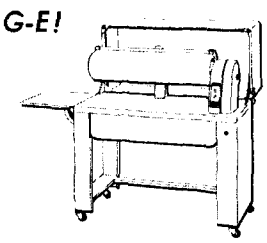

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ducer noted for developing new talent, signed her to a $150-a-week contract for 18 months. Her major job during that time was plugging a picture she wasn't in by posing in a T-shirt with Duel in the Sun on it.

Then she got a six-month contract at Paramount. It netted her a bit as a secretary in The Big Clock.

By this time, the fates were not only thwarting her but also spitting in her eye. She tested for a lead in The Killers. Ava Gardner got the part and clicked. Ruth tested for a lead in Crossfire. Gloria Grahame got the part and clicked. She tested for Outpost in Morocco. Marie Windsor got the part and clicked.

Ruth had given herself 10 years to make good in the movies. She was rapidly approaching the halfway mark in that period, and was still treading water. In desperation she went to a psychiatrist to see if there was anything wrong with her. After eight hour-and-a-half sittings he pronounced her, she says, "terribly normal" and merely the victim of frustrated ambition. He advised her to be patient.

Patience, plus several hundred thousands of foot-pounds of Roman energy, finally paid off. Doré Schary, who as an assistant at Selznick's had sympathized with her thwarted ambitions, became production head of RKO. Meeting her one day during her perpetual round of the studios he remarked, "Well, Ruthie, I suppose we've got to find something for you to do." He was making an inexpensive picture called The Window, and needed a striking new face to play the girl who, with her hoodlum husband, pursues a little boy who has seen them commit a murder.

The picture was a dark-horse success, and Ruth's work in it was impressive enough to land her in Champion.

Dame Fortune Smiles at Last

Champion was a sensation. The perverse fates which had dogged her so long took a final lick and caused both The Window and Champion to be withheld from release for many months (Champion, made after The Window, was distributed to the theaters first; in the meantime, Ruth had been seen on the screen in still another picture, Belle Starr's Daughter). Warner's caught a pre-release glimpse of Champion, and promptly signed her to the standard seven-year contract at $500 a week.

Her meatier vehicles at Warner's, like Three Secrets and Lightning Strikes Twice (just released), have been interspersed with in-the-groove Westerns like Barricade, Colt .45, and Dallas, in which any scenery-chewing she could wangle beyond trilling "They went that-a-way" was gravy. Most embryonic Bernhardts would grumble about such chores. Ruth eats them up.

"People like Westerns," she says directly. "They make money for the studio. And if I'm in them, that's good for me."

The Westerns have brought her more fan mail than anything else she has appeared in. In a recent week, her correspondence—which she handles herself with the assistance of Mrs. Cote of the House of Seven Garbos—included communications from Canada, Trinidad, Argentina, Chile, the Philippine Islands, Japan, Korea, England, Portugal, Sweden, Germany and Turkey, as well as all parts of the United States.

To co-ordinate her following, a year ago she named Mrs. Joyce Hand, of Long Beach, California, as official head of the Ruth Roman Fan Club, which has 130 active members and puts out a 30-page quarterly entitled Roamin' With Ruthie.

Her fans are so well briefed on her likes that on a cross-country personal appearance tour last summer she was deluged with gardenias, her favorite flower, at every stop.

Married Between Takes

It was on this tour, during an interview at a restaurant in New York, that she met her husband, Mortimer Hall, who is the son of Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, wealthy publisher of the New York Post. Their first encounter was devoted to an unemotional discussion of the merits of television versus movies. A couple of days later Ruth called him up and invited him to go to the theater with her. After that date she had to leave town. They met again when Hall went west to manage the Post's radio and television station, KLAC, in Hollywood. During the filming of Strangers on a Train, Ruth took a few hours off, and she and Hall made a swift trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married.

For a year Ruth had owned her own little house in North Hollywood; now she moved into Hall's bachelor establishment and gave the house to her mother. Her two sisters are still in Boston, one married to a fish dealer, and the other working in a department store.

A few months ago Ruth's stipend was raised to $750 a week. This is modest compensation for an actress of her present standing, but she has no complaint so long as she continues to find suitable work.

Among those who have watched her rise, there is no doubt that she will keep on going. The only question is where she'll stop.

"I wouldn't be surprised," her old friend Bill Walsh commented recently, "if she ended up as head of a studio." THE END

COLLIER'S

"You dames make me sick before you're dames, even!"

WALT WETTERBERG

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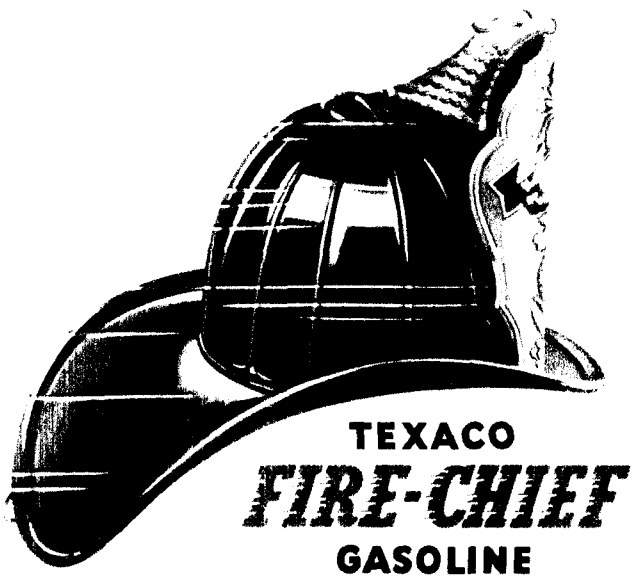

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

money, something the legislature is committed to do; but the boys were hoping that they weren't going to be taken too seriously. Reminds us, somehow, of a definition of politics given us one day by the late Senator Magnus Johnson of Minnesota. "Politics," said Senator Johnson, "is the science of not giving people what they want and making them like it."

★ ★ ★

Someone, somewhere (not here), called Zwolle, Louisiana, a hick town. We have never been in Zwolle. Nevertheless we have a letter from a citizen of Zwolle protesting that it isn't a hick town. He forgot to sign his name but sends us a definition of a hick town: "It's one where there is no place to go where you shouldn't ought to be."

★ ★ ★

In Rapid City, South Dakota, Clifford Bordeaux, a Sioux Indian, entered a restaurant. He ordered a cup of coffee. The management ordered him out saying that it was a first-class place and did not serve Indians. Mr. Bordeaux left without a word, saluting the management. The real reason for publishing this bit of intelligence is to identify Mr. Bordeaux. He was a soldier in the United States Army in World War II. He won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Pacific. That was quite a place too, but he wasn't thrown out.

★ ★ ★

A Bismarck, North Dakota, linotyper finishing setting up a State Senate bill covering 25 pages, added a few words of his own: "The End! Praise The Lord." The complaining fellow should be glad he wasn't working for the Indiana legislature. There, Representative Jesse L. Dickinson, a South Bend Democrat, introduced a 29-pager. And mind you, it was merely an amendment to something.

★ ★ ★

We've known the Honorable Maury Maverick of San Antonio, Texas, for a long, long time. Mr. Maverick used to be in Congress. Later he was mayor of San Antonio, and an excellent one. Recently Mr. Maverick visited Washington, calling on a number of old friends. Interviewed before returning to Texas, words are attributed to him which we will bet this typewriter against half an inch of lead pencil Mr. Maverick never said. "I'm just not talking," said he to the reporter—according to the reporter. To repeat, we've known Maury well for years. Nope, he never said it.

★ ★ ★

In Madison, Wisconsin, they're preening, primping and otherwise indulging in vainglory over the fact that the last elections plumped two Ph.D.s—doctors of philosophy—into the lower house of the legislature. The educated fellows are E. William Proxmire, Democrat, Dane County, and Arthur L. Peterson, Republican, Pierce County. Probably won't do the legislature a bit of harm. And somehow it reminds us of a few words we had a few years ago in Little Rock, Arkansas, with a new legislator who was not a Ph.D. Somebody had suggested that, in the name of economy, the House dispense with the reading clerk. "I'm against that," said he. "Without a reading clerk how are the majority of us to know what the bills introduced are all about?"

★ ★ ★

Our Richmond, Virginia, fellow sends in a few dismal tidings. One's enough. This has to do with the rise in the price of moonshine whisky—sugarhead, pop skull, engine (pronounced *en-jyne)* juice, tiger milk, white lightning and hotsup. Used to be a dollar a pint, and don't drink on the premises. Now it's two bucks—wrap it up and good luck. The inflation so dispirited a gent in Goochland that he shot himself, fatally. His brother, given the news, said: "Well, jest about the same in the long run."

★ ★ ★

That's all, except a bit of trouble in two St. Louis low-rent housing projects—Clinton-Peabody Terrace and Carr Square Village. Both these developments have been full up for quite some time. Everything going nicely. Now comes the City Housing Authority with electric refrigerators—which the tenants already have. Got to throw out the ones they have and take the ones the Authority has. Authority says it hasn't any place to store the refrigerators and, anyway, the law says the tenants have to admit them. Tenants don't want them, won't have them. Trucks down in the street loaded with refrigerators. Tenants hanging out the windows giving Bronx cheer.

COLLIER'S

"This just arrived from the governor. You're a free taxpayer again"

ROBERT DAY

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LITERAL LATIN

I

Mare nostrum:	Our horse can't play the uke.
Corpus delicti:	Boy, what a shape!
Ad nauseam:	I'm sick of commercials.
Per aspera ad astra:	Go down to the Astor and get me some aspirin.
Annunciatus est:	Your announcer is . . .
Alma Mater:	Al, I'd like for you to meet the Old Lady.
Ante bellum:	My aunt isn't getting any thinner.

—DICK SHAW

The Corpse Was in the Countinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"All right, go ahead. It's okay by me."

"Just in case you should hear anything, you're to keep your door closed and locked. Understand?"

"I'll be in bed asleep."

"Okay. Stay inside. Good night."

The door closed.

She opened the bathroom door again and said in a whisper, "It ought to be safe for you to leave in a few minutes. Go down the back way. Don't turn on any lights in the shop. You'll find a back room fixed up as a rest room with a couch. There are a couple of blankets in the bottom dresser drawer. When I come to work in the morning I'll bring a razor."

"You're a good girl, Gladys."

She smiled up at him and said, "I seem to have gotten pretty involved in this."

"Back out any time you want to," he told her. "I don't want to get *you* in bad with the law. They're trying to drag Ellen into it now, and I can't let them catch me until I can clear her."

"You're sure?"

"What?"

"That they're after her too?"

"Yes. Ellen says they seem to think she was my accomplice. And they must be tracing all her calls."

She said, "Well, they're making a stake-out. That means they want to set a trap for you, and they won't want to scare you off by having any men outside. But I'll bet you that policeman will be over here for a cup of coffee when his relief comes on the job. By the time I've fed him some breakfast, I'll know everything the police do."

"Do you think he'll talk?" Neil asked.

"He'll pour out his soul."

"Some of them are pretty smart."

She rubbed her right hand meditatively over her hip and said, "The ones that keep giving you fatherly pats on the fanny aren't."

NEIL woke up in the beauty shop next morning with that feeling of unreality that comes from having slept soundly in a strange place. When he had dressed, folded the blankets, and put them back in the drawer, he took a look at himself in the mirror.

He looked pretty seedy, he decided. He needed a shave, a comb, and a clean shirt, but there wasn't much he could do about his appearance till Gladys came.

She came early, bringing some eggs and bread.

"There's a hot plate and an electric toaster here," she said. "You eat first and then shave. Here's a razor and shaving cream. Did you find the towels?"

"Yes. I've been prowling around, Gladys," Neil said.

"I wondered how you'd get along, particularly without lights."

"How about your cop?" Neil asked. "Did he show up?"

"I'll say."

"What did you find out?"

"You go ahead and shave."

"No. Give me the low-down. I'll shave after I eat."

She said, "It's a damn' good thing I had that cop over for breakfast. I found out a lot of stuff."

"Can you tell me anything about the brief case?"

"I can tell you *all* about the brief case. They found a lot of papers in Crenshaw's wastebasket dealing with the Anson Brothers' Manufacturing Company. It looks to the police as though you'd taken those papers out of the brief case and thrown them in the wastebasket."

"Why do they think I'd have wanted to do anything like that?"

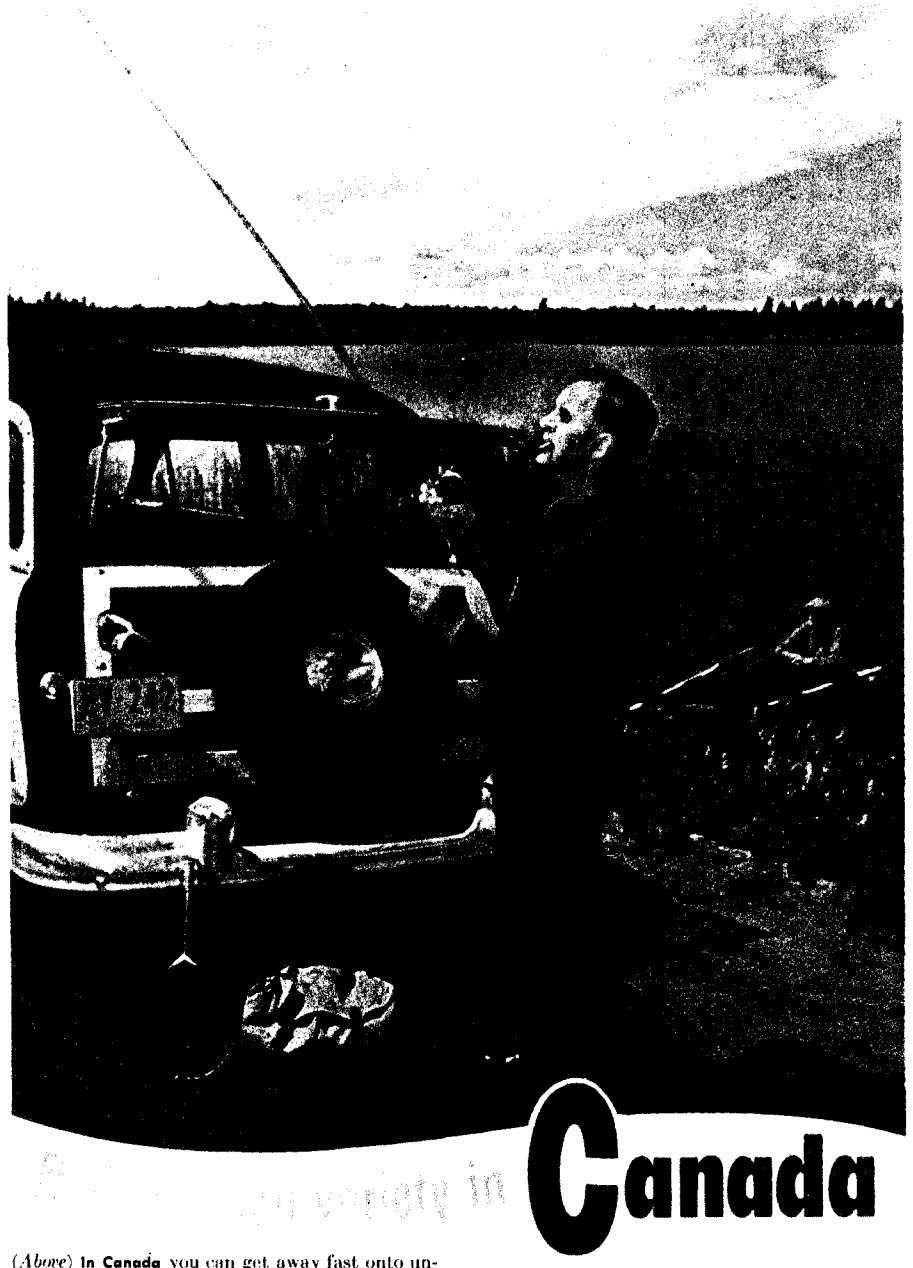
"Search me. It's the way the police reason things out. Your brief case was found on a bench in the railroad-station waiting room. Someone turned it in to the Lost and Found. The man there looked inside it, and when he found a gun, he notified the police immediately."

"What else?"

"The police went over the gun with a microscope after they'd tried for fingerprints and couldn't find any. They found some red fibers on a sharp corner on the gun sight, and they found a whole lot of tobacco crumbs."

"Tobacco crumbs?"

"That's what the cop told me. He said there was some charred tobacco, some bits of charred cigarette paper and fragments of tobacco that hadn't been charred. They made some kind of analysis and found out



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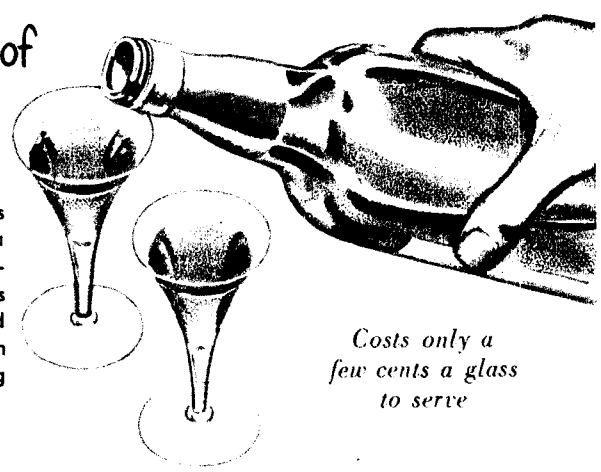

Costs only a few cents a glass to serve

it came from cigarettes. They even know the brand of the cigarettes."

"But what was all that tobacco doing in my brief case?" Neil asked.

"If you want to ask questions," she said, "what was the gun doing in your brief case?"

"The murderer planted it there."

"Then how about the tobacco?"

"There was no reason for him to have planted the tobacco," Neil said.

"How do you know?"

"I don't," he admitted.

"You don't carry cigarettes in your brief case?"

He shook his head. "I keep them in a cigarette case in my pocket. I don't smoke much. Three or four a day, and I seldom smoke before noon. What's all this about the burnt crumbs of tobacco in the brief case?"

"Charred crumbs and bits of paper."

"As though someone had been using the brief case for an ash tray?"

"No. The cop said they didn't find any ashes."

Neil said, "That's so strange that there must be a reason for it—and the reason may be important."

"Well, eat your breakfast. Then I've got to tell you some bad news."

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

"No, no. Keep your shirt on," she said. "As far as I know, nothing's happened to Ellen Jasper. It's about Alva Kenton."

"What about him?"

"He's been called in to question all of the bank employees about the holdup and the murder. He's going to be here today."

"Well," he said, "maybe he'll uncover something."

"I guess you don't remember what I told you," she said. "He does his work here."

"Oh-oh!" Neil said.

"And," she went on, "this is the only place I have to hide you."

"Then I'll have to take a chance on moving on. After all, I can't do much if I'm always hiding. I might as well be in jail."

"But as soon as you show your face they'll arrest you. You've made your gamble now, Neil, and you'll have to see it through. The time for you to have surrendered was when you first knew you were wanted. It's too late now."

"But I can't do any good by hiding all the time, Gladys."

"I know you can't. I've been thinking about that, too. You'll have to work at night and keep out of sight during the day. I have one place where I can put you today. It won't be comfortable but it should be safe. Come on, I'll show you."

She led him to a storage closet. "The partitions don't run all the way to the ceiling," she said, "and you'll have to be careful you don't sneeze or cough or anything because anyone in the next room could hear you—and that's where Alva Kenton will be working. On the other hand, you can hear what goes on."

"Why the sudden desire to put everyone on a polygraph?" he asked.

"I gather that the police have an idea the murder of Frank Crenshaw and the robbery of the bank might not have had anything to do with each other," she said.

"Then it must have been a pretty remarkable coincidence."

"Well, aren't all coincidences remarkable?"

"Sometimes."

"For instance," she went on, "yesterday I didn't even know you, and now I—well, what *am* I doing?"

He met her eyes and said, "Compounding a felony."

She smiled. "You're trying to frighten me now, aren't you? I somehow have a feeling that no girl who trusted you ever regretted it."

"That," he said, "makes me feel too innocent."

"Oh, I don't worry about it," she said, and, turning suddenly, she left the room.

NEIL ANSON sat on a camp stool in the crowded supply closet. Over the partition which stopped about three feet from the ceiling, he could hear the sound of men's voices and knew that Alva Kenton was getting ready to set up his lie-detector machine. Neil could hear Gladys Leland's voice too, but he couldn't distinguish the words.

Then, as a door opened, the voices became clearer and he heard a man saying, "Nonsense, Gladys, I might as well use this same room that I've always used. It's perfectly comfortable. I'd be interfering with your business if I took one of the other rooms. People can wait in that room where the chairs are and I'll take them in here one at a time."

"Well, all right," Gladys said. "Only I thought perhaps the other room—"

"Pay tax! Pay tax! Pay tax! Is that all you think of— the Federal Government?"

COLLIER'S — BANDEL LINN

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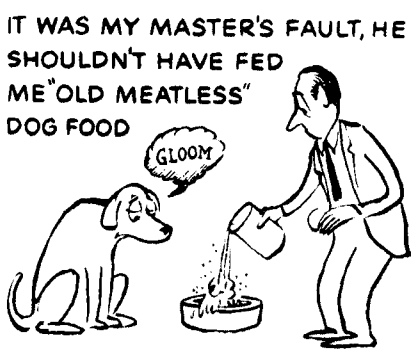
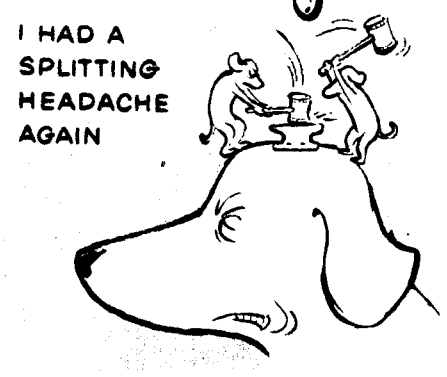
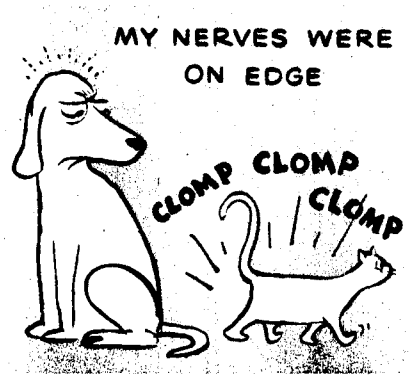
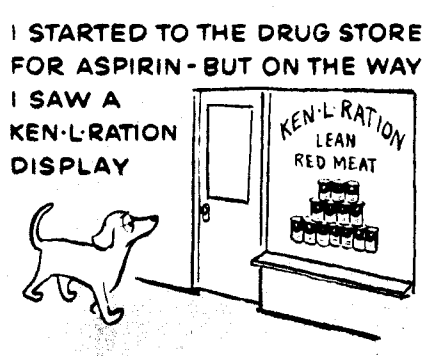
I Led a Sad Dog's Life

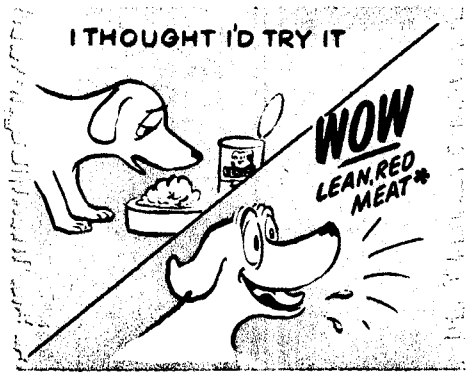
UNTIL I SWITCHED TO KEN-L-RATION











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"No, no, Gladys. That's all right. Now let me set up the machine here and I'll get going. Carl, will you give me a hand, please?"

Neil straightened up. Kenton must be talking to Carl Harman, the lawyer—the one witness who could corroborate Neil's story and prove that some other person must have taken his brief case out of the bank. He'd said that he saw Neil leave and noticed that he didn't have a brief case with him.

NEIL was able to hear what Harman was saying as distinctly as though he had been standing in the room. He gathered that the conversation was taking place just outside the partition.

"There are some developments in this case," Harman said, "that leave me rather unsympathetic to the police theory."

"Don't you think Anson killed him?" Kenton asked.

"Frankly, Alva, I don't. I was coming down Fifth Street, walking slowly, smoking a cigarette, when I saw Neil Anson come out of the side door of the bank. I would say that was several minutes before the burglar alarm went off. He had his coat over his arm but he definitely wasn't carrying a brief case."

"Don't you think he might have had it in his hand with the coat draped over it?"

"No, he had his coat over his arm. I'm thoroughly satisfied that he not only wasn't carrying a brief case but that he wasn't carrying anything at all."

"You've told the police about it?"

"Yes, I have. As a matter of fact, I didn't really think about it until Crenshaw's secretary, Miss Jasper, called me up last night. Then I realized that if Anson hadn't been carrying the brief case when he left the bank, he couldn't possibly have left it in the station yesterday afternoon with the gun in it."

"Then the person who murdered Crenshaw must have killed him right after Neil Anson left the office. That person must have gotten hold of Anson's brief case and must have entered and left Crenshaw's office without anyone seeing him. That's pretty much of an impossibility, Carl."

"That's the way the police feel," Harman said. "Of course, that puts Miss Jasper right on the spot. The police think Anson must have handed his brief case to her and that she hid it for him. They've checked the time element very carefully and they're quite convinced that no one could have entered or left that office after Anson went out."

"Well, that sounds pretty sensible to me, especially since any other explanation seems to be impossible," Alva Kenton said.

"You don't get what I'm driving at," Harman said. "Why should Miss Jasper have been an accomplice?"

"Why not? She worked for Neil Anson. She had an opportunity to see a lot of him. And—"

"You still don't get it. Why should she have been his accomplice? Why couldn't she have been the one who murdered Crenshaw?"

"You mean *she* killed him all by herself?"

"Exactly."

"Then the murder wasn't connected with the holdup?"

"Of course not. The holdup is what ruined her plans. You knew Crenshaw and I knew him. He was a hard man to work for. When Anson left, Crenshaw called Miss Jasper into his office. She'd probably had to put up with a lot before. This time she shot him. No one would have heard the shot, since the office was soundproof. Then she went back to her office and started typing. She probably planned to go off on an errand or something; and when the body was found, she could say someone must have come in while she was out. The holdup and the burglar alarm ruined her plan."

There was a moment's silence, then Kenton said, "Carl, I believe you have something!"

"Okay," Harman said. "Put her on the polygraph and sweat the hell out of her."

Anson heard a door open and then close; then for several minutes there was complete silence.

Sitting there in the semidarkness of the storage closet, Neil Anson suddenly realized just how black a case could be made against Ellen if the police stopped thinking of him as the murderer. Then it came to him with a shock that for him to prove himself innocent would be to prove Ellen guilty.

Neil found himself wondering about the evidence against her. Perhaps self-defense or some sudden provocation . . . ?

His thoughts were interrupted by Kenton's voice as he began the first polygraph test.

"Now I'm going to adjust this pressure cuff on your arm. That enables the machine to pick up changes in your blood pressure. This clamp I'm putting on your hand measures your skin resistance. This band around your chest measures differences in the rhythm of your respiration. I want to impress upon you the necessity of telling the absolute truth in all matters . . ."

And so the preliminary patter went on—the attempt to put the subject at his ease, yet at the same time to impress upon him the importance of co-operating in the test.

Neil heard the pulsing beat of the machine as the paper tape started to revolve and the three needles swung back and forth, leaving a graph line along the paper. Alva Kenton's questions were asked in a voice that did not change with the nature of the question.

"Did you have breakfast this morning? Have you embezzled any money from your employers at any time? Do you smoke? Do you have any knowledge of the murder of Frank Crenshaw? Do you take sugar in your coffee? . . ." The important questions were sandwiched in between routine ones.

Two of the bank employees went through the long examination placidly. With the third, Neil sensed a certain tension.

It wasn't until Kenton had gone through his preliminary patter to put the subject at ease that Neil realized the reason for the tension. Kenton said, "Now if you'll make yourself comfortable in the chair, Mr. Durant, we'll go ahead with the test. Is your first name George? Do you smoke?" Neil knew then that this was George Durant, the teller who had been held up in the counting room of the bank.

AS THE questioning went on, Neil got the impression that for some reason a definite finger of suspicion had been pointed at George Durant. He listened to the steady flow of the questions:

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"No," came the answer in a bored tone.

"Have you ever embezzled any money from the Farmers and Manufacturers Commercial and Savings Bank?"

"No."

"Did you have breakfast this morning?"

"Yes."

"Was the card you just picked out of the pack I gave you the four of hearts?"

"No."

"Do you have any guilty knowledge of the robbery at the bank?"

"No."

"Have you ever been convicted of a felony?"

"No."

"Do you have any knowledge of the death of Frank Crenshaw?"

"No."

"Did you lie to the police in any of the statements you made about what had happened at the bank yesterday?"

"No."

"Was the card you picked out the ten of diamonds?"

"No."

The questioning droned on repetitiously for almost half an hour. Then Kenton said, "Now I'm going to ask you to take a brief rest, Mr. Durant, and then I want to ask you some more questions."

"Say, what's the idea?" Durant said angrily. "I've taken these tests before. I know a routine test when I see one. You're giving me the works this time."

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"This isn't a routine test," Kenton said dryly. "This *is* different. There's been a holdup and a murder. Naturally the tests are different this time."

"Well, it's different from the test you're giving the others."

"How do you know it is?"

"Because I—well, I think it is. You're taking more time with me."

Kenton made no comment.

"And you're asking me to come back."

"How do you know that I haven't asked the others to come back?"

"Oh, all right," Durant said, "I suppose I have to go through all this monkey business. If I didn't I suppose you'd say I was acting suspicious. But if I hadn't taken a chance on getting shot and set off the burglar alarm, the bank would have been out a lot more dough. I saved the bank money and this is the thanks I get."

"I'm only carrying out the instructions that were given to me," Kenton said. "Now just smoke a cigarette and try to get yourself composed so we can go ahead with the test. I can't get any accurate readings while you're mad or upset."

"Well, I'm going to keep right on being mad as long as you keep on giving me this kind of a deal," Durant said.

"The longer you do, the longer you're going to have to stay here," Kenton said. "I have my instructions. I'm representing the bank. You're working for the bank. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, I'll stay here and take it, I guess," Durant said sulkily. "How much longer am I going to have to be here?"

"That's entirely up to you."

"Some of the other guys have already taken their test and gone back to the bank," Durant complained.

"They didn't have the opportunity you had to see the hold-up man, to know how—"

"Oh, all right," Durant interrupted. "I guess I'm stuck. I had some things to take care of this morning, though. Is there anyone out there who can take a message back to the bank?"

"Nathan Edwards."

"How much longer am I going to be here?"

"Perhaps another hour."

"Well," Durant said, "the bank wants some papers on a loan. Look, ask Nathan Edwards to go to the bank and wait for a call from Dr. Lancaster, will you? Lancaster was supposed to let us know what arrangements have been made about delivering them."

"You think he'll call within an hour?"

"Probably," Durant said.

"All right, I'll tell him. Now you sit there and cool off. I'm going out and leave you alone for a while. Settle down and relax."

Neil heard a door open and close. Then, after a moment, he heard the sound of quick motion, then Durant's voice, apparently speaking to a telephone operator, saying, "South 8169."

AFTER a pause, Neil heard Durant's voice again, low, insistent. "Get Dr. Lancaster on the phone right away. Hello, Doctor, this is G.D.62. Look, Doc, they're giving me the works. They're suspicious as hell. Now look, there's one angle we've got to cover. You'll have to make this guy immune. Now wait a minute. Keep your shirt on. How did I know you were going to turn this other angle into a gold mine? We're in this and we've got to stay with it. Look, I haven't time to argue. Call up the bank in fifteen minutes. Ask for the man I instructed about the Lancaster loan and tell him to come out and pick up the papers that were to be delivered as collateral. You won't know this guy's name. Give him the works. Immunize him on everything. Okay. Good-by."

Neil heard Durant put down the receiver and begin to pace up and down the room. After a while there was a sound of the door opening.

"Well, are you feeling better?" Alva Kenton asked.

"Hell, no!" George Durant told him. "But let's get this finished."

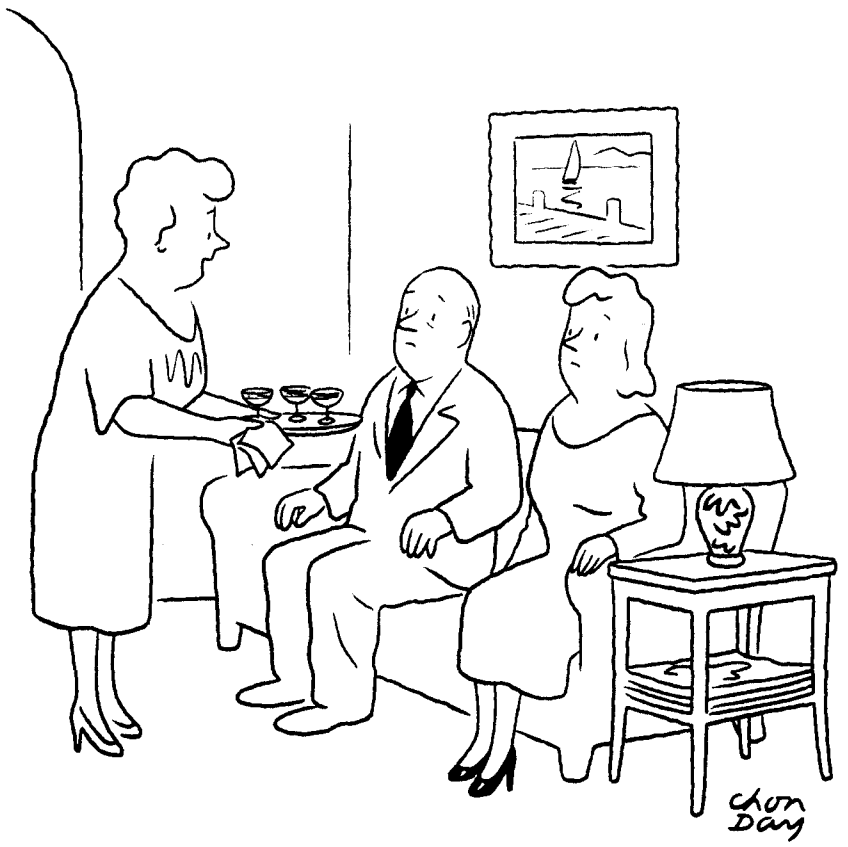
"Let me feel your pulse." After a moment's silence, Kenton said, "Look, Durant, this isn't going to do you any good. You're mad and you're excited. You know as well as I do we have to have a calm, detached attitude to run a good test. Why don't you take a walk and relax?"

"A walk?" Durant asked.

"Sure. Go out and take a walk around the block. Inhale deeply. Keep your mind entirely off this business we've been talking about. When you come back we'll go on the polygraph again."

"Going over those same questions?" Durant asked.

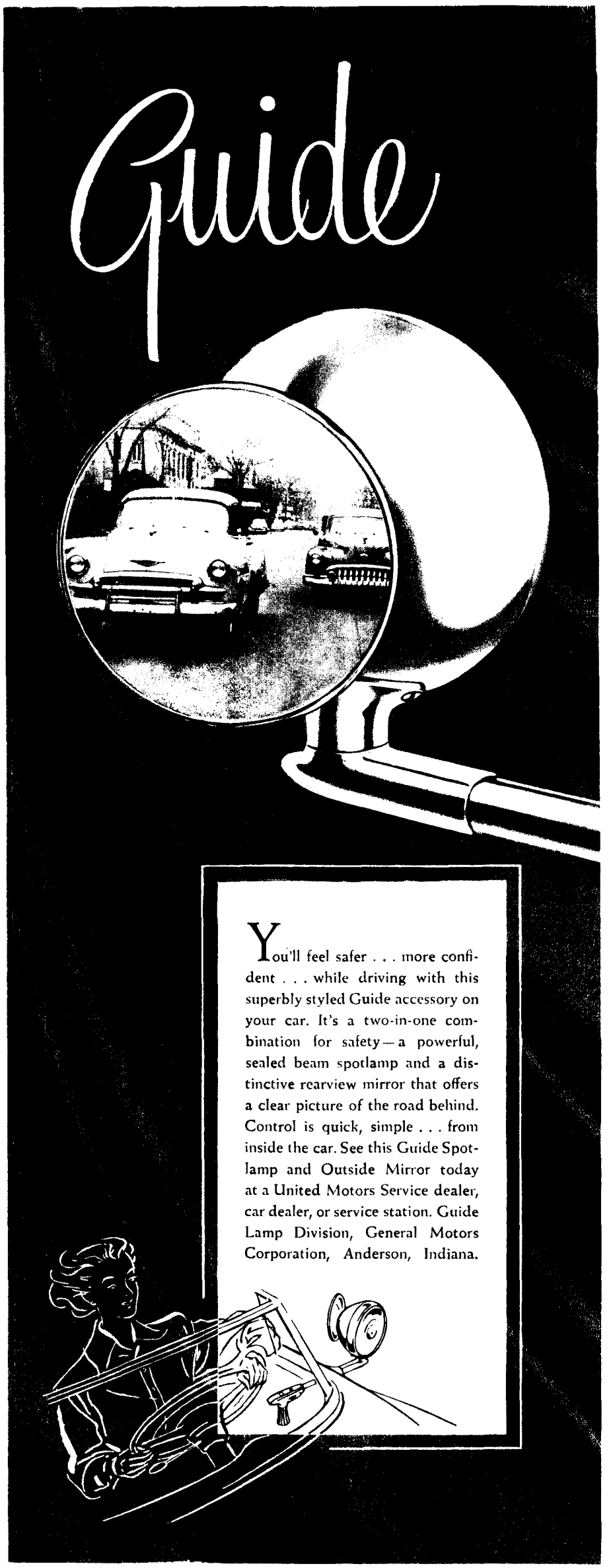
"Probably different ones," Kenton said. "Why? Are you worried about it?"



COLLIER'S

"I'm afraid that these Daiquiris aren't very strong. I couldn't find the rum"

CHON DAY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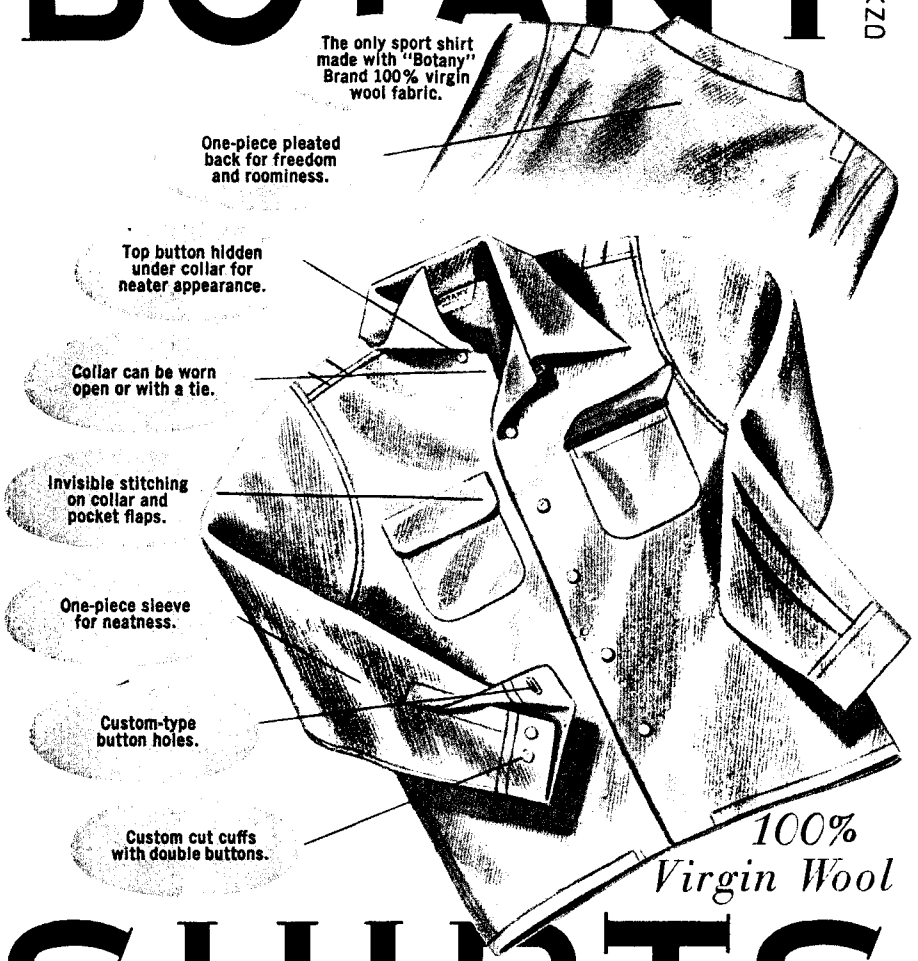
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"I'm not worried, I'm mad."

"Don't get mad."

"All right, I'll take a walk. I can stop in at the bank and—"

"No. Don't go to the bank. Walk around the other block. Don't talk to anyone. Take a good brisk walk, then come back and smoke a cigarette and settle down."

"All right."

Again the door opened and closed.

Neil wondered why Kenton suddenly seemed so anxious to have Durant out of the way.

ONCE more he heard a door open and close: then a woman's voice, which he somehow felt he had heard before, said in a half whisper, "I saw him going out."

"I told him to walk around the block," Kenton said.

"How's he doing?" the woman's voice asked.

"There's something wrong."

"Where?"

"Either with your information or with mine. You're sure there can't be any mistake?"

"Not the faintest possibility in the world," the woman's voice said emphatically.

"Well, of course," Kenton said, "there have been cases where—"

"I know. Mistaken identity. But this isn't one."

"You'd better leave," he said. "He may be back any minute."

"Is he suspicious?"

"Terribly. I left him in here alone. I think he used the phone. He's worried. Here, I'll go out to the alley door with you."

When he heard them leave, Neil peeked out of the closet and saw that the door Kenton and the woman had gone through was open a crack. He decided to take a chance and come out of the closet long enough at least to get a glimpse of the mysterious woman's back.

Luck was against him. Just as he reached the door he saw a man coming toward him. There was nothing to do but brazen it out. Neil pushed the door open and sauntered out.

The newcomer stood aside and asked, "Is this the room where we're taking the polygraph tests?"

Neil nodded and walked past him.

A moment later a man, who Neil judged must be Alva Kenton, came hurrying back from an adjoining room. He brushed past Neil, hardly seeing him, and said with routine courtesy, "If you'll just be seated a few moments, it won't be long. I have one ahead of you."

He went into the room where the polygraph was, and Neil heard him say apologetically, "I'm sorry. We're finishing up a test with another man. If you don't mind, please wait in the other room."

There was a row of chairs in this room and for a moment Neil thought of sitting down and pretending he was waiting his turn to take a test, but he was afraid he'd be recognized, so he kept on going, hoping to find Gladys Leland and another hiding place. But the next door that Neil opened led directly into the reception room of the beauty parlor. Two women who were waiting glanced up at him, then went back to the magazines.

Neil knew that if he went toward the inner rooms of the beauty shop, he'd really attract attention. Once that happened, he would almost certainly be recognized. So, keeping his manner as casual as possible, he strolled out through the street door of the reception room.

Luck, for a change, was with him. A taxi was waiting at the curb near the corner. Anson signaled it and said to the driver, "Do you know where Dr. Lancaster's office is?"

"Sure, I know him," the cabdriver said. "I'll take you there. He has his office in a big house out on Hemlock."

"That's the one," Neil Anson said.

EXCEPT for the brass name plate beside the front door Doctor Lancaster's office looked like a large private house. The front of the house seemed cheerful and homelike, but a small sign in the driveway said PATIENTS USE REAR ENTRANCE, PLEASE.

The taxi driver said, half resentfully, "I don't know why he has to make his patients go around to the back as though they were delivery boys. He seems to have lots of business, though."

"Local people?" Neil asked.

"Naw. Most of them are from out of town."

"What sort of a practice does he have?" Neil asked, and instantly regretted the question.

The taxi driver turned to take a long look at him. "Say, mister," he said, "don't *you* know?"

Neil shook his head.

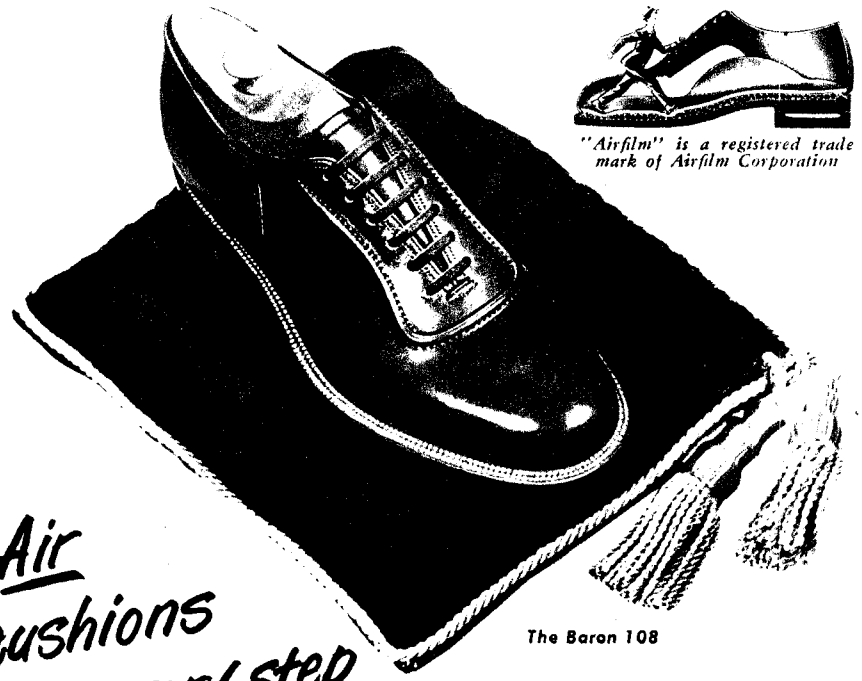
"Well, how come you're going to him?" the taxi driver asked.

"I want to sell him some insurance," Neil explained.

"Oh, that's different. He's one of those—what do you call 'em—psychoanalysts."

"Oh, I see."

The cabdriver swept the car around the



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H-49

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S

"It's a good thing Gramaw don't see so good. The cat ate her canary"

REAMER KELLER

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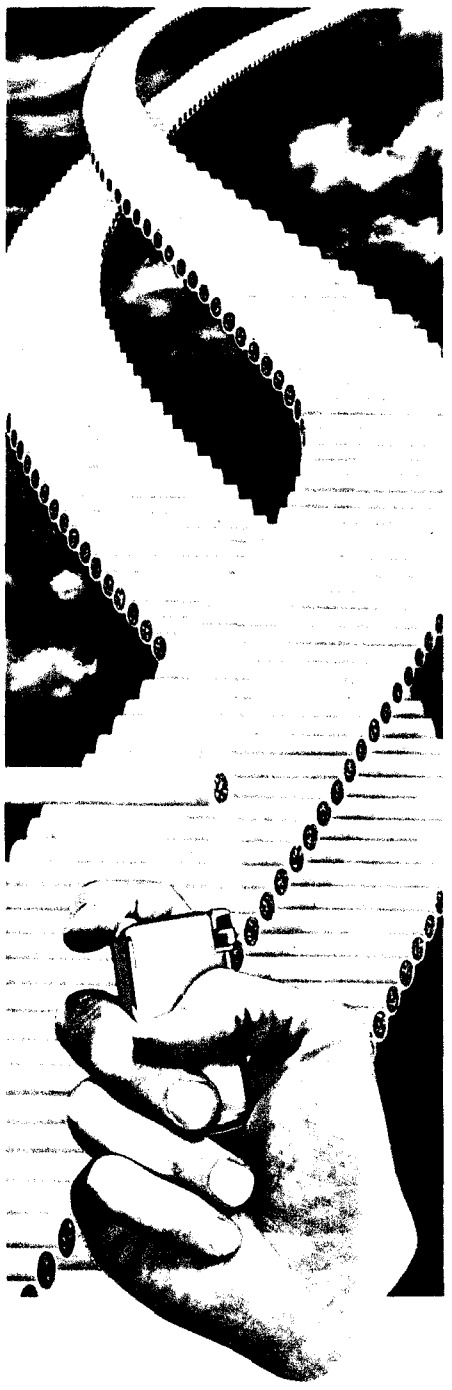

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gravel driveway. "Want me to wait?" he asked.

"You might as well," Neil said. "I don't think I'm going to be long."

"There's a parking place over here where cabs can wait," the cabdriver said. "I've waited here before. You go right in that door there on the side. It used to be a sun porch and now they've closed it in and fixed it up for offices."

Neil got out of the cab and walked across the gravel to the door marked Patients' Entrance, and opened it. A bell jangled melodiously, a door at the far end of the small room opened, and a poker-faced young woman in a starched white uniform said, "Good morning."

Neil had to take a chance. "G.D.62," he said.

The nurse frowned slightly and said, "Come this way, please."

She led the way down a corridor which had doors on each side like a hotel hallway. She opened a door and said, "In there, and relax, please."

NEIL ANSON sank into an easy chair and realized that he had never sat in a more comfortable chair in his life. It was made to conform to the contours of the body and apparently was upholstered in foam rubber.

"I believe you're to see the doctor right away," said the young woman.

Neil nodded.

"Just a moment," she said.

She stepped out, closing the door behind her. Neil relaxed, put his head against the soft back of the chair and heaved a deep sigh.

A moment later the nurse returned to the room. "Take off your coat, please," she said briskly.

For a moment Neil hesitated; then, getting to his feet, he slipped off his coat. She motioned to his left arm. "Roll up your sleeve."

He did so.

Suddenly he felt the coldness of cotton soaked in alcohol, then the jab of a hypodermic.

Before he could jerk his arm away, he felt the drug being injected.

"What's the matter?" she asked, holding tightly to his wrist. "You almost broke the needle."

"You surprised me," he said.

"I'm sorry. I thought you knew this was part of the treatment."

"You must have hit a nerve."

"I didn't. I went just under the skin," the nurse said. "You're jumpy. You can't be like that when the doctor sees you. You must know that."

She turned and left the room, taking the hypodermic with her.

Neil was uneasy about the injection. He tried to squeeze the liquid out, but succeeded only in making a red spot on his arm.

For a moment he thought of going back out to the taxi, but if he did that, he wouldn't have learned anything. So he rolled down his sleeve, put his coat on and settled back into the chair.

After a few moments a delicious sense of well-being took hold of him. He knew that he was in a great deal of trouble; that the police wanted him for murder, that his chances of escaping arrest were getting smaller all the time and that, in playing a hunch, he had probably put himself in the hands of an enemy.

But he had no feeling of apprehension, only a tolerant, bemused contemplation of these dangers. He felt as though it was all happening to someone else.

After a few moments Neil thought he would cross his legs but when he started to move them, he found that he had no inclination to make even the faintest physical effort.

The door opened.

The man who came into the room was a lean, tense man with a long straight nose, a small close-clipped black mustache and a firm thin mouth.

"Good morning," he said.

"Hello," Neil said.

"Look at me, please."

His tone was compelling and Neil found himself obeying.

"You wish to be given immunity to the polygraph?" the man said.

"That's right."

"The drug is beginning to take effect?" the man asked.

"I guess so," Neil said, still looking into his eyes.

"At this time you will not need to speak," Dr. Lancaster told him. "You are perfectly relaxed, you are about to drift into a brief period of restful unconsciousness, a sleep that will soothe you and leave you refreshed. It is an easy sleep, a restful sleep. You can feel the sleep coming on. There is warmth, there is—"

Suddenly Neil felt desperately afraid and tried to struggle to his feet.

It was too late. The hypnotic power of Dr. Lancaster's eyes held him. He couldn't make any physical effort.

"Do not struggle," the man ordered, without changing the even tempo of his voice. "You must co-operate. The only way you can be given safety is to co-operate. You wish to be safe. You wish to be free of worries. But you have been nervous, you have been frightened. You will sleep. Sleep will soothe you and rest you. Fear will slip away from you. What is your name?"

To his surprise, Neil heard his own voice saying, "Neil Anson."

"Ah, yes, Neil Anson," Dr. Lancaster said, "and unless I am mistaken, the police want to arrest you for murder. Is it not so, Mr. Anson?"

"Yes."

"You have been avoiding the police," the voice went on. "You are worried, you are afraid. But presently sleep will come upon you and in sleep you will find encouragement and protection. You must not fight me, Mr. Anson. You must not struggle with your will to resist mine. You have placed yourself in my power. You must do as I say. Right now you are interested in complete restful sleep, during which time your mind will be relieved of all its worries. But first you must tell me how you came here. You resorted to trickery, did you not, Mr. Anson?"

A part of Neil's mind semed to struggle against answering, but he already seemed to be half asleep, and he heard his own voice as though it came from a great distance.

"I heard George Durant tell you about his accomplice. I took that man's place."

"And how did you hear all that, Mr. Anson?"

"I was hiding in a room at the beauty shop."

"At what beauty shop?"

"At Gladys Leland's beauty shop."

"Ah yes. And the polygraph operator was giving tests?"

"Yes."

"And why did you come to me?"

"Because I didn't murder Frank Crenshaw and because I knew there was something wrong. I had an idea George Durant knew something about what happened. I also had an idea he had found out how to beat the lie detector."

"What made you think that, Mr. Anson?"

"I heard Durant telephone you."

"You overheard that telephone conversation?"

"Yes."

"We must tell Mr. Durant to be more careful, but that is something which need not concern you, Mr. Anson. You are now about to sleep. You are drifting away into unconsciousness. Your mind will be relieved of worry. You will be safe. You will fear no pursuit. You will sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep."

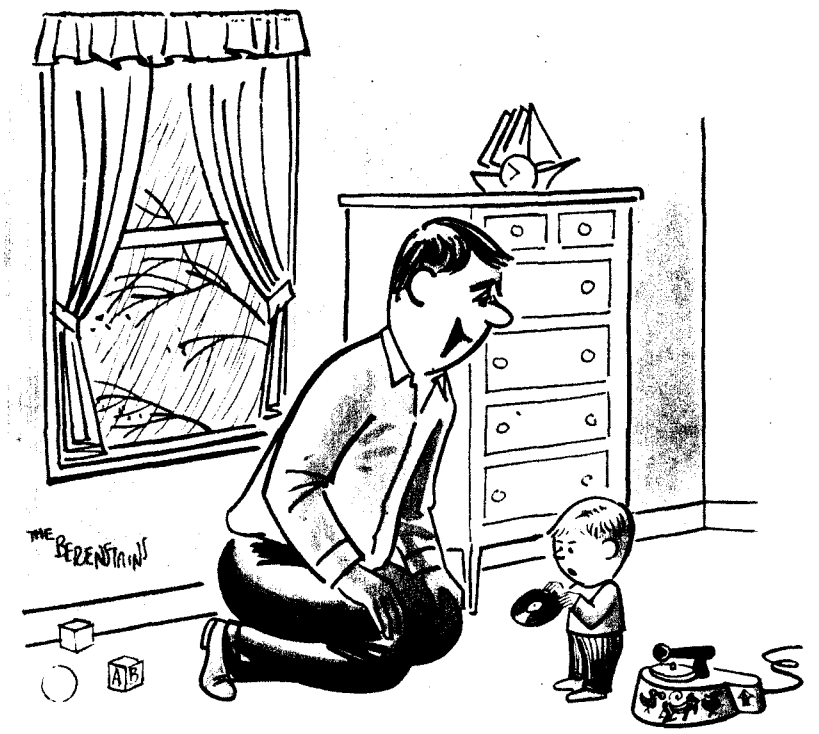
Neil tried to fight the blackness which seemed to be surrounding him.

"Don't struggle," Dr. Lancaster said sternly. "Sleep."

It was an effective order.

Blackness settled around Neil Anson and in a few moments he was unconscious.

(To be continued next week)



"I'll try to explain why you can't play your Old MacDonald record. There's a big, big storm outside and the wind is blowing very, very hard—hear it? . . . Br-r-r-r! And somewhere that mean old wind blew a tree down on the electric wires and shut off the electricity and that's why our lights won't light, the toaster won't work and Mommy can't run the vacuum. Daddy called up the man and he said he's going to fix it real soon. So until it's fixed, nothing that has wires is going to work . . . Understand?"

COLLIER'S

"I wanna hear my Old MacDonald record"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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Ireland Today

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Dail (Parliament) for the last time on February 18, 1948. There might come another day, but this was certainly not it. Eamon De Valera in his Spartan, dogmatic way had solemnly warned that a "terrible gloom will descend if you don't re-elect me." That gloom—or whatever the *Fianna Fail* leader had in mind—descended on him. In the general election he lost his over-all majority.

"*Fianna Fail,*" said Dublin, "has become as sluggish as the Liffey at low tide—and there's always a bit of a smell at low tide."

De Valera Makes Double Talk

De Valera told the voters, "You have heard of splinters flying off a chisel, but did you ever hear of them coming together to make another chisel?" The voters had not. But that's precisely what happened. De Valera was surprised. Nobody was more surprised than John Aloysius Costello.

With 18 months of his full term to run, Eamon De Valera declared an election because of the emergence of a new political party under the leadership of suave, cosmopolite Sean MacBride. Called *Clann na Poblachta* (Republican Party), this new party put into words the ennui of the Irish people.

De Valera had ruled the nation for so long that his ever-growing political machine had all but strangled the voices of the opposition. However noble and religious his motives, despite his achievements and benevolence, his reign had been near despotic. In the interest of Irish independence, he had hung the millstone of Ireland's oppressed past so heavily about the nation's neck that its people had been reduced to a plethora of self-martyrdom.

During the election, Ireland was plastered with posters showing De Valera striding along with a brief case under his arm. Beneath was the slogan: "We are ready to continue the advance." The Irish added a caustic touch of their own; they wrote across hundreds of the posters the bitter comment: "Is your journey really necessary?"

Opposing De Valera's *Fianna Fail* government in the *Dail* were five distinct parties and a number of Independents. Led by General Richard Mulcahy, one of the heroes of the Irish war for independence, the oldest and largest party was *Fine Gael* (United Ireland party) of which John Costello was a member. The most energetic and vigorous party: MacBride's *Clann na Poblachta.*

Next came two Labor parties, a Farmer's Party and the Independents led by the finest orator in the *Dail,* dynamic James Dillon. Was it possible that the opposition might join in a semicoalition government against De Valera? In a land which has had no normal political development for centuries, it did not seem so. It was known that egocentric De Valera would not join a national coalition government. But two men thought the miracle might be arranged despite him. The men were Sean MacBride and General Richard Mulcahy.

John Costello was quietly at work in his book-lined study when the call came. A quiet, unassuming man, he has only three pleasures: his family, his golf, his fat, smooth dachshund Slemish. Broad-shouldered with bushy eyebrows, and a gray lock of hair across his forehead, Costello at fifty-nine looks stern and severe, but actually he's extremely mild. So mild in fact that he has been known to sit on the edge of a chair for hours simply because he didn't want to disturb Slemish asleep on his lap.

Costello wasn't quite so mild in the courtroom. Once a judge interrupted his pleading to point out cleverly that in the case the attorney was defending, a contrary decision had been handed down by a Scottish judge, Lord Cullen. "Never heard of him," snapped Costello and went on to win the case. The judgment of the Scottish court had to be reversed.

He had reached the peak of his career as Ireland's most successful constitutional lawyer, and a judgeship beckoned, when he was interrupted in preparing his briefs for his next court session by a call from the *Fine Gael* leader, General Mulcahy. Would Costello become *Taoiseach* (leader or Prime Minister) of an "interparty" government? "Don't be absurd," said the startled Costello.

Costello was acceptable to all parties because of his coolheaded ability and integrity. Yet he is probably the only man in Irish history ever to refuse his nation's highest post. He was perfectly happy being a *Fine Gael* front-bencher, though it is true that he had been slipping in the eyes of his youngest son John, a tousled redhead.

"Tiernan MacBride's father," he had ruefully explained, "has his own party now. When are you going to have yours, Father?"

At the height of the political crisis, Costello picked up his clubs and headed for the golf course. As captain of the Portmarnock Golf Club (Ireland's St. Andrews), where he consistently shoots in the 80s, he wanted to get into practice for a match the next day. Also the links provide him with a place to think.

When he returned that evening, he had not changed his mind. Then the doorbell began to ring. His colleagues were calling, all with the same question. They all got the same answer: "Don't be absurd."

"Just how long do you think I could keep all the parties in agreement?" he asked his close friend Sean MacBride.

MacBride, a distinguished lawyer himself and today Ireland's Foreign Minister, saw Costello as the one man to end the political strife and recrimination which for so long had been a feature of Irish politics and one that desperately retarded the country. "If no alternative government to De Valera is formed, you will regret the decision all your life," MacBride told him.

A Rebuff for Mr. Dillon

One of the many callers that evening was ebullient James Dillon. Dublin wits say he called so often that Costello finally locked the door and spoke to his friend from a window. "James, go home," he's reputed to have said. "The answer is no."

Dillon, who looks like a mild version of Sydney Greenstreet with a copy of Caesar's Gallic Wars under one arm and the Oxford Dictionary under the other, glared at Costello. "Jack, you're a stubborn man," he pouted, "in fact, you're positively daft." Then he turned magnificently and strode down the pathway to the gate.

Some say it was the pleading of his son which made Costello finally accept. But there was perhaps another reason. Years before, in preparing for his first case, he received some advice which had guided him ever since. Arriving at the court, he was asked by his senior what he had in a bulging leather case under his arm. Costello told him that it contained enough evidence to prove his client absolutely innocent. His senior took the case from him and said: "Wait until you hear the other fellow's evidence, then fire away." Costello never forgot.

When he took his seat in the *Dail* that February in 1948, he had examined the "other fellow's evidence" very thoroughly. He believed that he could bring peace, harmony and prosperity to Ireland and its proud people. Upstairs in the gallery the Costello family waited tensely for the memorable session to begin.

The Speaker banged his gavel, called the house to order. The election had made it plain that the people preferred no particular party. It was now up to the *Dail* to elect a new Prime Minister and government.

Clad in his usual somber black clothes,

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the sixty-five-year-old De Valera sat quietly, his chin cupped in his hands.

Two *Fianna Fail* back-benchers, in answer to the Speaker's call for nominations, named Eamon De Valera for the post of *Taoiseach*. Shrewd politician General Mulcahy, *Fine Gael* leader, nominated John Costello. De Valera smiled sourly at the opposition benches.

That was enough for James Dillon. The most notorious De Valera baiter in the *Dail* and the one member the gaunt De Valera disliked crossing swords with, Dillon jumped to his feet and snapped: "You, sir, are on your way out." Then in the slight silence that followed, he added pontifically, "And thanks be to God."

De Valera smiled quietly.

Fianna Fail Is Voted Out

But the Deity was to be invoked again later. The first vote was taken. In a dead silence, the Speaker read the result. De Valera had lost 70 to 75. His party called for another vote. De Valera lost again, this times 68 to 75. Up jumped a young Independent representative, Oliver Flanagan. Raising his voice over the commotion in the chamber, he yelled at De Valera: "Thanks be to God that I have lived to see this day."

De Valera calmly took off his glasses, put them in a case, rose and walked out of the chamber. But for petulantly calling an election, he would have remained in power. Perhaps he remembered that as he walked out of the *Dail* which he had rigidly ruled for 16 long years. Behind him, like tired plowmen, trooped out his *Fianna Fail* party. From here on they would be the opposition. Upstairs in the gallery young John Costello's eyes sought out his competitor, Tiernan MacBride.

To a nation of only 3,000,000, long used to a straight diet of nationalism under Eamon De Valera, Costello and his realists were expected to last about six weeks. *Fianna Fail* announced that they would stand ready to save Ireland from this "contrivance of lawyers."

Dublin's sawdust and spittoon Joycean pubs heard many a bet with odds ranging from 10-1 against their staying in power three months to 50-1 against their completing the full term of five years.

In the conservative University Club, overlooking Dublin's picturesque, flower-speckled St. Stephen's Green, a member saw the political strategy this way: "Within a month *Fianna Fail* will have smeared the new government pro-British and that will be the end."

John Costello and his government are still very much in power (and even if his government were to fall tomorrow because of world conditions, he has set the pattern for the future development of Ireland).

Costello's normal, warm, friendly qualities appeal very much to the Irish. He likes to drive his own car without police escort or detectives. He hates having policemen guarding his home. He likes to answer his own phone and at first flatly refused to have a secretary.

Unlike De Valera, who always appeared a man on a misty mountaintop, and whose only recreation was the study of mathematics and other recondite subjects at the Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies, Costello loves the theater and is an avid movie fan. After a long day's work as Ireland's chief executive, he will be found, Slemish asleep on his lap, enjoying his favorite relaxation: reading whodunits.

A brilliant scholar, Costello was graduated in modern languages from Dublin University with first-class honors in 1911. He took his LL.B. with first-class honors in 1914 and was called to the Irish bar that same year.

It was perhaps prophetic that he should be a member of the University College's Literary and Historical Society, which has always been considered the cradle of orators and statesmen throughout Ireland and England. There, he was a leading member in debates which included such brilliant Irishmen as James Joyce, Donn Byrne and Patrick McGilligan, Ireland's present shrewd Minister of Finance.

From the start Costello made a name for himself as a lawyer. Soon he was asked to join Ireland's first government under William T. Cosgrave, and in 1925 he became Attorney General. Three times he represented his country at Imperial Conferences in London; five times he was Irish delegate to the League of Nations. But when De Valera came to power in 1932, Costello concentrated more and more on his law practice.

His voice was heard in many an Irish court as he battled for what often seemed a lost cause. De Valera will never forgive him for one such case.

Under the Irish Constitution which De Valera introduced in 1937, Gaelic became the official language of the nation. "The English language," reads Article VIII, "is recognized as a second official language." This was one of the high lights in the avowed program of the ascetic leader to revive Ireland's ancient Gaelic culture. The introduction of the Irish Education Act earlier had made it compulsory for children not only to learn the dead and awkward language, but to learn other subjects through that medium. "It was just the same as if Truman decided to make compulsory the learning of some Indian dialect in every classroom," a Dublin teacher said. A slight exaggeration, perhaps, but some idea of the deterrent clamped on Irish education.

More than 90 per cent of Irish children come from English-speaking homes. Many parents promptly sent them out of the country to English-speaking schools. Costello championed their cause, took the matter to the Supreme Court and, battling against the best government lawyers, won for Irish parents the right to decide, without state compulsion, what language their children should speak in their kindergarten years.

Not all families could afford to send their children out of the country for an education and those who were dependent on national schools had to study the language. The yoke of the archaic language has retarded Irish education by a good 20 years.

Gaelic Tests for Policemen

The De Valera administration over 16 years carried the language program to such fantastic extremes that it became absolutely impossible for young boys or girls to apply for state or municipal appointments unless they were thoroughly versed in Gaelic. Even policemen had to pass an oral Gaelic examination before being accepted. Place names were changed. The capital of Dublin, for example, became in Gaelic *Baile Atha Cliath;* the ancient port of Kingstown, *Dun Laoghaire;* the city of Cork, *Corcaigh.* A slightly farcical note crept in because of the limited vocabulary of the language. If there was no applicable word in Gaelic for an English word, the English expression was used. For example: telephone became *telefon*; hospital, *ospideal*; sanitorium remained simply *sanitorium*.

There are other holdovers from the previous administration. The censorship of books, magazines and movies for example.

The Irish ban the type of magazine which any active U.S. police vice squad would impound; but it is not quite clear why books and movies are censored or, as the Irish put it, "indexed." In some respects it appears absurd, for the list of banned authors includes such names as Ernest Hemingway, A. J. Cronin, George Bernard Shaw, Graham Greene, Christopher Morley, Erich Maria Remarque, Theodore Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham and nearly every major Irish novelist. The Irish people apparently are not considered capable of judging for themselves what is indecent, obscene or "pagan"—which, of course, is quite ridiculous. Yet that seems to be the reasoning of the Irish Board of Censors.

Irish intellectuals complain bitterly of this arbitrary safeguard of their morals. Writes Arland Ussher, Gaelic scholar and

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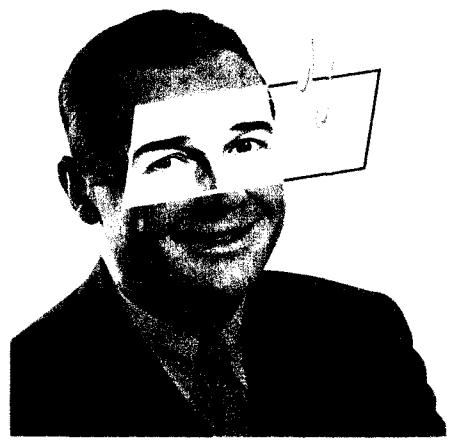

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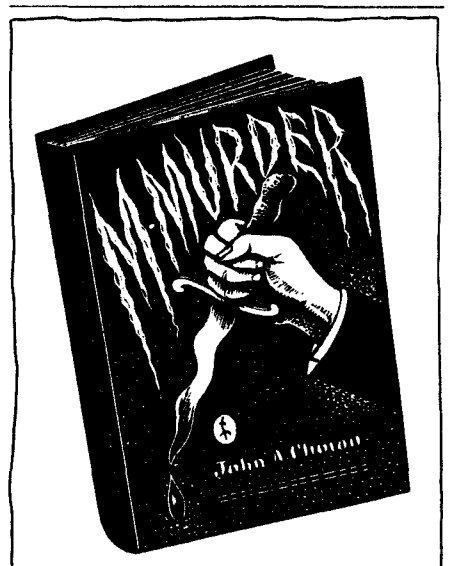

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philosopher: ". . . the Censors cannot really keep the works . . . [of the world's great authors] . . . from people who want them. Anyone who truly regards the . . . writers as purveyors of filth must be of the mental age of a schoolboy—and a dull, unpleasant schoolboy at that." Yet a very definite effort is made to keep "indexed" books out of the country. (Customs officers at Dublin's beautiful Collinstown airport took from the writer a copy of Maugham's The Razor's Edge in 1946. No explanation was given other than that it was "on the list.")

Less Rigid Film Censorship

Movies, too, are censored, but so slightly as to be inconsequential. However, Dublin moviegoers are convinced they are being cheated. Yet they are better off today under the present adult and liberal film censor than they were ten years ago when crudely excoriated films sometimes didn't make sense. But the fact remains that censorship in Ireland does exist.

Dare the Costello government—even if it wanted to—lift some of these regulations? A small minority feel that they should, but the political repercussions might prove disastrous. For, like the Gaelic language, the Irish have accepted these impositions as necessary evils. The majority prefer the situation to remain as it is.

Certainly the 100,000 fanatical "Irish foreign ministers" in the U.S. could be expected to object to such liberalism. They are "agin" everything. They "like the auld sod to remain as it is." They raise their voices on every issue—even those which have nothing to do with Ireland and its politics.

Recently, a group began picketing the controversial motion picture, The Miracle, in New York City. Nobody objected to them voicing their objections, but long-suffering Ireland was unwillingly brought into the matter. The pickets carried banners which clearly proclaimed them as belonging to the "Irish Minutemen."

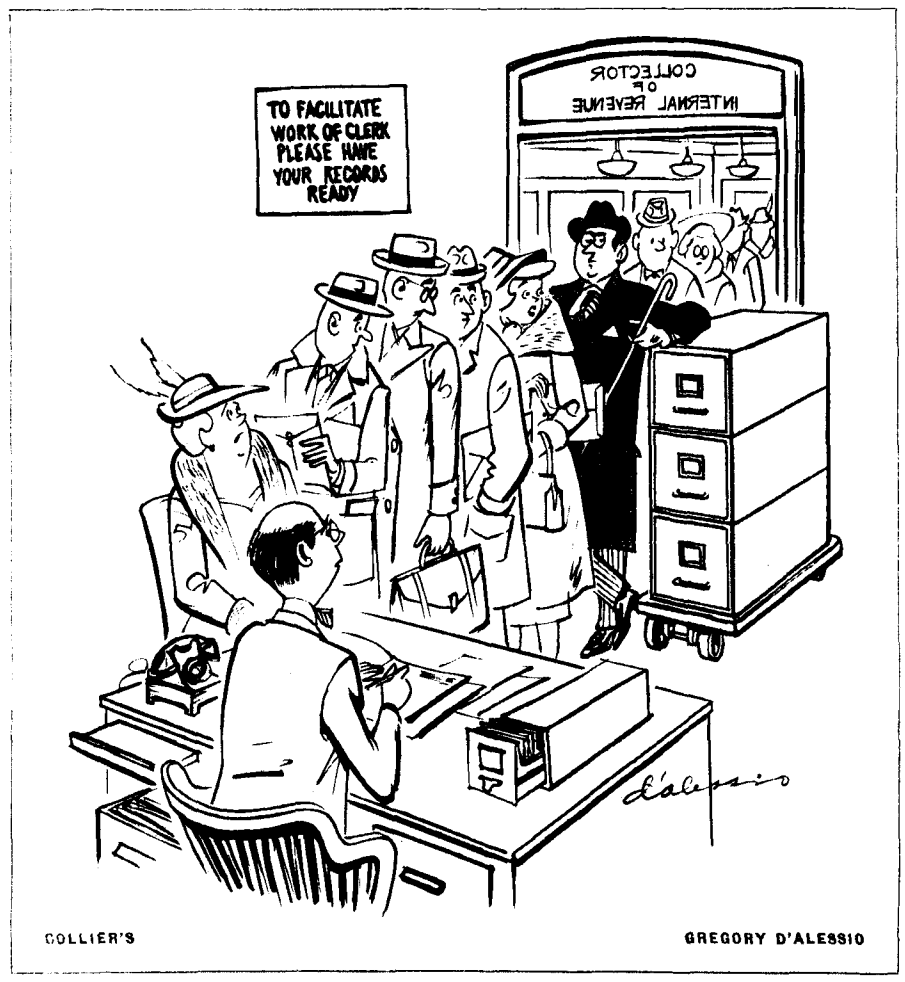
A few months back a senior consular official opened an Irish celebration at the Riverside Plaza Hotel in New York. Another speaker was Judge Matthew J. Troy, chairman of the "Irish Minutemen." Troy told the gathering, to the acute embarrassment of the consular official, that "Dublin could have gotten rid of the Border long ago if it actually wanted to." The implication was that Southern Ireland could have retrieved its Northern Counties by force, which is the last wish of the Irish.

This extreme view is hammered out week after week in the extraordinary New York weekly Irish Echo—a misnomer if there ever was one—which claims to have the largest Irish-American circulation in the country. The Echo's editor, Charles Connolly, is no lover of the British Empire, which he calls "the root of all evil." In a column called "Food for Thought and Action!" he vilifies everything British. Here's an example: "His Satanic Majesty, who reigns . . . in a hot region down below . . . has . . . accomplished another feat of rascality. His ever-willing disciple—the British Empire—has again made Ireland the target for another rosary of persecution. Not content with breeding religious hatred and intolerance in . . . (partitioned northeast Ireland) . . . the devil's agent has heaped more coals on the fanatical religious fire of bigotry. Brooke (Premier of northeast Ireland) and his lust-for-Papist-blood morons are responsible. Attlee the Commie admirer, who gave the Communist salute in Spain, has again displayed his cloven hoof . . . in his own cheap, slick, unprincipled double-cross attitude again exemplified his hatred of everything Irish and Catholic . . ."

More Anti-British Diatribe

Connolly presents the extremist view which existed in Ireland in the early twenties, but which today has been replaced by calm moderation. On another occasion, once again on his pet subject, partitioned northeastern Ireland, he wrote: "God helps them who help themselves. It would not do any harm . . . for the Irish Press (Dublin's pro-De Valera paper) to remind the British Labor Party that there is such a thing as . . . ACTION."

Recently the Irish government sent representatives to England to study the latest methods of Civil Defense. The Irish Echo had this to say: "There is a British Army of occupation in the Six Counties (75,000 British troops are garrisoned in northeastern Ireland) . . . morally we are at war . . . (yet) . . . officers are going for training to the Civil Defense Schools in England. There must of course be some secret military agreement between Dublin and London to



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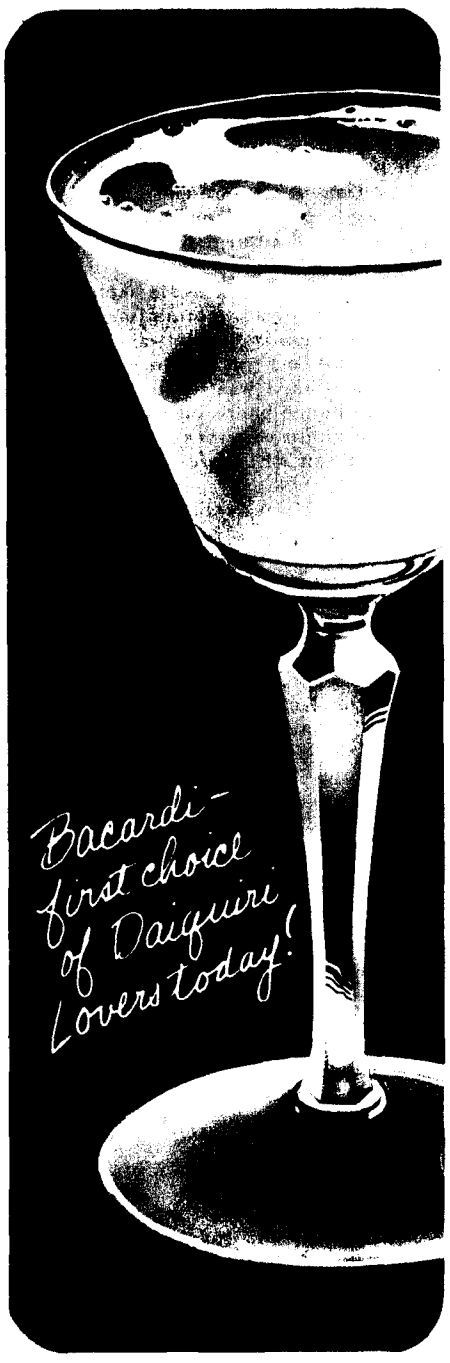

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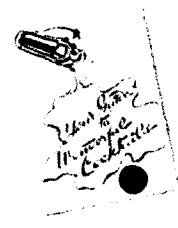

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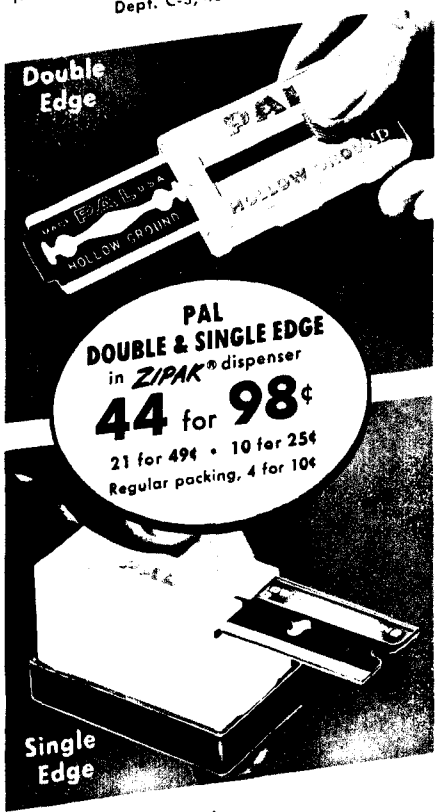

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The hard-working Irish people are continually amazed at the lack of knowledge of this small Irish-American minority. "They have been wearing green-tinted spectacles for so long," the Irish say, "that they have created an Ireland which frankly does not exist. Anyway, if they took them off, they'd probably starve." Unfortunately, this small minority makes Ireland and its people seem completely ludicrous.

An even greater embarrassment is heaped on such U.S. organizations as The American League for an Undivided Ireland; Boston's Eire Society; American Irish Historical Society; The Irish Literary Society; the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Ancient Order of Hibernians and many others which are devoted to fostering new and enlightened interest in the culture of Ireland.

Like Irish government officials, they raise eyes in horror at the mere mention of the "stage-Irish." One government official summed it up thus: "I wish they would practice being good Americans instead of holding this nation and its people back."

Costello and his energetic men are too busy rebuilding Ireland to pay much attention to the small minority of Irish-Americans who would rather the Irish had guns before butter.

For three years now the government has been working at top speed putting the nation on an even economical keel. "Today," says Costello, "Ireland is stronger economically than it has ever been." Figures just released show that in the last year of the *Fianna Fail* government (1947) the national income stood at $904,000,000; in their first two years the Costello government pushed it up to $985,000,000.

Exports are at a new high, showing an increase for 11 months of 1950 of $28,000,000 over the 1949 total of $145,000,000.

Ireland Needs Her Own People

"There is no need today," says Costello, "for Irish men and women to leave their homeland in search of employment. There is work here. We are short of artisans. We are short of every type of skilled technician. We need architects, engineers, chemists and many others."

Ireland's happiest people are the farmers. But a lot of their good fortune is due to ECA. Ireland is receiving about $144,000,000, the majority of which is going into modernizing agriculture and rehabilitating the land. Only $13,000,000 has been received as a grant, the remainder as a loan. (And says Costello earnestly: "Every cent will be repaid in accordance with the stipulations.") ECA funds are responsible not only for putting Irish agriculture back on its feet but also are helping to finance the building of huge wheat granaries which, in the event of war, would be capable of supplying both the needs of Ireland and England.

"Right now," says James Dillon, "if we were to work night and day with every type of modern agricultural machinery, we still could not fulfill the needs of half the British people. Within a few years, with the all-out development of Irish agriculture the situation will be different."

Dillon is not only an excellent Minister of Agriculture, but is also the cabinet's star salesman—that comes easy to him: he once worked for the Marshall Field store in Chicago.

He has sold to Britain just about all Ireland can produce up to 1952. But there are some things that he will not sell. Some time back he offered canned meat to Britain's Ministry of Food. The British turned it down saying that it was too expensive. But could they have canned horse meat instead?

Dillon exploded when he heard the news. "We will never ask the British to feed on canned horse," he declared. "It is one of the destinies reserved by God for the Irish on occasions to chasten the British, but also to cherish them in their hour of adversity . . . but never to feed them canned horse." To Dillon, a great lover of horses, the suggestion was pure cannibalism.

Ireland today stands at the crossroads. With the help of ECA and Costello's realistic government, the nation is growing up, well on its way toward real prosperity. Ireland is no longer insular, no longer isolated. Costello has led the people out of the past. The future lies ahead.

Will Ireland remain neutral in another war? Costello is not specific. He does not see how the nation can join with the West as long as northeastern Ireland is denied the motherland. Yet he had only recently said: "Here in Ireland we cannot isolate ourselves from the tremendous forces that are disturbing the world and bringing such deplorable economic conditions in their trail." Even the Irish wonder how Ireland can stay out of another war. Many feel that Britain and Ireland will have to fight as one to survive—economically they will simply be dependent on each other.

Today, more than ever before in Ireland's history, there is a firm relationship between Ireland and Britain—despite the question of partition. More and more the Irish have come to realize that they are part of one world—a world that includes even the British. But as James Dillon, the cabinet's wit, says (with his tongue firmly implanted in his ruddy cheek), "The British are like the Irish only in so far as they, too, are members of the mystical body of Christ."

THE END

Our Peace-Loving Irishman

JOE COVELLO

As a newspaperman and a magazine writer, Cornelius Ryan has roamed the world, but his major interest has always been the history and welfare of his native Ireland. Collier's selected him to write the accompanying article not only because of his intimate knowledge of the subject but because, being an international journalist, he can view Ireland with a world perspective.

He was born in Dublin June 5, 1920, one of eight children of whom six survive. He expects his American citizenship papers within a few months. Collier's asked him to tell us something about his life, and he wrote in part:

"We are a typical Irish family. On my father's side everybody had been tall guardsmen in the British army and therefore 100 per cent pro-British. On my mother's side everybody belonged to the now nearly dead Irish middle class (one could say 'gentry,' but that would wrongly indicate a British background). My father is what is known as Commonwealth—so am I. In other words we believe in Anglo-Irish co-operation. My mother is frankly a De Valeraite, but not by any means a 100 per cent Gaelic revivalist.

"I grew up in a wonderfully happy home where music, politics, wit, politics, conversation, politics, books, politics and politics abounded. I never quite knew whether to go out and knock the head off the nearest Britisher or sing God Save the King. I have often tried to analyze it, for I'm convinced that half of Ireland's troubles lie in this amazing middle-class family trait of studying the politics of two countries, England and Ireland, instead of concentrating on one—Ireland.

"I was educated by the Christian Brothers. One teacher would tell me everything was England's fault. Another would have a different story. It was all very interesting and very farcical. My mother had been a school teacher. Ironically, she was what was then known as a 'King's Scholar,' having won a scholarship under the English regime.

"The family for centuries had been journalists, printers or soldiers. I suppose it was natural that I should become a journalist. I started writing when I was sixteen. I wrote sketches and plays for revues, pantomimes and radio. My family has always been musical, and so I was put to learning the violin when I was seven. Later I played in dance bands on week ends. I wrote a violin concerto when I was sixteen. I can still score and orchestrate."

When Ryan was twenty, he went to London to become a junior secretary to a British member of parliament, but after six months joined Reuter's, the British news service, and then went to the London Daily Telegraph which promptly made him its Irish correspondent.

"For the last ten years," he continues, "I have been roaming the world. I was a war correspondent assigned to the 9th U.S. Air Force, and flew 14 missions with them over France and Germany. Then came D-Day. I was transferred to Patton's 3d Army. With an American newspaperman, I trailed the original Lord Haw Haw (the British officer Baillie Stewart) through Austria. We found him and handed him over.

"I was sent to the Far East and spent a year attached to MacArthur's headquarters. I was present when Tojo tried to commit suicide. Frank Kelley, of the New York Herald Tribune, and I wrote the first book on the occupation."

Ryan returned to the U.S. in 1946, representing British papers. He covered the A-bomb test at Bikini, scooping the rest of the British press by broadcasting his account to San Francisco, whence it was telephoned to London. The other British reporters used cable, which was slower. After covering the fighting in Palestine in 1946, he returned to the U.S. and worked for Newsweek. Last year, again with Frank Kelley as collaborator, he published MacArthur: Man of Action. A chapter from this book, The Women Behind MacArthur, appeared in Collier's. Ryan is now a free-lance writer.

"That's about it," he concluded his letter. "I enjoy flying, horseback riding, collecting Irish glass and first editions. I love cooking—especially my own. My wife is also a journalist, but one with a Phi Beta Kappa key. We have a cocker spaniel named Sean who aspires to be a stage-Englishman, all because of our Siamese cat Darcy, who meows with an Oxford accent."

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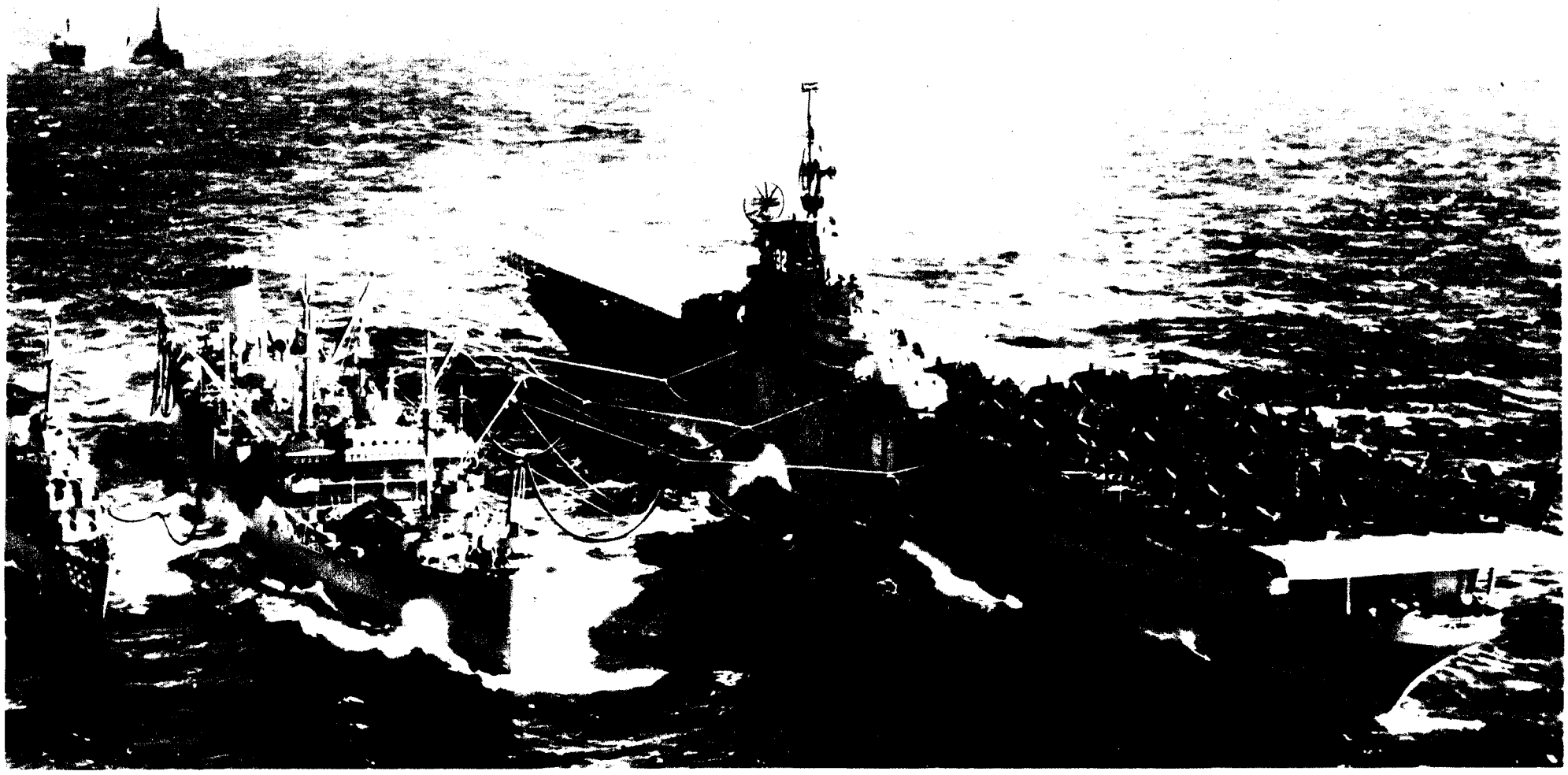

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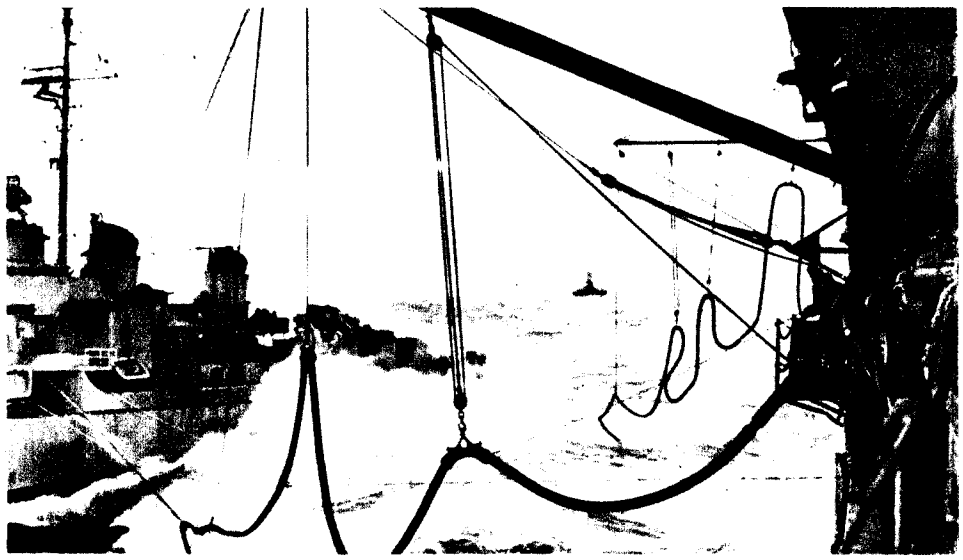

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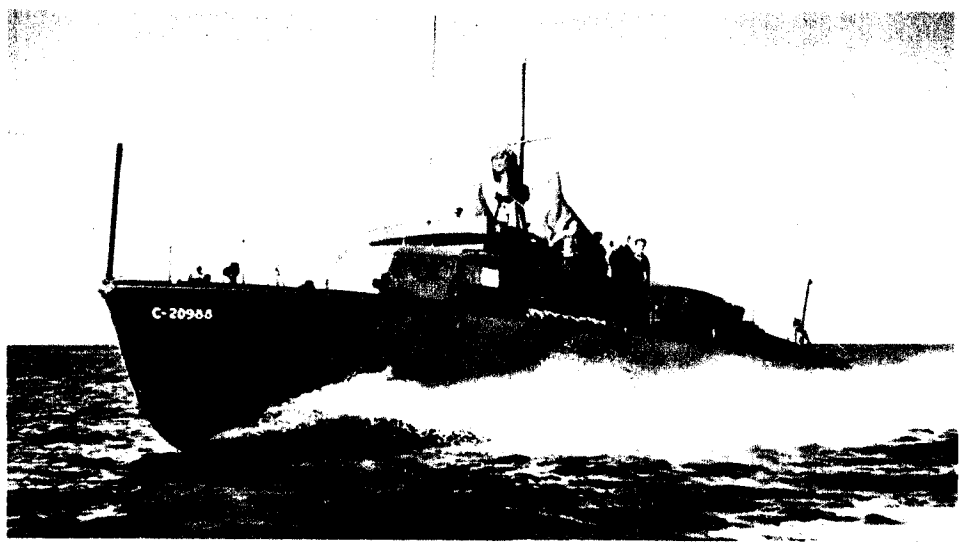

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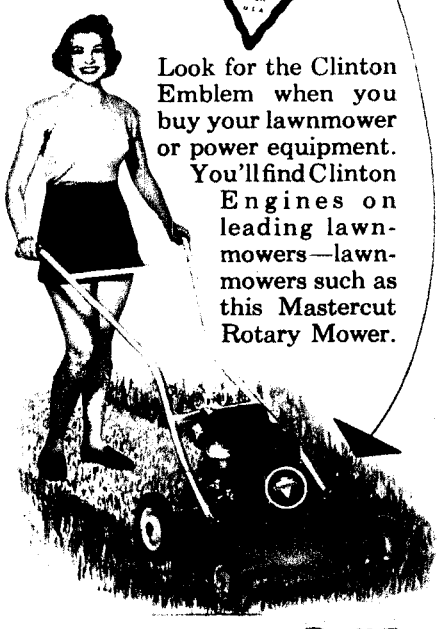

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What Girls Are For

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

used only to draw our attention. It was different from the way he coughed when he was hungry because then he was usually cross, but this other cough was all a joke. Biddy came up then and coughed back, and he coughed again, and they went at it till he was exhausted. After that, he shook his head at her, and that was a signal for her to waggle her pigtails at him. When she shook her head they danced from shoulder to shoulder, and Paddy goggled, trying to follow them till he ended up with his two eyes looking different ways.

AS WELL as that, she used to sing to him, and one day, to our astonishment and delight—he can't have been more than six or seven months at the time—he began to sing back at her. We rushed in for Mother and Father, and there was your man in the pram crowing away to himself, "I love you and you love me," only, of course, without the words.

After that he always sang himself to sleep. But it wasn't wishing to Biddy because by that time he wouldn't even take a bottle except from her, and when she wasn't round and we couldn't get her, he kicked up hell's delights. In the end, if she wanted to do anything or go anywhere, she had to take off her shoes and whisper, and even then he could sometimes recognize the whisper and you'd hear him in the bedroom, beginning to cough. . . .

Then he got a bad cold—it was looking for his toes when there was nobody round that brought it on—and one night, Biddy waked me and whispered fiercely into my ear.

"Michael," she said, "our Paddy is awful sick. I hope he's not going to die."

"How do you know he's sick?" I asked.

"That's not a right scream at all," she said. "Listen to it!"

I listened, and sure enough, it frightened me. I got up and went to the door of the mother's room.

"Is Paddy sick, Mummy?" I asked.

"Ah, not at all, child," said Mother lightly. " 'Tis only a bit of a cold. Run back to bed now or you'll be getting another. Paddy will be better in the morning."

But he wasn't better in the morning. He was all hot and choking and his face was very red. Miss Regan, who advised the mother about everything from babies to devotions, was called in, and she thought it better to send for the doctor. Biddy and I stayed for a while with him in the big bedroom, but he wouldn't play with us at all. Biddy tossed her pigtails and just once he smiled and made a little motion of his head, but all at once he began to wail, and you could almost hear him telling you that he was too sick to play. When Mother tried to give him a drink he screamed and pushed it away, and it was from Biddy he took it at last. We had to go to school, and I went in misery, wondering would he be dead before I got back. Life without that baby seemed impossible.

The doctor came in the afternoon, and I knew from the way he spoke to Mother that Paddy was very bad. I didn't know what to do with myself. There is nothing I know worse than watching a sick baby, trying to get his breath, coughing and choking and terrified out of his wits, and not to be able to do anything for him. Mother went into town to get the medicine the doctor ordered.

I went out to Dunphys' to play, but every five or ten minutes I went mooching back with a sense of guilt on me until at last Miss Regan shouted at me not to be all the time opening the bedroom door. Then I went to the front door and started to cry all to myself. The road was almost empty and there was no one to watch my tears. I realized then the hollowness of being Chief Gang Leader. Miss Regan came out to see was my mother coming and saw me crying.

"Wisha, what ails you at all, child?" she asked brusquely.

"Paddy is sick and he's going to die," I said, and I was so babyish with grief that I turned and put my head in her skirt and my arms about her legs.

"Ah, wisha, God is good, child," she said, patting me on the head, but that did not comfort me. I never yet heard anyone say that God was good unless they meant that He'd need to be. And when she went in again I made the sacrifice of my life and promised Him if only Paddy didn't die that I'd give up the Viking raids and hand over the position of Chief Gang Leader to Ernie Thompson.

I felt a fellow couldn't do more. If God didn't pay attention to that He'd never pay attention to anyone.

Then my mother came in from town with a bottle and a jar with a spout. I heard herself and Miss Regan discuss the way you should use it. They put medicine and boiling water in the jar and put the spout to Paddy's lips, but the moment they did, it started him coughing, and he went black in the face, screaming and waving his arms. It went to my heart.

"Let me try him," said Miss Regan quietly, and she took Paddy herself, but he only got worse. Biddy was sitting, watching them and saying nothing.

"You're only choking him, Miss Regan," she said all at once.

"Sure, we have to do it when the doctor says so, child," said Miss Regan without taking offense.

"If you'd give him to me I'll have a try," said Biddy.

"Wisha, what could you do more than the rest of us?" replied Miss Regan.

"She's very good with him all the same," said my mother. "He'll do things for her he wouldn't do for me."

"I suppose it'll do no harm anyway," said Miss Regan.

She put Paddy on Biddy's knee, and Biddy took the spout of the jar in her own mouth and began coughing like mad.

"Oh, God bless us!" she said. "God bless us and save us, I'm choked."

Then she did it again and Paddy gave her a look. The poor kid seemed to think he was missing something special.

"Paddy try now!" she said and she put the spout of the jar in his mouth again, but again he choked and began to wail.

"Ah, I'm afraid 'tis no good," said my mother distractedly. "The poor child would be safer in bed."

"Let her alone now, ma'am," said Miss Regan, watching Biddy with a smile, and I saw that she really thought Biddy was being quite clever with him.

Biddy didn't wait for any orders. The moment Paddy began to cry she put the jar back in her own mouth and coughed again, and Paddy turned round and looked up at her. He couldn't make out for the life of him what fun she got out of it, but he felt that there must be something in it for him. Next time he coughed, Biddy coughed louder and this time he didn't cry. It was really extraordinary, the way she got him quietly sucking away at the jar.

" 'Pon my soul," said Miss Regan with amusement, "you'd think he knew what she was saying. Do you know, Mrs. Murphy, if I was you I'd light a fire in her room and leave him along with her tonight."

"And supposing he got a bad turn?"

"You'd hear him just the same," said Miss Regan. "I think he might rest easier with her around."

THAT night our room felt grand with the big roaring fire that Father stoked down and the candle lighted by Biddy's bed. But it wasn't so grand when I tried to get to sleep. Paddy was getting worse all the time. Every five or ten minutes he had his fits of choking and screaming, and several times they were so bad that either Father or Mother came in to see how he was. I was a very heavy sleeper and it took a lot to wake me, but that did it, and somehow, when I woke, I was too sleepy to be sorry for him or for anyone only myself, and I wished that God would make up His mind quickly about whether He wanted me to be Chief Gang Leader or not.

Biddy didn't seem to mind so much; she wasn't such a heavy sleeper, and she seemed to hear every sound. I woke, coming on to morning and I saw her sitting by the fire in her nightdress with Paddy on her lap, turning his head to see where the candlelight was coming from. She was giving him his

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inhalation; although Mother had told her to knock on the wall, she had boiled the kettle herself.

"Biddy," I said, "you were told not to lift him. You'll be killed."

"He was frightened," she said.

"Even so, you shouldn't have lifted him," I said angrily. "And you shouldn't have boiled the kettle either. You might have scalded yourself."

Then Father came in with an old coat wrapped round him and he just stood and nodded at her two or three times.

"Will I get you the boiling water for his inhaler?" he asked in a meek little voice that didn't sound like Daddy's at all.

"I got it myself, Daddy," she said, and to my astonishment, he only nodded again.

"Good girl!" he said. "I'll put him back in the cradle for you now."

"No, Daddy," she said, "I'll bring him into my own bed. He won't get so frightened there."

"You might be right," said my father thoughtfully. "I'll put a bottle in for you."

And away with her across the room with Paddy in her arms and Father not saying a word to her. The girl was breaking every rule and instead of being ticked off she only had the parents waiting on her, hand and foot, and only dying to get more orders from her. Even the next day when the doctor came she had to be in the room with him for fear Paddy would get frightened, and I noticed that he gave his instructions first to her and then to the mother. As he went out he said to the mother:

"That's a smart little girl of yours, but I wouldn't let her tire herself too much."

Mother put her to bed, but once she went the devil a thing would Paddy do for anybody. Whenever the mother or Miss Regan went near him he only screeched. The child was mad with rage, and they were afraid to cross him for fear of putting him into convulsions. And, however it was, Biddy heard him even in her sleep, and while Miss Regan and the mother were both singing songs at him, trying to keep him quiet, the door opened and in came Biddy with all her hair over one eye, the lids glued together with sleep and she pulling up her nightdress, scratching her behind.

You could see she didn't know under God where she was but she couldn't keep away from the child. I was full of pride in her then and really sorry about smashing up her old dolls on her. I suppose it was on them really that she practiced it.

THAT night was the worst of all. Whatever the doctor had told her, Biddy made up her mind not to take her eyes off Paddy; she just sat up in bed with her hands round her knees or lay back, trying to look at a couple of comics my father had brought her. He was in a couple of times to stoke the fire and see if there was anything she wanted, and then I fell off asleep. Suddenly, she waked me. Again it was coming on to morning, for the dawn was just peeping in the window.

"Michael!" she whispered, "Michael, wake up! Paddy is better."

"All right," I groaned. "Let me alone." With all the blooming excitement I'd done it again, and all I wanted was to sleep and forget it. It was the bane of my life, an awful thing in a Chief Gang Leader, and I lived in fear of its getting out.

"But listen, can't you? Listen!" And then she gave a small cough and I heard an answering cough from the cradle. She buried her face in the bedclothes, in stitches of laughter.

"Cripes!" I said and got up.

"Look!" she said, and we both went over to the cradle and she wagged her head and tossed her hair from side to side.

Paddy smiled and tossed his own head three or four times. Then he gave a little wail, and she ran at once for his bottle. But it was only the drink he wanted. You could see the kid was better. The first thought in my mind was, "I'm not Chief Gang Leader any more," and just for the moment I felt a bit sorry for myself, but then I realized that I wasn't really sorry at all, and the thought went to my head.

"I'm going to tell Mummy," I shouted and made for the door.

"No, no, Michael Murphy!" Biddy said, starting to whine. "You mean, dirty thing. 'Tis I should tell her."

But she spoke too late for I had dashed into the big bedroom and at my first words my father leaped out of bed and came thumping after me.

"What ails you, Biddy?" he asked doubtfully.

"That mean thing," Biddy said, pointing at me with one hand while she rubbed her eyes with the other. "He went in and told you, and he wouldn't let me tell you, and it was I made Paddy better, and he never did anything at all. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"I did do anything at all," I shouted, wild with the injustice of it. "I promised God to give up the Gang if He made Paddy better."

"You little puppy!" my father said angrily. "Couldn't you let the child come in herself?"

"I only wanted to tell you quick," I said and threw myself on the other bed and began to cry too.

"Wisha, of all the families!" said my mother, raising her hands to heaven. "Aren't ye ever done fighting? And none of ye caring whether the child is better or not."

But it was all just like old times, and I saw that, Chief Gang Leader or no Chief Gang Leader, I would still be persecuted by that girl for the rest of my days. That, I suppose, is mainly what girls are for.

THE END

HARRY GOFF

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PERCOLATOR: gizzle. gizzle. ZOP! gizzle. gizzle. ZOPZUP! gizzle. ZUP. ZUP. ZUP. SUP! ZUP! ZUP! ZUPPPPLE!

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BUSY SIGNAL: AWWRK!—er—AWWRK!—er—AWWRK!

—PAULINE GALE

WHAT NEXT?
BY BOBBY BOSTITCH

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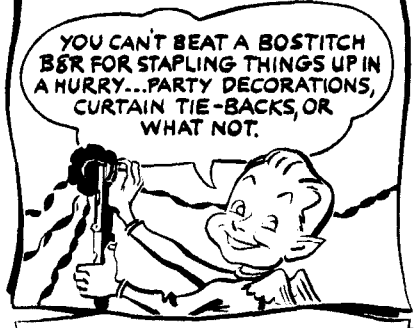

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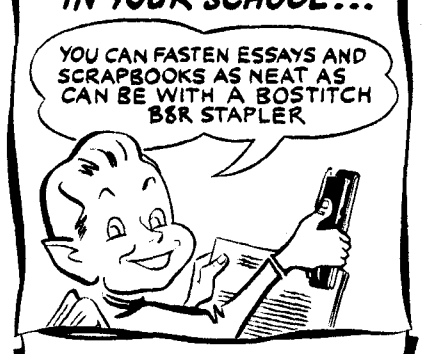

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TAKE COMFORT

By BERT BACHARACH

The new "American Lounge" model manages to be casual *and* flattering

APPAREL designers are the unsung heroes who freed American males from their "strait jackets," the skimp-shouldered, narrow-trousered, hold-your-breath garments once in style.

It wasn't easy; men are notoriously stubborn about being pushed into fashion changes—even those involving greater comfort! But finally we became a nation of "drape-clothing" wearers. The suits were loose, broad-shouldered, roomily pleated and baggy; the extreme jump, however, left something to be desired in appearance. So the next project was to achieve equal or greater comfort with a neater and trimmer appearance. The answer is here now in the International Association of Clothing Designers' "American Lounge" model, debuting this season.

It's a compromise between the old and new. It isn't straight-line and it isn't form-fit. It's flattering to your figure, yet it doesn't try to make you look like a wrestler. In sum, it's a model that doesn't go to extremes—either way.

This development has been accompanied by year-round improvements in fabrics and construction. It is no longer necessary to have weight and bulk to insure that a suit will hold its shape and give wear. The new spring clothes are lighter in weight than ever before. Step into one of the new models—and you're sure to take comfort. THE END

Skitch Henderson, with wife Faye Emerson. He wears a new street outfit that is comfortable and casual, yet smart—a far cry from old days

Sheen gabardine (l.) will be one of spring's big suiting fabrics. The striped worsted is a wardrobe variation for a classic gray suit

Tweeds are better than ever in today's more casual living. Topcoats have veered from the conventional, now emphasize color, pattern

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

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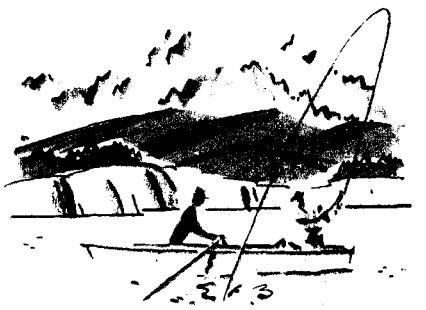

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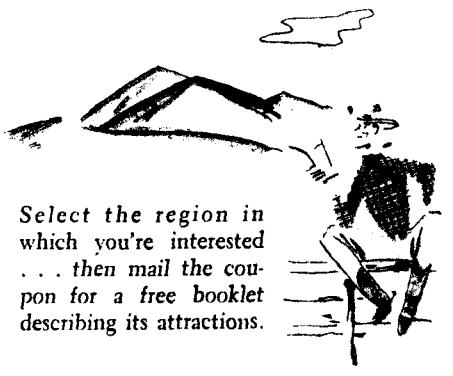

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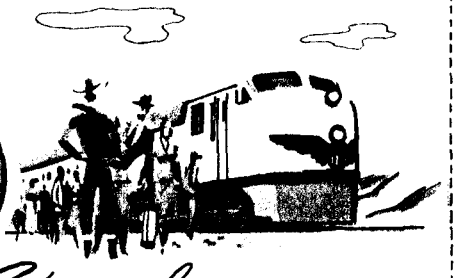

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A Lick for Brother Ed

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

in a hurry. I remember thinking he was mighty active for a man his size and age. He grabbed me by the shoulder, hard.

"Look at here, boys," he bellered. "Look who's come to see us!"

Roland turned around. He stood there with a bloody knife in his hand. His little old fat-puffed eyes went hard and black.

"Slinking around another man's property, huh?"

"Shut up, Roland, damn your sorry hide!" Snap said.

One of the moonfaced women cackled.

Roland turned on her, like he was fixing to slap her down.

"You git on with that work, boy!" Snap shouted.

Roland stood there for a bit. Then he spit into the yard dirt, hitched up his bloody britches, and went back to work.

"Come into the house, boy," Snap said. "Any son of Sperling Hastings is free to set foot to my property day or night! Come on into the house, now do!"

The way old Snap had me about the shoulders, guiding me away from that carcass and toward the house, there wasn't a thing else I could do.

"A little old skinny, pore-looking scofer like you needs feeding up," Snap said. "Don't old Sperling feed you a thing? Seems to me like you got a willing mind but a too-light behind. Come on into my kitchen. I got cold buttermilk and corn bread!"

I didn't much want to do it. But Pa had always brought brother Ed and me up to be mannerly—to everybody but a politician. And Snap Mason *was* a friend of Pa's. And that part-Brahman steer *could* have come from anywhere in the state.

"Why, I don't care if I do, sir," I said.

So we went into Snap's kitchen. Another of those big-legged women was there, messing around the wood stove. Snap told her to bring buttermilk and corn bread. And while I was eating it old Snap told me how he'd taken a little trip in his truck up to Marion County, where the Masons all came from, and had bought him a steer. "Price of beef what it is now, boy, a man has got to butcher his own steers to make out."

When I'd finished off the buttermilk and corn bread, Snap walked beside me out to my pony. I mounted up, thanked him for the handout, and left the yard.

Snap shouted, "Now you all come see us!"

I WENT back to riding fences. I went back to thinking about Snap Mason and his boys. What I couldn't figure out was where they got their money, for they didn't work. They didn't run any cattle nor they didn't make any crops. They didn't work in the fruit. It just beat the hound out of me *what* they did for money. I wished I knew more about those Masons. Pa had told me a dozen times that he'd seen old Snap before he moved to our section, but he just couldn't figure out the where nor when. "I've seen him before," Pa would say. "Marion County, I reckon. But when, and doing what, I can't puzzle out."

When I got home I asked Pa what the Masons did for money.

"Now, Aaron," Pa said. "I'll be dadburned if you don't sound just like a politician. Like them scrapers come nosing about the place asking, 'How many cows you got out there, Mister Hastings? What about this and what about that?' You leave off worrying about Snap Mason and those boys of his, Son. There might be harder working folks in the section, but the Masons make out. They mind their own business. They expect other folks to mind theirs."

"All right, Pa," I said.

"You hear what old Snap and his boys did to that census-taker politician come nosing about the place? Little old nothing-sort of a scofer with eyeglasses. Threw him in the mule trough. Snap and the boys did! Then took a .22 rifle they keep for shooting cooters in the lake and kicked up dust behind him as he ran yowling for his car!"

Pa doubled over laughing. He slapped his thigh and he roared some and he pounded the nub of his wooden leg against the floor.

I didn't see anything funny. "You want to watch out. You'll break your wooden leg again, pounding the floor like that."

"You don't have to worry about my wooden leg, Son."

"Well, I won't, then," I said.

A FEW weeks after this, Snap and his two boys come over one evening to pay Pa a visit. Pa got out his shine. He wouldn't let me drink any, but he always made me sit around with the company and be mannerly. After Pa and Snap had cussed the politicians for a spell, Pa said, "Well, Snap, I got a good one to tell on old Aaron, here. You know what this ring-tailed tooter wants to do now? He's pushing eighteen and he's feeling real ringy. He wants to join the Army now!"

Old Snap shook his head and clucked his tongue. Randolph and Roland went to laughing. I could remember far enough back to recollect that Randolph and Roland had somehow managed to beat the draft in the big war. And they'd been hanging around town sparking the girls while brother Ed was off in the Pacific. I got to boiling up inside so as I thought the top of my head would blow off.

"Why, a little old kid like that, I reckon he couldn't tote a rifle, much less shoot it when the time come!" Pa said.

"How come you want to join the Army, Aaron?" Randolph said.

The way I felt about brother Ed was my own business. "I just want to join, is all," I said.

"Look at here, boy!" Roland said. "Don't you know any man that's got the sense God give a June bug is figuring ways and means of staying *out* of the Army?"

My eyes were getting hot. I was afraid I was going to cry with anger. I tried to remember what Pa had taught me about being mannerly to guests in the house. I just couldn't remember.

"You and old Randolph did a pretty good job of figuring ways and means of staying out of the big war, didn't you?"

"You hush, boy!" Pa said.

"Dang tootin' we did," Roland said. "We had essential jobs, the both of us, down to the packing house."

"You done anything essential since then, Roland?" I asked.

Roland shouted, "You want to watch your talk, boy!"

"You want to watch out you don't sometimes slaughter a steer with the wrong brand on it, too!" I told Roland.

Roland was on his feet now, his face tied up like a winter knot. He started toward me.

"Roland!" Snap yelled. "Git back in that chair!"

Roland looked like he sure hated to do it, but he sat down.

Old Snap looked at Pa. His eyes were little and mean. "You want to teach that get of yours some manners, Hastings!"

Pa said, "Go to your room, Aaron!"

"Yes, sir," I said.

The drinking went on for a spell. I could hear the men talking. But there seemed to be sort of a strain between Pa and the Masons. I was some surprised to hear Pa say once, "Now just what *was* it you used to do up in Marion County, Snap?"

Snap said, "Why, cattle mostly, Hastings. And a little of this and a little of that."

"I see," Pa said.

After a while the Masons left. I heard Pa stumping toward my room. I knew the rules of the house and I knew I'd broken them. It had been a long time since I'd gotten a belting. I was getting pretty old to be getting a belting. But I knew I had one

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coming. I knew I didn't have to take it from Pa, him with that wooden leg, and all, but I did. Pa didn't say a word nor neither did I. I took my belting and went to bed.

Well, I'd made a fool of myself and I'd gotten a belting to boot. I'd talked like a man with his tongue hung in the middle and swinging both ways. I'd said things I'd had no right to say. I hated to think what brother Ed would have thought of me, saying a thing like that about the steer with the wrong brand on it. Brother Ed had written me once from the Army. *"Aaron,"* he'd said, *"there's one thing you learn in the Army, and that's to keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Be sure you're right before you sound off."* I reckoned brother Ed would have thought me pretty sorry material for a soldier, at that point. I had me a passel to learn, I figured, before I joined the Infantry.

I still couldn't get over the idea, though, that somebody was stealing those cattle. With two thousand acres of scrub and only one rider, me—except for old colored Bence, who worked about the place and rode with me during roundups—stealing cattle from Pa would be easy. A man could drive a truck right onto Pa's property on a dark night, round up a few head of cattle, load them on the truck, and drive away. There were plenty of cattle changed hands that way in our section of the state. Only thing for me to do, I figured, was to take to looking for signs during the day and doing a little riding at night.

So I took to checking the fences for fresh cuts and the roads and trails into Pa's property for fresh tire tracks. Nights, after supper, I'd saddle up a fresh pony and I'd ride the property, and I'd have brother Ed's short-barreled old .351 automatic in a saddle holster beneath my leg.

Pa would say things like, "Where on earth you going this time of the evening, and what on earth you doing with that old rifle there beneath your leg, Son? Playing soldier again?"

And Pa wouldn't wait for an answer. He'd go to laughing and thumping his wooden leg against the floor of the door stoop. And I would ride away.

I like to wore myself to a nub that summer, riding days and nights and not finding a thing. We rounded those cattle up about twice a month that summer, though—old Bence and I. And every time we rounded them up there would be a few more missing. Even Pa got to thinking maybe somebody was making off with our cattle.

I didn't find a sign of anybody getting onto our property, though, until one dark Monday night late in September. I remember it was a Monday, for I'd had my eighteenth birthday two days before, on a Saturday. This dark Monday night I'd been poking around over to the far side of Pa's property. I hadn't found a thing and it was going on for eleven o'clock and I was on my way home. I was maybe a mile and a half from home, skirting around Pa's clay pit, when I heard some voices. I pulled up short. That clay pit was maybe a hundred and fifty yards from me. There was a high mound of earth beside the hole, between me and the clay pit. It sounded like those voices were coming right from that hole.

I didn't know what to do. My heart went to pounding so it seemed like anybody within half a mile could hear it. I got off my pony, looped the reins over a branch of a sapling, took brother Ed's old .351 from the saddle holster, and started moving up, at a crouch, to that mound of earth.

All the way I was double-cussing myself for being so dumb. That clay pit—and the road leading into it—were things I'd never thought to check all the time I'd been riding around looking for signs of thieves. That clay pit was a natural place for a man to load cows onto a truck. There were several places in there where a man could back a truck right up to the side of the pit and the truck bed would be just about level with the ground on top. Just a natural loading platform. I guess I'd never checked this place because it was so close to home, and I'd figured that if a man went to stealing cattle from Pa, he'd work away down at the far end of Pa's property.

Well, I hadn't yet proved it out that these people were cattle thieves. Might even be young people out sparking, but, as far as I was concerned, a dad-burned clay pit right smack in the middle of another man's property was a mighty poor place for sparking.

Anyhow, with my heart pounding and the sweat dribbling down my belly, I went to crawling up to that mound of earth. I craned my neck around the side of it, peering down into that hole.

IT WAS a mighty dark night. But I could see two shadowy figures sitting or squatting there by a truck. It seemed like one of them was faced up the road that led into the pit. They weren't saying a word now. I couldn't make out who they were. I waited.

All of a sudden the one facing up the road moved quickly and a match jumped aflame in his hands. And I saw Roland Mason cup the flame to a cigarette, and I saw the shotgun across his lap as he squatted there on a mound of clay. And I heard old Snap Mason growl, "Git that light out, damn your sorry hide!" And I heard Roland whine, "Well, now, where in hell's Randolph and them cows?"

I didn't know what to do.

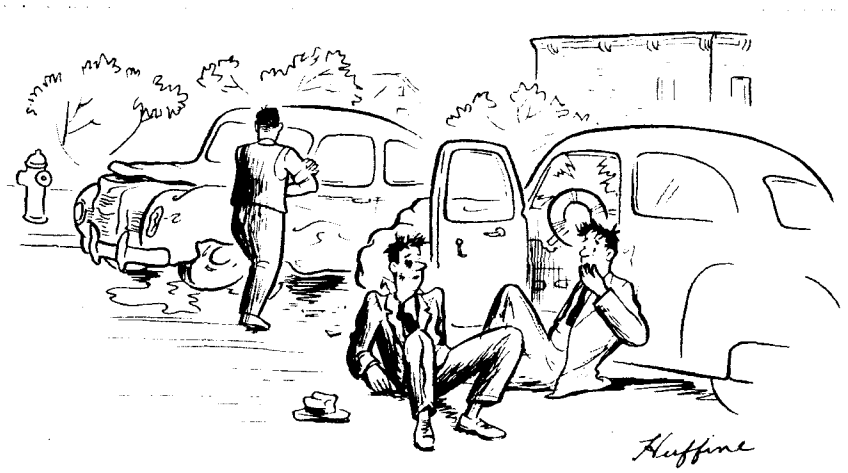
What would brother Ed have done?

What would a real, honest-to-God rifleman in the Infantry do?

I could jump them. I could say, "Reach for the sky, boys!" And if Roland started going for that gun I could start shooting.

I could if my nerves held out.

But all of a sudden it came to me that there weren't any of Pa's cattle in that truck. I wondered if they would throw Snap and his boys into the jailhouse without any more evidence than that they were just there on Pa's property. They were trespassing, for sure. But they hadn't stolen anything. Not yet. I'd have to wait a spell. Randolph, from what Roland had said, was off rounding up some cows. I'd have to wait for Randolph. It might be some time yet before



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Randolph cut a few head out of the herd and drove them back here. Maybe, I thought, I'd better go get Pa. Yes, I thought, that's the thing to do! I was mighty happy and relieved that my figuring had come out this way. I'd feel a whole lot safer with Pa here to run this operation.

I slid my body around and went in a running crouch back to my pony. I swung into the saddle and headed out for home.

Pa went to snorting and hawking and rubbing his eyes when I woke him up. "What in 'nation ails you, boy?"

I told him.

Pa's lips went thin and his eyes went hard. "Hand me that leg, boy. Then get me my shotgun. Then go wake old Bence up. Tell him to take the pickup and go to the crossroads and call the sheriff's office. Tell Bence to tell whoever answers at the sheriff's office that Sperling Hastings needs the law, and quick, at the clay pit just south of his house. Then saddle me a pony."

His leg was in the corner and I got it for him. I went to the gun-rack by the fireplace and got his shotgun and loaded it for him and took him that and a handful of extra shells. I ran out to old Bence's shack, shook him awake, and sent him off in the pickup to the crossroads, his eyes shining big and round as a hoot owl's. I ran to the barn and threw a saddle on a pony for Pa. When I got back to the house with the pony, Pa had his britches pulled on over his nightshirt, and had his leg on, and he was wearing his old black felt hat and his old denim coat. His gun was in the crook of his arm and he was ready to go. He took his reins, got his left foot in the stirrup, and swung aboard his pony, with his wooden leg dangling free on the other side.

He said, "Let's go, Son!" And the way he said it gave me a good warm feeling inside because it was the first time in a spell he'd said anything that sounded like it was him and me against somebody outside—the way things had always been before I'd got the idea that I just naturally had to join the Infantry and put in a lick for brother Ed.

I LED the way. We rode fast for a spell. Then we slowed to a walk and came up the blind side of that pile of earth to where I'd left my pony before.

I looped the reins of our ponies to that same sapling and Pa and I started out, walking slow because Pa couldn't make any time in that loose Florida sand with his wooden leg, up toward that pile of earth.

As we got closer we heard what sounded like the three of them talking now. Not saying much, just cussing short, hard words, and grunting, "Hah!" or "Ho, there!" And we heard cattle moaning and the complaining sound of the wooden bed of that truck as cattle went aboard.

We stood there listening for a long minute. Then Pa whispered hard in my ear, saying, "Go round to the far side of the pile, boy. Cover 'em. I'll take this side and call 'em out. Now shoot if you must!"

Pa started for his side of the pile and I started for mine. And the fear was gripping my insides and my hands were clammy on brother Ed's automatic rifle. But as bad as it was, I was thanking my Maker I'd gone on home for Pa, for I didn't think then that I could have done this job by myself.

Then I heard a loud crackling noise from back in Pa's direction. And a shout: "Oh, my Lordy!"

And I looked back quickly and there was Pa on his hands and knees groping for his gun, which he'd dropped. And I knew that the Masons must have heard that awful cracking noise, and if not that, then at least Pa's shout. And I knew that whatever had happened to Pa was bad, but would be worse if I didn't do something quick! I just hoped my voice wouldn't break.

I held brother Ed's rifle before me and I straightened and jumped around the corner of that pile of earth.

"All right, you sorry Masons!" I screamed. "Git your hands over your heads!" And my voice broke and went skittering way up yonder on the last word, but I didn't care.

Roland fired once, from the hip, and I heard pellets thud into the earth behind me. Then I had brother Ed's rifle to my shoulder, squeezing the trigger and hearing Roland's yelp of pain and hearing and seeing his shotgun clatter to the hard clay at the bottom of the pit.

"Now, I'd as lief kill you all," I heard Pa say. I looked and saw him come hopping on one leg around his corner of the pile of earth with his shotgun at the ready. A splintery nub of wood hung down below his right knee, where his leg used to be.

"Sorry, Son," he said to me. "Stepped in a gopher hole with my wooden leg. Broke her off at the hilt, damn' this green lumber that the politicians are putting off on us nowadays!"

Pa leaned against the pile of earth and covered the Masons while I turned on the truck lights and herded them out in front of the truck where we could watch them good. Roland was bleeding some from where I'd hit him in the lower right arm. Pa told Randolph to tear off a strip of his shirttail and tie a tourniquet to Roland's arm.

"We don't want the sorry scaper to bleed to death before the sheriff gets here!" Pa said.

"Now look at here, Hastings—" old Snap said.

"Shut up," Pa said.

About that time we saw the lights of a car coming fast down our road. It pulled up to the clay pit and skidded to a stop. Sheriff Andrews and two deputies got out.

"Well, Sheriff," Pa said, "me and my boy Aaron have done a night's work for you. Here are your cow thieves and here's your evidence."

Pa and I went over the thing for the sheriff, with Pa doing most of the talking and having a lot to say about how the politicians—meaning the sheriff—would have a tough row to hoe if it wasn't for honest, nonpolitical citizens like Pa and me.

I unloaded our cattle off the truck. One of the deputies drove the truck out. The sheriff and the other deputy loaded old Snap and Randolph and Roland into the back seat of the sheriff's car and they took off for the county jail. Randolph's pony—the one he'd been using to cut our cattle out of the herd—was standing close by. I took the saddle and bridle off him and slapped him on the rump, and he took off through the scrub.

Pa and I stood there for a minute. Then Pa said, "All right, Son. Go back and get the ponies. I declare, I'd be half the night getting just to there on one leg."

Looking back on it, maybe it was a dirty trick. But I figured right now was a mighty fine time to have my showdown with Pa.

"No, Pa," I said.

Pa stood there with his mouth gape open. "Why, what—"

"I'm aiming to ask you, Pa, right here ar now, one man to another, will you give n your permission to join the Infantry?"

"Why, good Lord—"

"It's a long walk back to the house. Fo a man with one leg."

"You mean you'd make your old dadd hobble back to the house on one leg, Son'

"I don't mean nothing else previous," said. "You said something once about ho I couldn't tote a rifle, much less use or when the time come. Well, I've proved yo wrong. And I'm a suck-egg mule if I'll g those ponies before you tell me I can joi the Infantry!"

Pa groaned. He flopped down again that pile of earth. "Well, if that don't tak the rag offen the bush!"

"I hate to do it, Pa. But I want your pe mission. I figure now's a fine time to get it

PA JUST stared at me. I tried to star back at him but he outstared me. I be gan to feel real uncomfortable, taking ac vantage of a poor old man with one leg, an him my daddy, at that. I don't know ho much longer I could have held out.

Pa started chuckling. That chuckle grew to a little laugh and that little laugh grew to a great big rolling, belly-whopper of laugh. Pa slapped his good thigh and rolle around there against that pile of earth. didn't see anything funny.

Finally Pa quit laughing. He gasped fo breath. Then he said, "I don't know hov on earth I'm going to make out about th place without you, Son. But, I Godfrey you've come to be a man! And if a ma won't do what he thinks is right and true then he's no kind of a man! If you think it' right and true for you to enlist in the Infan try, why you've got my blessing. Now g git them ponies!"

When I got back with the ponies Pa wa jumping up and down on his one leg. H was shouting, "Son, Son! It just come t me! I know now where it was I saw Snap Mason up in Marion County. The sapsucke used to be a dad-burned tick inspector fo the state! I might have knowed it! A dad burned politician!"

Pa talked about that all the way home But I hardly listened to him. All I coul think of was that I would soon be putting i a lick for brother Ed. And I was might happy to have gotten Pa's permission t do it. For I wouldn't even have to tel him now that I'd gotten my acceptanc from the recruiting sergeant in town on Sat urday, my eighteenth birthday. And wa to be taken to Tampa on Thursday to en list. Pa wouldn't have thought that man nerly.

THE EN

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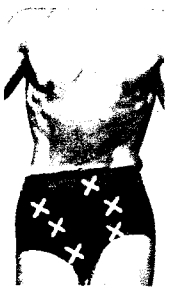

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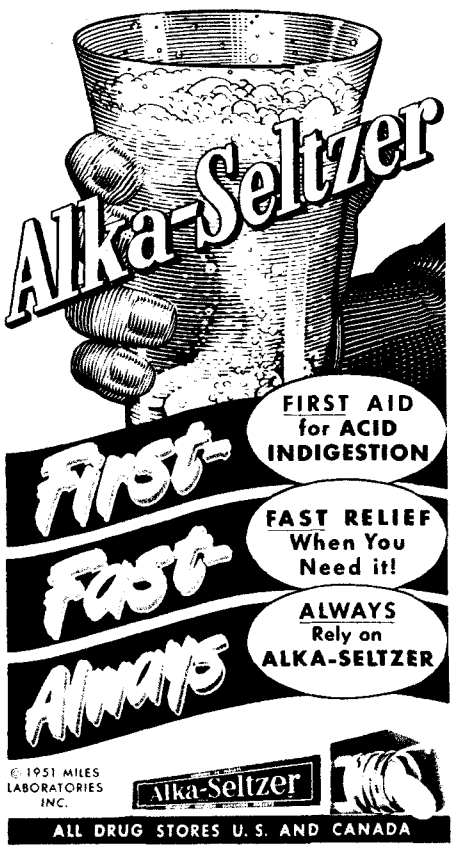

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The All-America . . . in College Basketball

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

free-throw attempts) and his *total assists* (passes resulting in field goals by teammates). The NCAB also releases an important defensive statistic labeled *total rebounds* which reveals how many times a player—say, Kentucky's Spivey—recovers opponents' missed shots.

So much for how the 1951 All-America was selected. Now, let's take a closer look at the individual stars.

Bill Spivey is a product of voluble Adolph Rupp's basketball finishing technique at Lexington, Kentucky. Coach Rupp was not impressed when Spivey arrived from Warner Robins, Georgia, to apply for admission to Kentucky in the spring of '48.

About All He Had Was Height

"Bill was tall enough," Rupp recalls, "but he lacked co-ordination, didn't have any shots, and just stood around flat-footed in his size-15 sneakers. He only weighed about 165 and I told him he'd have to get up to 210 to have a chance in big-time basketball."

During the summer, while Rupp was coaching the United States basketball team at the Olympic games in London, Spivey worked in a Lexington drugstore, dividing his time between cleaning fluorescent light bulbs (which he extracted from the ceiling without using a stepladder) and eating. Bill's caloric intake was regulated by Rupp's assistant, Harry Lancaster, who prescribed three milk shakes per day (each fortified by one raw egg) as between-meal snacks. Lancaster weighed Spivey every Saturday morning and cabled the results to Rupp in London.

Rupp was greatly encouraged as Spivey's weight climbed from 168 to 170 . . . to 178 . . . to 183 . . . 190. Finally, when Lancaster cabled *"196 HOORAY!"*, Rupp wired back: "Convinced Spivey can eat but can he play basketball?"

Spivey still couldn't play basketball very well, but he was learning how by spending two or three hours per day working on the practice court under Lancaster's personal supervision. He kept it up for 15 consecutive months.

He learned a right-hand fadeaway hook shot which is virtually unstoppable, and he acquired an accurate long push shot from outside. Finally, when Kentucky's fabulous Alex Groza was graduated, sophomore Spivey became Rupp's pivot man.

As a sophomore in '50, the twenty-year-old Spivey accumulated 578 points, including a 40-point performance against Georgia Tech, which exceeded Groza's record for a single Southeastern Conference game by two points. Commenting on Bill's offensive ability, a Southern coach remarked: "Stop him? You can't even draft him!"

Which is true. Spivey is six inches too tall for the Army, according to Selective Service specifications, but his height has certain drawbacks—off the court. Bill's size-54 suits (with 41-inch trousers) must be tailor-made, and he has to wear a thigh-length poncho in inclement weather because raincoats simply don't come in hi length.

Traveling has its drawbacks too. Spive doesn't fit into Pullman berths, so Rup transports the team exclusively by ai Bill has to sleep sideways on hotel bed propping his overhanging feet on a chai However, for campus use, Rupp has pro vided Bill with a special bed, eight fee long and six feet wide.

Spivey can eat anything and is especiall fond of hominy, better known in the Dee South as "grits." Matter of fact, Bill' teammates have nicknamed him Grits.

"He's a quiet kid," Lancaster says "Doesn't get excited over anything. Ha an off night now and then, but he just keep on throwing 'em at the basket. And noth ing bothers his appetite. Why, if an aton bomb went off on the campus, all Spi would say is, 'Where are the grits? Hid those grits!' "

Indiana produced two members of th '51 All-America. Kansas' Lovellette grev up in Terre Haute, and North Carolin State's Ranzino topped all Hoosier prej players in scoring, with 450 points, whil playing for Emerson High School in Gar in 1946.

Ranzino employs a confusing head fak which frequently enables him to break loos under the basket for lay-up shots. He's alsc a fine outside set shot. Against La Salle, h hit 10 out of 14 field-goal attempts—all o them 20 feet or longer. Sam also broke th single-game scoring record for the Nationa Collegiate Athletic Association tournamen by totaling 32 points against Holy Cross i Madison Square Garden last March.

Everett Case, the North Carolina Stat coach, says Ranzino is Dixie's most adep ball handler. Sam is twenty-three years old, married, a senior and he's studying rural and industrial recreation. After graduation, he hopes to play pro basketball, but in view of his R.O.T.C. training he's more likely to join the Army as a second lieutenant.

A Good Climate for Asthma

How Indiana's other All-American, Lovellette, strayed all the way from Terre Haute to Manhattan, Kansas, to play basketball has never been adequately explained. Dr. F. C. (Phog) Allen, the Kansas coach, once informed an inquiring reporter that Lovellette, who allegedly received scholarship offers from 52 colleges, matriculated at Kansas "because the altitude helps his asthma." Pursuing this matter further, the reporter discovered that the University of Kansas is built on a hill which towers 180 feet higher than downtown Manhattan.

Lovellette (6 feet 9 inches and 230 pounds) is remarkably agile, thanks to his mother, who told him, "You don't have to be clumsy, just because you're big." Clyde's twelfth-birthday present was a skipping rope. "Mom made me work with that rope every day," he recalls. "Before I was in high school, I could do a thousand skips without a miss."

All-America Selection Committee

More than 200 members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches took part in the balloting for the 1951 All-America. Voting was supervised by a board of outstanding coaches representing each of the eight National Intercollegiate Athletic Association districts. The All-America board included Howard Hobson of Yale, chairman and District 1 representative; Kenneth Norton, Manhattan College, District 2; Roy Mundorff, Georgia Tech, District 3; Ernest McCoy, Michigan, District 4; Edward Hickey, St. Louis, District 5; Jack Gray, Texas, District 6; Hoyt Brawner, Denver, District 7; and John Warren, Oregon, District 8

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San Francisco, Cal.
Seattle, Wash.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Utica, N.Y.

Lovellette's best shot is a right-hand hook swinging out of the pivot position. Clyde keeps his arm fully extended and banks the ball high off the board. Amazingly enough, he doesn't even look at the basket until the last second because he has the rare knack of focusing instantly on the rim. He's also deadly with a one-hand push shot at distances up to 25 feet.

Pullman berths, which frustrate Spivey, hold no terrors for Lovellette. Clyde simply knocks out the headboards and sleeps in two uppers. On a recent road trip, he warned a porter: "Be sure to give the same wake-up time to both these berths. I'm in 'em."

The real veteran in the All-America lineup is Bradley's Gene (Squeaky) Melchiorre. Gene's only twenty-two, but he has already completed six years of topflight college basketball, putting in two years with the Camp Grant (Illinois) Army team during the war, and four years with Bradley's Braves. Relaxed postwar eligibility rules permitted Gene to play for the Braves as a freshman in 1947.

In many ways, the sixth year was Melchiorre's hardest. His teammate Bill Mann suffered a fractured right wrist against Wichita shortly after the Braves captured the Sugar Bowl championship. Mann was Bradley's quarterback. His accurate passes set up many of Gene's spectacular scoring drives under the basket. With Mann out for the season, Melchiorre demonstrated his versatility by taking over as the Braves' playmaker.

Gene's scoring average dipped slightly late in the season, but the Braves kept on winning, which is the real tip-off on his ability to direct the attack from backcourt. Kentucky's Rupp says Melchiorre is the "greatest and quickest little man in basketball. Offensively, he knows every trick that can shake a man loose, and he is tough to watch because he hook-shots with either hand. Defensively, he's a burglar. He's got tremendously quick hands and probably steals more balls around midcourt than any other player in the business."

Melchiorre lives in Highland Park, Illinois. He's studying business administration and hopes to prove that a good little man can get along in competition with all those good big men in pro basketball.

And the fifth name on the All-America is not a typographical error. It's Mlkvy—William Paul Mlkvy, a twenty-year-old 190-pound junior from Palmerton, Pennsylvania, who's majoring in dentistry. As a shotmaker, he's as versatile as they come; can hit from the center of the court, or from the side or from the corner. He also has a one-hand and two-hand pivot shot from either side, and adds a deadly one-hand stab from the area around the foul circle.

In scoring 43 points against the University of North Carolina, for example, Bill tallied six goals on two-hand shots from beyond the foul circle; four underneath on pivot shots; two from the corner; two on drive-ins; four on one-hand stabs coming across the foul circle. (He also had 20 rebounds and nine assists.)

Coach Josh Cody says of Mlkvy, "Bill's the most unselfish boy I've coached in 30 years of basketball. If he weren't such a team player, he could average 10 or 15 points more a game. The boy has never given less than 100 per cent in game or in practice."

Bill is something of a hero-worshiper. Last year, when Temple played Army, Arnie Galiffa, West Point's great all-around athlete and All-America quarterback, accidentally hit Mlkvy in the eye. The eye blackened, but Bill went around the Temple campus showing off the eye and explaining carefully it was the great Galiffa's elbow that did it.

THE END

Top TV Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

works with Burr, Kukla and Ollie, was playing a garrulous spinster named Aunt Fanny in daytime radio.

On the production side, few of the imaginative young men with crew haircuts currently working behind Chicago's cameras had even seen a television studio four years ago. Take the Garroway Show, for example. Producer Ted Mills moved into NBC's program department from an Army film unit. Director Bill Hobin (he's only twenty-six) was beating the drums in a jazz band four years ago; and writer Charlie Andrews was turning out copy for a Chicago advertising agency when he joined Garroway's staff.

Actually, each of the Chicago School's Big Three is an independent producing unit, although writer Charlie Andrews, who provides continuity and gags for Garroway at Large, also supplies story ideas for Studs' Place. Probably it would be more accurate to call Andrews an idea man rather than a writer, because Charlie doesn't write scripts. He outlines plot situations and lets the actors dream up their own lines. If you've been wondering why many Chicago TV shows sound so spontaneous and unrehearsed, here's your answer: no scripts.

Sounds screwy, but here's how it works at Studs' Place, a mythical neighborhood restaurant specializing in barbecued ribs. Each Tuesday afternoon, Andrews holds a story conference with proprietor Studs Terkle, and Studs' cast—probably the most true-to-life group of characters extant. For example, the part of Phil Lord, a crochety old-time actor, is played by Phil Lord, a crochety old-time actor; Chet Roble, a jazz pianist, is played by Chet Roble, a jazz

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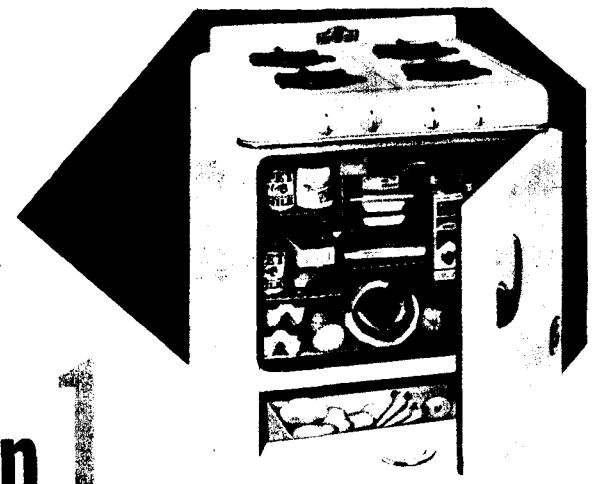

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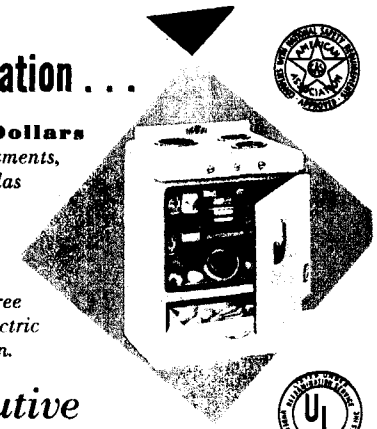

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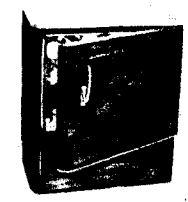

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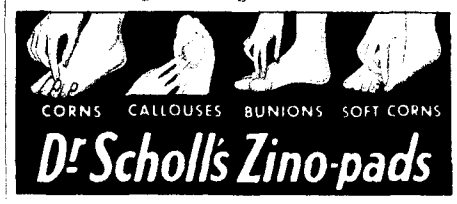

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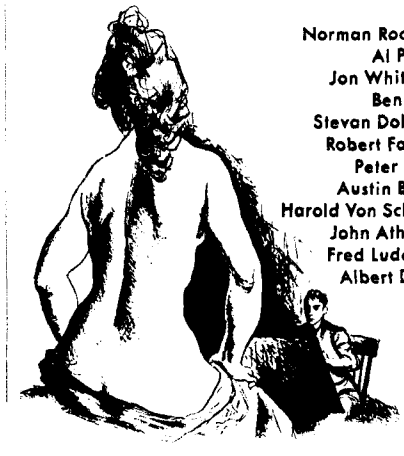

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pianist; and Win Stracke, a guitar player and folk singer, is played by Win Stracke, a guitar player and folk singer.

Studs himself is right at home behind the counter. Now in his early thirties, Studs grew up in a small hotel-and-restaurant operated by his parents only a few blocks from the American Broadcasting Company Studios where Studs' Place hits the coaxial cable. Matter of fact, the only regular member of Studs' cast who creates a character is talented soap-opera actress Beverly Younger. Beverly plays Gracie, the waitress.

Andrews begins each story conference by reading an outline of the plot (which seldom runs more than 500 words). Then Studs and his employees and customers start "putting things into our own words." Recently, Andrews got a meeting under way by reading:

"This week, Win's going to take Gracie to the annual policemen's ball. We'll open with Studs standing behind the counter as Gracie comes in to go to work. Studs is looking sad because he's just had to buy his quota of tickets for the ball and . . ."

When Andrews finished, Studs said: "When we open, I'll be so unhappy over being assessed for the tickets, I won't say anything when Gracie comes in. So she'll ask, 'What's the matter with you?' I'll say, 'Monahan just paid me his annual visit.'"

"Then"—Gracie cut in—"I'll ask, 'How many did he stick you with this year?'"

"Twelve," Studs said, supplying the next line. "Twelve tickets at $2.50 per copy."

How Good Dialogue Is Made

Approximately 10 hours of this catch-as-catch-can conversation—spread over three meetings of the cast—produces 24 minutes of dialogue for the show. Not yak stuff. No belly-laughs. Just quiet, natural talk by likable people in plausible situations.

Shrewd Billy Rose admired Studs' Place so much he asked Studs to produce the Billy Rose Show in New York. When Studs declined, Rose hired Studs' director, Don Petrie. Similarly, when Fred Waring's early TV efforts bogged down in production difficulties, Waring grabbed off the original director of Garroway at Large, Bob Banner. Fred Allen spent two weeks in Chicago studying the imaginative camera angles on the Garroway show before making his TV debut in New York. So did Hollywood producer Bob Montgomery.

All this attention from the big-name stars which Chicago can't afford to hire is flattering and somewhat alarming, too. It turns back the clock to the early 1930s when Chicago was pioneering the production of such inexpensive radio dramas as Fibber McGee and Molly, Amos 'n' Andy, Vic and Sade, and Clara, Lu 'n' Em. By 1937, more than 600 programs were being aired monthly from NBC's Chicago outlet, WMAQ, but big-money offers from New York and Hollywood gradually skimmed off the cream of Chicago's talent.

At the end of World War II, Chicago's network output dwindled to a couple of enormously successful early-morning corn-poppers: Don McNeill's Breakfast Club and Tommy Bartlett's Welcome, Travelers. Then television station WBKB opened up—quickly followed by WGN-TV and WENR and WNBQ—and Chicago was right back where it started in the early days of radio, scrambling to turn out good shows and develop original personalities on bargain-basement budgets. Whether Chicago's new crop of TV stars will be lured away to New York and Hollywood is still anybody's guess. Chicago hopes not.

Why was Chicago so successful in the early days of radio? And why has Chicago repeated its radio success story in the early days of TV?

A veteran Chicago showman, who prefers to remain anonymous, offers this explanation: "New York has the legitimate theater and Hollywood has the motion-picture industry. When a new medium—like radio or television—comes along, New York approaches it in theater terms and Hollywood gives it the movie treatment. Chicago—which has no theater or movie traditions—just experiments and usually comes up with something new and different."

A Jinx That Didn't Work

The outstanding reason why Chicago TV is different from all other brands is a rumpled ex-disk jockey with king-size horn-rim glasses named Dave Garroway, who has encountered a tremendous amount of artistic and financial success for somebody born July 13, 1913, at 13 Van Velsen Street, in the 13-letter town of Schenectady, N.Y.

Each Sunday night, Garroway emcees a half-hour variety show staffed with typical variety-show personnel: two girl singers, Connie Russell and Bette Chapel; one boy singer, Jack Haskell; one comedian, Cliff Norton; and one dance team, Jimmy Russell and Aura Vainio. The difference between Garroway at Large and a dozen other similarly equipped TV revues is that Garroway bans live audiences. Dave has some theories about entertaining people which go back to the days when he was majoring in psychology at Washington University in St. Louis.

"Psychologically," Garroway explains, "there's a big difference in the comedy reception of two people in a living room—the mythical Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie we slant our show toward—and 500 people in a studio audience. Mention Brooklyn and the average studio audience shrieks, but Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie, watching their 10-inch screen, don't even chuckle. So we forget about extracting belly-laughs from studio audiences and concentrate on little things that entertain Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie.

"When you put a TV show on a theater stage," Garroway contends, "your camera has to sit in the audience and record what happens on the stage. When you get rid of the audience and footlights, your camera—which is really the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie—moves in and becomes part of the show. Then you can do some interesting things."

Typical example: Midway through a recent Garroway show, comedian Cliff Norton—outfitted in a dentist's smock, complete with drill—leered down into the lens of an upturned camera and said: "This won't hurt a bit."

Suddenly, Mr. Abercrombie, sitting in his easy chair, in front of his television screen, wasn't sitting easy any more. Mr. Abercrombie—looking up at Norton through the eyes of Garroway's camera—was bracing himself mentally against Norton's drill.

Then—as Norton lowered the drill toward the camera lens—Garroway's special-effects crew went into action. Appropriate sound was produced by sharpening a pair of scissors on a sandstone wheel and—just as an added touch of realism—a prop man set off a Fourth-of-July fireworks sparkler behind the camera.

This combination of effects added up to a rather grinding experience for Mr. Abercrombie. Afterward, Garroway received half a dozen letters from irate dentists pointing out they spent considerable time and money popularizing the concept of painless dentistry and asking him to please lay off.

Nobody has ever accused Garroway of overdressing for a show. He wears comfortable tweedy suits which his prewar tailor still makes up at prewar prices: $59 each. He's addicted to bow ties because he can't knot a neat four-in-hand, and his hair usually needs combing. During the show, he ambles from set to set, stopping frequently to examine a piece of equipment, or chat with the stagehands. This casual approach gives Mr. Abercrombie an interesting, behind-the-scenes look at a television studio, and also permits Garroway to economize on production costs.

Example: Last December, NBC purchased an elaborate crane-type camera. During rehearsal, the crane's cameraman was swung up toward the ceiling to take a bird's-eye shot of Garroway's head.

After the shot was okayed by director Bill Hobin, Garroway walked away . . . and the mobile crane camera followed him. Garroway broke into a run—and the crane followed right along behind.

"That looks pretty good," Hobin yelled. "Let's shoot that sequence on another camera and keep the whole thing in the show."

Four hours later, the Abercrombies were watching the crane camera—pushed by four sweating stagehands—chase Garroway all over the studio. This hastily improvised skit gave the show a nice change of pace and—equally important—permitted Garroway to save $400 worth of previously prepared scenery for a later program.

Shortly after Garroway went on TV two years ago, an enthusiastic viewer wrote in: "I like your show because it's so casual and unrehearsed." It was a compliment, but 100 per cent wrong in coupling casual *with* unrehearsed. Actually, Garroway's show is casual because it *is* rehearsed—plenty. Some 60 people—musicians, technicians, performers, directors, and Garroway himself—work from 20 to 40 hours every week ironing out production wrinkles. Final rehearsal on Sunday lasts from noon until airtime (9:00 P.M. CST), while producer Ted Mills, director Hobin and choregrapher Edith Barstow run the performers through each number at least five times.

Rules for Equestrian Statues

Garroway's peculiar brand of humor stems from an immense curiosity about little things. Statues of generals riding horses in public squares, for instance. After looking at a good many such statues, Garroway began to wonder why some of the horses had all four feet on the ground, and others didn't. After considerable research, he dug up a legend governing statues of generals on horses in public squares. It decrees that generals who die a natural death must ride horses with all four feet *on* the ground; generals who die from wounds ride horses with one front foot *off* the ground, and generals who die in action ride horses with both front feet *off* the ground.

In 1945, Garroway returned to radio station WMAQ in Chicago after completing a thoroughly enjoyable two-year tour of duty in Hawaii where he was a Navy lieutenant, senior grade, in charge of yeoman's school for radio technicians. During this healthful interlude which, Garroway freely admits, consisted of approximately 30 minutes of administrative work per day, followed by hours of sun bathing on Waikiki Beach, he achieved considerable fame as the founder of the Gold Brick Order, Pacific Area, for Hawaii-based personnel.

Garroway manufactured scores of these colorful decorations—consisting of a miniature gold brick and matching ribbon—and

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What Makes a Woman CHOOSE SUCH A LIFE?

You see her walking down the street ... and maybe you wonder about her.

She isn't fashionably dressed like other women. She wears no lipstick, no make-up, no high heels or nylons. Instead of a "perky" hat, her head is covered by a hood and veil. Her dress is a billowing, full-length habit that bears little resemblance to feminine fashions.

And as she passes by, you realize that here is a woman different from others not only in dress... but in her entire way of life. Here is one who has deliberately turned her back upon the worldly pleasures which other women seek and enjoy. And perhaps you wonder why a woman should give up all this to become a Catholic nun.

Is it because she is afraid to face the world and its responsibilities? Is it because she lacks talents that other women possess and therefore seeks shelter in the convent? Is she devoid of maternal instinct? Or does she choose the life of a nun because she thinks it is easier and more secure than life in a world of fluctuating economic conditions?

No – a nun who will knock at your door asking for alms for the poor surely is not afraid of the world. A Catholic sister competent to teach in a school... and often highly gifted in the arts and languages... is surely not lacking in talents. Nor can anyone who has seen a Catholic nun mothering a grievously sick person in a hospital... or even in a leper colony... believe that she is lacking in the maternal instinct.

What is it, then, that prompts a woman to turn her back upon the pleasures and luxuries of the world for a life of poverty, chastity and obedience? How is it that hundreds of thousands of women do this... many of them coming from well-to-do families which could supply their every need and wish? What is the spark that fires their zeal for God, and for humanity?

The answer is, of course, that the heart of a nun is filled with the desire to serve God. And that desire is the product of her Catholic Faith. If you doubt the compelling power of Catholic belief, remember this fact... the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth having large numbers of such consecrated women who devote their lives to the work of Christ in schools and hospitals, in orphanages and old peoples' homes, and among the poor and sick in every land.

Perhaps you would not or could not become a nun, or a priest, or a religious of the Catholic Church. Perhaps you would not even want to be a Catholic. But you should inform yourself concerning the teachings and beliefs of the Church which can inspire such magnificent sacrifice and service.

Free

If you would like to know more about the Catholic nuns... how they are trained, how they live, why they choose this way of life – write today for Free Pamphlet No. C-25.

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bestowed them on his service friends at informal military ceremonies.

Instead of restoring Garroway to his prewar spot on the announcing staff, WMAQ put him in charge of a midnight record program called the 1160 Club. The program was experimental—WMAQ had never been on the air after midnight—and nobody considered Garroway's appointment a promotion. Two other announcers, who had to catch late commuters' trains, begged off the assignment. Garroway, who owned a car and lived within a few blocks of the studios, was the third-choice nominee.

As a disk jockey, Garroway was literally an overnight sensation. He disregarded all requests, and played only the "pure jazz" records he liked to hear—mostly pressings featuring Woody Herman, Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Muggsy Spanier, Bill Harris, Don Byas, and Benny Goodman.

Lombardo Fans Wax Indignant

When a lady listener requested Guy Lombardo's recording of Sleepy Time Gal, Garroway rebuked her mildly over the air. "We don't play corn on this hassel, honey," he said, stirring up a storm of letters from irate Lombardo fans. But Garroway wasn't impressed. Several programs later, he said he still thought Lombardo's platters were "cheesy" and then—with crackling sound effects—he fed Sleepy Time Gal to the studio mice.

Unlike most of the 1,300 other practicing disk jockeys in the United States, Garroway treated his listeners as people who are just as smart as he is, which is mighty smart (his Navy I.Q. score hit the genius mark). A typical Garroway ad-lib program touched lightly on such a variety of subjects as nuclear fission, the artifices of women, Senator Bilbo, Hawaiian Okelehao, the Chicago Cubs, banks and the art of overhearing other people's conversations in public phone booths—all this served up with hot jazz.

One early morning, around 12:45, Garroway learned that a friend's home was about to be torn down to make way for a parking lot on Chicago's near North Side. It was a historic old home and Garroway felt it deserved a farewell party.

"Come on around, Doc," he told his listeners, "and you, too, Honey-Eyes, and bring some records if you like, and if you want anything to drink, bring it—and if you want anything to drink out of, bring that, too."

Six hundred and fifty guests accepted the invitation almost immediately. At dawn, folks were still arriving from Garroway's outlying listening precincts in Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. Most of them brought refreshments, a few transported records, but nobody remembered to bring glasses. Garroway recalls the whole affair as a fine, genteel party, although one guest was observed, along about 7:20 A.M., drinking out of a flower pot, using his index finger to plug the hole in the bottom.

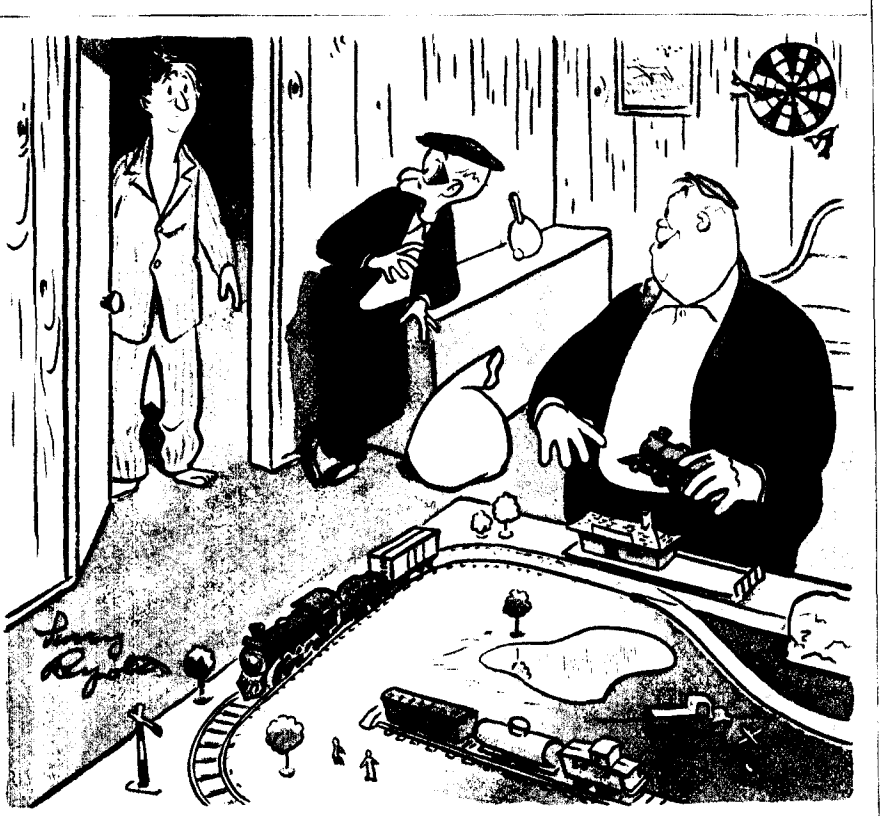
After this rousing exhibition of Garroway's popularity, the sponsors rolled in. Several months later, Garroway confided to his listeners: "You know, in radio you sit around, and don't do anything, and you get rich." Since becoming deeply involved in television, Garroway has abandoned his 1160 Club, but he does a 15-minute network radio program five days a week which features the vocal talents of his TV troupe —Bette Chapel, Connie Russell and Jack Haskell—and he also airs a half-hour late Sunday evening musical show over NBC.

Although Garroway owns a lot near Diamond Head in Honolulu, his ambition to retire and live in Hawaii appears doomed by his expensive tastes in foreign and domestic automobiles. Since 1946, he has bought, driven and resold three Rolls Royce convertibles, one Dusenberg, one Bentley (English), one Standard Swallow (English), one Alfa Romeo (Italian), three Jaguars (English), one supercharged M.G. (English) and one Bugatti (Italian).

Garroway's favorite Jaguar which cost $2,500 now is valued at $11,000, a reasonable sum considering Dave upholstered it in alligator skin, finished it in Nankeen cream, covered its rocker arms with gold paint, and inlaid its trunk with mahogany. In 1949, at Watkins Glen, New York, Garroway's Jaguar won the Grand Prix awarded annually to America's most beautiful sports car.

Currently, Garroway owns four sports cars: the Grand Prix Jaguar, a 1930 Rolls Royce, a 1947 Lincoln Continental, and a German Mercedes. Lately, he's been hard at work reupholstering the Rolls in black patent leather, and lowering the top of the Lincoln six inches. Dave does the work himself in a garage near his apartment. Over-all, he's invested approximately $50,-

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Ah, good; somebody's awake. Now I can blow th' whistle"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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00 in cars and he doesn't understand why ome people say he's eccentric.

"A garage mechanic," he points out, "puts a hard day's work and then goes home nd turns on his TV set. I spend the day round radio and TV stations and then go ome and work in my garage. What's the lifference?"

Next to sports cars, Garroway's favorite obby is watching Burr Tillstrom's Kukla, Fran and Ollie show, now in its fourth year nd still the most amazing TV production f them all. Tillstrom, a slender Chicagoan n his early thirties, doesn't stand above his puppets and pull strings; instead, he wears is cloth-and-cotton creations over his ands like long-sleeved gloves and manipuates them from *beneath* the stage.

From this position, Tillstrom can't look p and get a clear view of what his puppets re doing, so Burr does the next best thing. He follows the show on a small television screen which is set up on a level with his eyes under the stage. Then, while manipulating his puppets upstairs, and watching them downstairs, he ad-libs their dialogue in 10 different voices.

Tillstrom's featured performers are a wistful round-faced little puppet named Kukla, and a hard-working dragon named Ollie, who has one cotton tooth, likes buttered popcorn and wears his rubbers on rainy days. Kukla and Ollie gossip and sing with a lovely lady named Fran Allison, who stands just to the left of the stage, almost cheek-to-tooth with Ollie.

Rivalries Among the Puppets

When Kukla and Ollie are off-stage—perhaps checking their voluminous fan mail, which frequently tops 6,000 letters a week—Fran visits with the other puppets who make up the cast of Tillstrom's Kuklapolitan Players. The Kuklapolitans are beset by the petty backstage rivalries which are common to all theatrical troupes, but they always forgive and forget when the time comes to put on one of their famous adaptions of such Broadway successes as Brigadoon, Kiss Me Kate or South Pacific.

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, ably publicized by Beulah Zachary, have been on the network since January, 1949, and during that period they've maintained an amazingly healthy Hooper rating for a dinnertime show (6:00 CST). Each K. F. & O. performance attracts from 15 to 22 per cent of America's in-use TV sets.

The critical acclaim lavished on the Kukla and Garroway programs, however richly deserved, should not completely overshadow two tremendously important technical developments in Chicago television—Phonevision and theater television.

First, let's look at theater television. Last fall, WBKB (the CBS outlet in Chicago) piped Big Ten football games into two downtown movie houses for full-screen showings to audiences which paid an extra admission fee: $1.25 per person. WBKB's televised pictures—simultaneous with the game action in the stadium—provided each mezzanine patron with a 50-yard-line seat.

WBKB's theater television was regarded merely as an interesting experiment, because it was competing locally with telecasts of Notre Dame and Army games which were being received by home audiences free of charge. But things may be very different this year. The National Collegiate Athletic Association—alarmed by a marked decline in football attendance during 1950 in television areas—has recommended a ban on all general telecasts of college games.

If the ban sticks—and there is every indication it will—other conferences and leading independents such as Notre Dame undoubtedly will follow the Big Ten's lead toward theater television. Of course, football is not the only sport adaptable to theater television. Such major events as baseball's World Series, the annual Indianapolis 500-mile race, the Kentucky Derby, and championship fights could easily be piped into theater chains coast-to-coast at a handsome profit for exhibitors and promoters.

However, theater TV programs must be *exclusive* to be profitable. People won't pay to watch the World Series in a theater when the event is being telecast into their homes free of charge. Eventually, sports promoters will have to decide whether they can make money dealing exclusively with theaters, or selling general telecast privileges to sponsors.

Ironically, the greatest menace to the ultimate success of Chicago's theater television is Chicago's Phonevision, which is a system devised by a radio corporation to collect an admission fee directly from the set owner in his home. Here's how Phonevision is working in a controlled test of 300 Chicago families:

Each night, Phonevision telecasts an up-to-date movie over its experimental channel 2. This movie can be picked up gratis by any Chicago TV owner, but he won't enjoy the picture, because Phonevision engineers distort it into a gyrating double image.

However, the 300 Chicagoans whose sets are Phonevision-equipped can enjoy the movie simply by calling the telephone company and requesting service. Immediately (by means of a complicated electrical process) the telephone company removes the interference which causes Phonevision's channel 2 picture to gyrate. The movie then comes through bright and clear and at the end of the month the Phonevision-equipped TV owner discovers that a $1 charge has been added to his telephone bill.

Proponents of Phonevision foresee a none-too-distant future when owners of TV sets will pay as they go for the latest movies and all major sporting events. Such an eventuality might not harm the producing end of the cinema business—indeed, it might actually expand their shrinking movie audiences—but nobody doubts Phonevision would ruin theater owners.

For example, a person owning a Phonevision set could pay $1 for the latest Clark Gable epic, then invite 30 friends to view it with *him*. Thus, Phonevision would cut movie prices to three or four cents a person, and no theater owner could stay in business against that kind of competition.

But whether theater-TV or Phonevision wins out, one thing is certain: Chicago-style television is here to stay. THE END

PAT ROONEY

On My Mind

Contentment's found, the wise conclude,
By those who muse in solitude . . .
I've tried it fifty times, I guess,
And all I find is loneliness.

—RICHARD WHEELER

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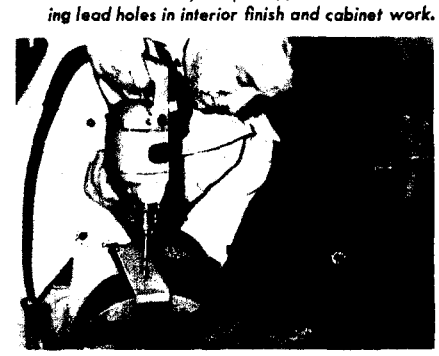

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HARRY DEVLIN

Unity Comes the Hard Way

IT SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO, but actually it is less than a year and a half since the bitter, intemperate dispute which had rocked the Defense Department for months reached its climax with the firing of Admiral Louis E. Denfeld as Chief of Naval Operations. This was the signal that the "fancy Dans," as General Omar Bradley christened the supporters of balanced naval power, had lost the theoretical argument over how the "next war" should be fought. Henceforth, the country's main defense was to be entrusted to strategic bombers.

Well, the "next war" began on June 25, 1950. It forced the unified armed services to relearn unity the hard way. It brought the military strategists back from theory to reality. And, at the sobering cost of thousands of casualties, it taught them some valuable lessons.

It showed, first of all, that no military group can predict what sort of war a "next war" will be unless, perhaps, their government starts it. And the United States does not start wars.

It showed that a country cannot base its military planning on the hope of a quick, easy, one-weapon, one-shot victory. UN air power has been almost unopposed in Korea, yet air power has not won the war. There have been times when, to the embarrassment of neat theory, the UN forces were winning the war in the air and losing it on the ground.

The "next war" has also demonstrated something that the air-power enthusiasts were inclined to forget: that the moral and political consequences of using atomic weapons can outweigh the strategic value of those weapons.

The champions of strategic bombing criticized the Navy for an "exaggerated" insistence on the importance of close air support of ground troops. They saw the need of only a "convoy Navy" to haul men and supplies with Air Force protection. And they favored cutting the Marine Corps to a point near extinction.

The Korean war, and the Inchon invasion in particular, showed the error of that thinking. Even the flush-deck supercarrier, which was scoffed out of its first promise of existence, has been justified and authorized.

In saying this Collier's is not trying to revive any old arguments. We are not minimizing the great importance of air power or ground power. We are not slighting the brilliance and bravery of the men who have employed those powers in Korea. But we are glad to recall that this magazine opened its pages last year to men like Admiral Denfeld, Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery and Major General Merritt A. Edson of the Marines, when their voices were officially silenced. We are glad to have published such articles as We Need Carriers *and* the B-36, by Richard Tregaskis, at a time when reasonable compromise was not a distinguishing feature of the Battle of the Pentagon. And we are particularly happy, as all Americans must be, that the disagreements among the high brass had not wrecked the services' morale or seriously damaged their fighting efficiency when the unexpected crisis developed.

Now, in the light of Korea, it seems to us that, as one Marine Corps officer put it, the "fancy Dans" were right. And it might well mean the salvation of freedom that this was found out in time. We would not be so cold-blooded as to call the Korean war a "breathing spell." Yet since the threat of general war remains, it is fortunate that our military leaders discovered in a limited war that a flexible, balanced, well-rounded armed force is still needed.

If further fighting breaks out, the aggressor and not the defenders of freedom will again have first choice of where and how it starts. So the free world must do more than exploit its great latent strength over the long haul. It must be ready to meet fresh attacks with versatility and adaptability as well as with power.

Let us hope that these facts, which have been established at such high cost of lives, will not be forgotten by well-meaning but stubborn men in another series of Pentagon squabbles.

Recommended Reading

HOWARD WHITMAN'S new book, Terror in the Streets (Dial Press), is an outgrowth of Terror in Our Cities, a series of 12 articles which Mr. Whitman wrote for Collier's. And the series, in turn, was the result of a newspaper story which told of the mugging of a businessman who was taking an after-dinner stroll in New York's Central Park. Collier's gave a clipping of the story to Mr. Whitman and assigned him to find out to what pass things had come when unoffending citizens were attacked without reason.

The assignment led to a long, exhaustive research into the mystifying post-World War II phenomenon which the author calls *crimes against people*. It took him to our 11 largest cities. It showed him conditions, methods, errors and accomplishments which finally jelled into a slogan which became the theme of the series—Put the Cop Back on the Beat.

Mr. Whitman pulled no punches in reporting what he saw, and his findings brought some tangible, helpful results. We believe that his book will spur our cities to further beneficial action.

Terror in the Streets is not pretty reading, but it is an honest, important book. It tells of the rise in brutal crimes of violence. It tells of antiquated, stubborn, dishonest, politics-ridden police departments. But it also reveals that there are other cities whose police are meeting the problem realistically and intelligently.

Mr. Whitman does not have all the answers. And some that he does provide cannot become realities overnight. Better education for both public and officials, and enlightened, modern programs of criminology and penology are, for many cities, distant goals. But they are necessary and inevitable. Meanwhile, the recommendation, Put the Cop Back on the Beat, can surely do much to abate the hoodlums' reign of terror.

We should like to see every police official and every responsible urban citizen read Mr. Whitman's book, for we think that it points the way toward a safer and happier country.

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